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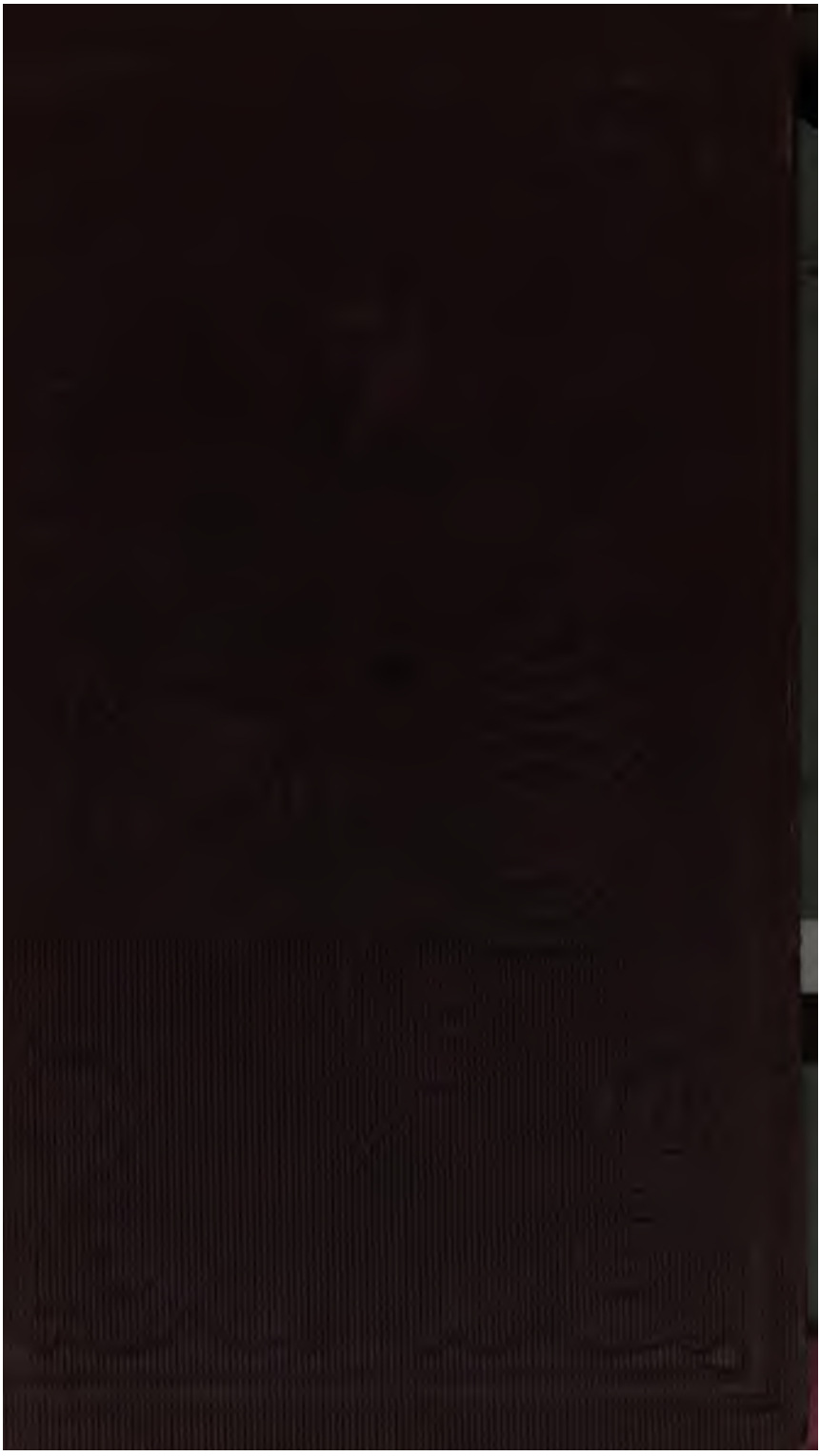

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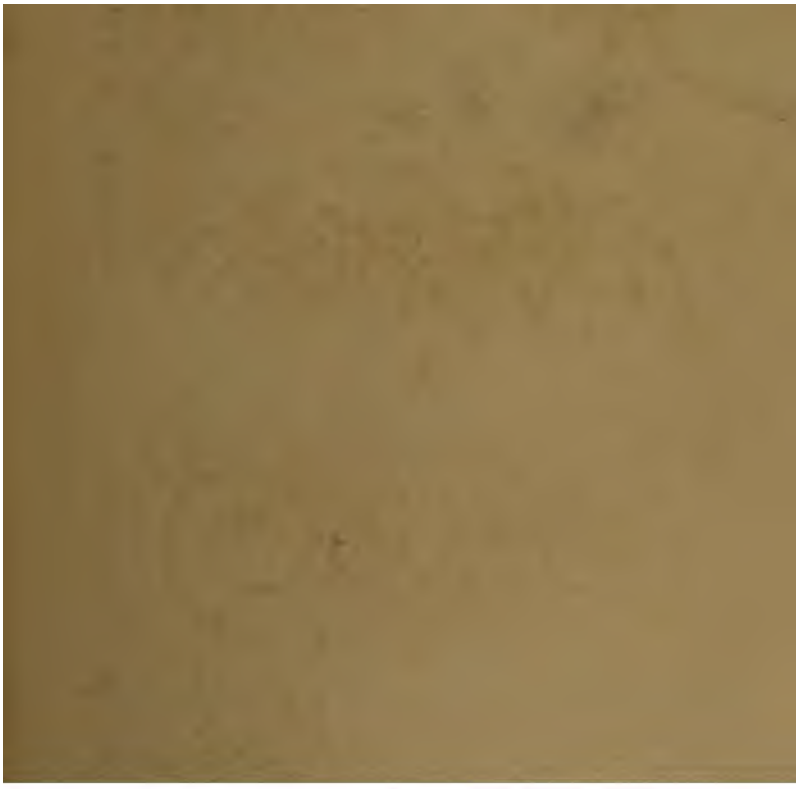

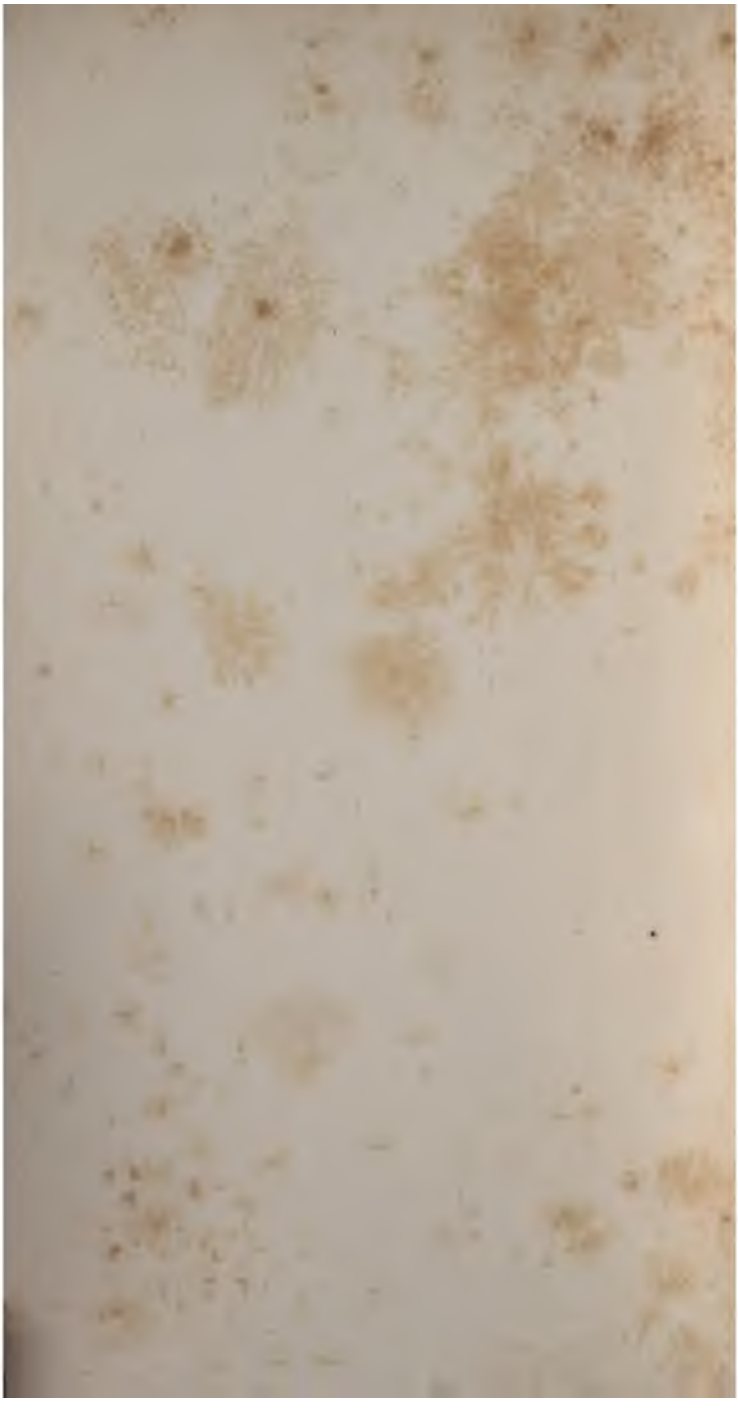

THE

WORKS

OF

MRS. HEMANS,

WITH

A MEMOIR BY HER SISTER,

AND

AN ESSAY ON HER GENIUS,

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
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TALES,

AND

HISTORIC SCENES.

THE ABENCERRAGE.

Le Maure ne se venge pas parce que sa colère dure encore, mais, parce que la vengeance seule peut écarter de sa tête le poids d'infamie dont il est accablé.—Il se venge, parce qu'à ses yeux il n'y a qu'une âme basse qui puisse pardonner les affronts ; et il nourrit sa rancune, parce que s'il la sentoit s'éteindre, il croiroit avec elle avoir perdu une vertu.——*Sismondi.*

The events with which the following tale is interwoven, are related in the "Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada." They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards *El Rey Chico.* The conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said, by some historians, to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king at the instigation of the Zegris. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is still pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.

CANTO I.

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is o'er;
And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls
Blend the wild notes of minstrelsy no more.

Hush'd are the voices, that, in years gone by,
Have mourn'd, exulted, menaced, through thy towers;
Within thy pillar'd courts the grass waves high,
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,
Through tall arcades unmark'd the sunbeam smiles,
And many a tint of soften'd brilliance throws,
O'er fretted walls, and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics lone,
So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,
Some charm'd abode of beings all unknown,
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads the enchanted ground,
There not a sound the deep repose pervades,
Save winds and founts diffusing freshness round,
Through the light domes and graceful colonnades.

Far other tones have swell'd those courts along,
In days romance yet fondly loves to trace;
The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,
The revels, combats, of a vanish'd race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the bold!
Peopling once more each fair, forsaken hall,
With stately forms, the knights and chiefs of old.

—The sun declines—upon Nevada's height
There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light;
Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow
Smiles in the richness of that parting glow,
And Darro's wave reflects each passing dye
That melts and mingles in th' empurpled sky.
Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron bower,
Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour:
Hush'd are the winds, and Nature seems to sleep,
In light and stillness; wood, and tower, and steep,
Are dyed with tints of glory, only given
To the rich evening of a southern heaven;
Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is fraught,
With all that art hath dreamt, but never caught.
—Yes, Nature sleeps; but not with her at rest
The fiery passions of the human breast.
Hark! from the Alhambra's towers what stormy sound,
Each moment deepening, wildly swells around?
Those are no tumults of a festal throng,
Not the light zambra, (1) nor the choral song;
The combat rages—'t is the shout of war,
'T is the loud clash of shield and scymetar.
Within the Hall of Lions, (2) where the rays
Of eve, yet lingering, on the fountain blaze;
There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,
And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch stands,
There the strife centres—swords around him wave,
There bleed the fallen, there contend the brave,
While echoing domes return the battle-cry,
"Revenge and Freedom!—let the tyrant die!"
And onward rushing, and prevailing still,
Court, hall, and tower the fierce avengers fill.

But first and bravest of that gallant train,
Where foes are mightiest, charging ne'er in vain;
In his red hand the sabre glancing bright,
His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,
Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he bleeds,
His Aben-Zurrahs (3) there young Hamet leads;
While swells his voice that wild acclaim on high,
"Revenge and freedom!—let the tyrant die!"

Yes, trace the footsteps of the warrior's wrath,
By helm and corslet shatter'd in his path;
And by the thickest harvest of the slain,
And by the marble's deepest crimson stain;
Search through the serried fight, where loudest cries
From triumph, anguish, or despair arise;
And brightest where the shivering falchions glare,
And where the ground is reddest — he is there.
Yes, that young arm, amidst the Zegri host,
Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.
They perish'd — not as heroes should have died,
On the red field in victory's hour of pride,
In all the glow and sunshine of their fame,
And proudly smiling as the death-pang came;
Oh! had they *thus* expired, a warrior's tear
Had flow'd almost in triumph o'er their bier.
For thus alone the brave should weep for those
Who brightly pass in glory to repose.
— Not such their fate — a tyrant's stern command
Doom'd them to fall by some ignoble hand,
As with the flower of all their high-born race,
Summon'd Abdallah's royal feast to grace,
Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,
They sought the banquet's gilded hall — to die.

Betray'd, unarm'd, they fell — the fountain wave
Flow'd crimson with the life-blood of the brave,
Till far the fearful tidings of their fate
Through the wide city rung from gate to gate,
And of that lineage each surviving son
Rushed to the scene where vengeance might be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in the strife,
Leader of battle, prodigal of life,
Urging his followers, till their foes, beset,
Stand faint and breathless, but undaunted yet.
Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on! one effort more,
Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.
But lo! descending o'er the darken'd hall,
The twilight shadows fast and deeply fall,
Nor yet the strife hath ceased—tho' scarce they know,
Through that thick gloom, the brother from the foe,
Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,
The peaceful moon, and gives them light to slay.

Where lurks Abdallah?—'midst his yielding train
They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain:
He lies not number'd with the valiant dead,
His champions round him have not vainly bled;
But when the twilight spread her shadowy veil,
And his last warriors found each effort fail,
In wild despair he fled—a trusted few,
Kindred in time, are still in danger true;
And o'er the scene of many a martial deed,
The Vega's (4) green expanse, his flying footsteps lead.
He passed the Alhambra's calm and lovely bowers,
Where slept the glistening leaves and folded flowers
In dew and starlight—there from grot and cave,
Gush'd in wild music many a sparkling wave;

There, on each breeze, the breath of fragrance rose,
And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.

But thou, dark monarch! in thy bosom reign
Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep again.
Oh! vainly bright is nature in the course
Of him who flies from terror or remorse!
A spell is round him which obscures her bloom,
And dims her skies with shadows of the tomb;
There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair,
But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there.
Abdallah heeds not though the light gale roves
Fraught with rich odour, stolen from orange-groves,
Hears not the sounds from wood and brook that rise,
Wild notes of Nature's vesper melodies;
Marks not, how lovely, on the mountain's head,
Moonlight and snow their mingling lustre spread;
But urges onward, till his weary band,
Worn with their toil, a moment's pause demand.
He stops, and turning, on Granada's fanes
In silence gazing, fix'd awhile remains,
In stern, deep silence—o'er his feverish brow,
And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly blow,
But waft in fitful murmurs from afar,
Sounds, indistinctly fearful—as of war,
What meteor bursts, with sudden blaze, on high,
O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky?
Awful it rises, like some Genie-form,
Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm, (5)
Magnificently dread—above, below,
Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening glow.
Lo! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid glare
Streams through the still transparence of the air;

Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,
Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire;
And dome and minaret, river, wood, and height,
From dim perspective start to ruddy light.

Oh Heaven! the anguish of Abdallah's soul,
The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond control!
Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving fly
For life—such life as makes it bliss to die!
On yon green height, the mosque, but half reveal'd
Through cypress-groves, a safe retreat may yield.
Thither his steps are bent—yet oft he turns,
Watching that fearful beacon as it burns.
But paler grow the sinking flames at last,
Flickering they fade, their crimson light is past.
And spiry vapours, rising o'er the scene,
Mark where the terrors of their wrath have been.
And now his feet have reach'd that lonely pile,
Where grief and terror may repose awhile;
Embower'd it stands, 'midst wood and cliff on high,
Through the grey rocks a torrent sparkling nigh;
He hails the scene where every care should cease,
And all—except the heart he brings—is peace.

There is deep stillness in those halls of state,
Where the loud cries of conflict rung so late!
Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's blast
Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert pass'd. (6)
Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step, nor breath
Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death:
Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,
Save the wild gush of waters—murmuring round,
In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,
Through chambers peopled by the dead alone.

O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,
Breastplate and shield, and cloven helm are spread
In mingled fragments — glittering to the light
Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly bright,
Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,
And smile, in placid beauty, o'er the dead;
O'er features, where the fiery spirit's trace,
E'en death itself is powerless to efface,
O'er those who, flush'd with ardent youth, awoke,
When glowing morn in bloom and radiance broke.
Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen sleep,
Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish weep,
In the low silent house, the narrow spot,
Home of forgetfulness, and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars — the night is o'er —
Morn beams on those who hail her light no more;
Slumberers, who ne'er shall wake on earth again,
Mourners, who call'd the loved, the lost, in vain.
Yet smiles the day — Oh! not for mortal tear
Doth nature deviate from her calm career,
Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,
Though breaking hearts her gladness may not share.
O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,
O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows;
Bright shines the sun, though all be dark below,
And skies are cloudless o'er a world of woe,
And flowers renew'd in spring's green pathway bloom,
Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral rite
Attends that day of loveliness and light;
And many a chief, with dirges and with tears,
Is gather'd to the brave of other years;

And Hamet, as beneath the cypress shade
His martyr'd brother and his sire are laid,
Feels every deep resolve, and burning thought
Of ampler vengeance, e'en to passion wrought;
Yet is the hour afar — and he must brood
O'er those dark dreams awhile in solitude.
Tumult and rage are hush'd — another day
In still solemnity hath pass'd away,
In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath;
The calm that follows in the tempest's path.

And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful fane,
His ravaged city traversing again.
No sound of gladness his approach precedes,
No splendid pageant the procession leads;
Where'er he moves the silent streets along,
Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng;
No voice is heard — but in each alter'd eye,
Once brightly beaming when his steps were nigh,
And in each look of those whose love hath fled
From all on earth, to slumber with the dead,
Those, by his guilt made desolate, and thrown
On the bleak wilderness of life alone,
In youth's quick glance of scarce dissembled rage,
And the pale mien of calmly-mournful age,
May well be read a dark and fearful tale
Of thought that ill th' indignant heart can veil,
And passion, like the hush'd volcano's power,
That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

No more the clarion, from Granada's walls
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls;
No more her graceful daughters, throned on high,
Bend o'er the lists the darkly radiant eye;

Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,
And song is hush'd, and pageantry is fled.
—Weep, fated city! o'er thy heroes weep—
Low in the dust the sons of glory sleep;
Furl'd are their banners in the lonely hall,
Their trophied shields hang mouldering on the wall,
Wildly their chargers range the pastures o'er,
Their voice in battle shall be heard no more;
And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath survive,
Whom he hath wrong'd too deeply to forgive,
That race, of lineage high, of worth approved,
The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved;
Thine Aben-Zurrahs—they no more shall wield
In thy proud cause, the conquering lance and shield;
Condemn'd to bid the cherish'd scenes farewell
Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,
And far o'er foreign plains, as exiles, roam,
Their land the desert, and the grave their home.
Yet there is one shall see that race depart,
In deep, though silent, agony of heart;
One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,
Unseen her sorrows, and their cause unknown,
And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear
That smile, in which the spirit hath no share;
Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless glow
O'er the cold solitude of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent, is the midnight hour,
And the young Zayda seeks her lonely bower;
That Zegri maid within whose gentle mind
One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.
That name in vain stern reason would efface,
Hamet! 't is thine, thou foe to all her race!

And yet not hers in bitterness to prove
The sleepless pangs of unrequited love;
Pangs, which the rose of wasted youth consume,
And make the heart of all delight the tomb,
Check the free spirit in its eagle-flight,
And the spring-morn of early genius blight;
Not such her grief—though now she wakes to weep,
While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep. (7)

A step treads lightly through the citron shade,
Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betray'd—
Doth her young hero seek that well-known spot,
Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot?
'T is he—but changed that eye, whose glance of fire
Could, like a sunbeam, hope and joy inspire,
As, luminous with youth, with ardour fraught,
It spoke of glory to the inmost thought;
Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled,
And in its wild expression may be read
Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—now veil'd in shade,
And now in characters of fire portray'd.
Changed e'en his voice—as thus its mournful tone
Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

"Zayda, my doom is fix'd—another day,
And the wrong'd exile shall be far away;
Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,
His home of youth, and, more than all, from thee.
Oh! what a cloud hath gather'd o'er my lot,
Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot!
Lovely as then, the soft and silent hour,
And not a rose hath faded from thy bower;

But I — my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,
And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.
Farewell, high thoughts! inspiring hopes of praise,
Heroic visions of my early days!
In me the glories of my race must end,
The exile hath no country to defend!
E'en in life's morn, my dreams of pride are o'er,
Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no more,
And one wild feeling in my alter'd breast
Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.
Yet fear not thou — to thee, in good or ill,
The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still!
But when my steps are distant, and my name
Thou hear'st no longer in the song of fame,
When Time steals on, in silence to efface
Of early love each pure and sacred trace,
Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem
But as the moonlight pictures of a dream,
Still shall thy soul be with me in the truth,
And all the fervour of affection's youth?
— If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall play
In lonely beauty, o'er thy wanderer's way."

"Ask not, if such my love! oh! trust the mind
To grief so long, so silently resign'd!
Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught
The pure and lofty constancy of thought,
Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
Rise with elastic power o'er each regret!
Foster'd in tears, *our* young affection grew,
And I have learn'd to suffer and be true.
Deem not my love a frail ephemeral flower,
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower;

No! 't is the child of tempests, and defies,
And meets unchanged, the anger of the skies!
Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,
That, ne'er to meet in happier days, we part.
We part! and e'en this agonizing hour,
When Love first feels his own o'erwhelming power,
Shall soon to Memory's fix'd and tearful eye
Seem almost happiness—for thou wert nigh!
Yes! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,
As days to days all wearily succeed,
When doom'd to weep in loneliness, 'twill be
Almost like rapture to have wept with thee.

"But thou, my Hamet, thou canst yet bestow
All that of joy my blighted lot can know.
Oh! be thou still the high-soul'd and the brave,
To whom my first and fondest vows I gave,
In thy proud fame's untarnish'd beauty, still
The lofty visions of my youth fulfil,
So shall it soothe me 'midst my heart's despair,
To hold undimm'd one glorious image there!"

"Zayda, my best-beloved! my words too well,
Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel;
Yet must my soul to thee unveil'd be shown,
And all its dreams and all its passions known.
Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure as heaven
Is thy young love, in faith and fervour given.
I said my heart was changed—and would thy thought
Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,
In fancy trace the land whose towers and fanes,
Crush'd by the earthquake, strew its ravaged plains,
And such that heart—where desolation's hand
Hath blighted all that once was fair or grand!

But Vengeance, fix'd upon her burning throne,
Sits 'midst the wreck in silence and alone,
And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,
Each softer feeling, but my love, resign.
—Yes! they whose spirits all my thoughts control,
Who hold dread converse with my thrilling soul;
They, the betray'd, the sacrificed, the brave,
Who fill a blood-stain'd and untimely grave,
Must be avenged! and pity and remorse,
In that stern cause, are banish'd from my course.
Zayda, thou tremblest—and thy gentle breast
Shrinks from the passions that destroy my rest;
Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,
Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening power,
And, oft recall'd, thy voice beguile my lot,
Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er forgot.

"But the night wanes—the hours too swiftly fly,
The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh:
Yet, loved one! weep not thus—in joy or pain,
Oh! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again!
Yes, we shall meet! and haply smile at last
On all the clouds and conflicts of the past.
On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to dwell,
Nor deem these mingling tears our last farewell!"

Is the voice hush'd, whose loved, expressive tone
Thrill'd to her heart, and doth she weep alone?
Alone she weeps—that hour of parting o'er—
When shall the pang it leaves be felt no more?
The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom fair,
Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er her hair:
But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power,
In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant flower,

To wake once more, that calm, serene delight,
The soul's young bloom, which passion's breath could
blight;
The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,
Ere yet the day-star burns in all his power.
Meanwhile through groves of deep luxuriant shade,
In the rich foliage of the south array'd,
Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,
Bends to the vale of tombs his pensive way.
Fair is that scene where palm and cypress wave,
On high o'er many an Aben-Zurrah's grave,
Lonely and fair—its fresh and glittering leaves,
With the young myrtle there the laurel weaves,
To canopy the dead—nor wanting there
Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,
Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive stream,
Wild music, soothing to the mourner's dream.
There sleep the chiefs of old—their combats o'er,
The voice of glory thrills their hearts no more!
Unheard by them th' awakening clarion blows;
The sons of war at length in peace repose.
No martial note is in the gale that sighs,
Where proud their trophied sepulchres arise,
'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of brightest bloom,
As, in his native vale, some shepherd's tomb.

There, where the trees their thickest foliage spread,
Dark o'er that silent valley of the dead,
Where two fair pillars rose, embower'd and lone,
Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown,
Young Hamet kneels, while thus his vows are pour'd,
The fearful vows that consecrate his sword.
—"Spirit of him, who first within my mind
Each loftier aim, each nobler thought enshrined,

And taught my steps the line of light to trace,
Left by the glorious fathers of my race,
Hear thou my voice—for thine is with me still,
In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,
In the deep calm of midnight they are near,
'Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,
Still murmuring 'vengeance!'—nor in vain the call,
Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall!
Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,
Within my heart there lives one only aim;
There, till th' oppressor for thy fate atone,
Concentring every thought, it reigns alone.
I will not weep—revenge, not grief, must be,
And blood, not tears, an offering meet for thee;
But the dark hour of stern delight shall come,
And thou shalt triumph, warrior! in thy tomb.

"Thou, too, my brother! thou art pass'd away,
Without thy fame, in life's fair dawning day:
Son of the brave! of thee no trace will shine
In the proud annals of thy lofty line,
Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays
That hold communion with the after-days.
Yet by the wreaths thou might'st have nobly won
Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide sun,
By glory lost, I swear, by hope betray'd,
Thy fate shall amply, dearly, be repaid;
War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,
And to avenge thy death, devote my life.

"Hear ye my vows, oh spirits of the slain!
Hear and be with me on the battle-plain!
At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,
Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye died!"

CANTO II.

——Oh! ben provvide il Cielo,
Ch' uom per delitti mai lieto non sia.
Alfieri.

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
In charms that fix the enthusiast's pensive eye,
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty richly fraught
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;
Fountains and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.
Those scenes are peaceful now: the citron blows,
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose.
No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no more.
But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead?
Blest be that soil! where England's heroes share
The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering there;
Whose names are glorious in romantic lays,
The wild sweet chronicles of elder days,
By goatherd lone, and rude serrana sung,
Thy cypress dells and vine-clad rocks among.
How oft those rocks have echo'd to the tale
Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles' vale;
Of him, renown'd in old heroic lore,
First of the brave, the gallant Campeador;

Of those, the famed in song, who proudly died,
When "Rio Verde" roll'd a crimson tide:
Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might,
On the green Vega won in single fight. (8)

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,
O'er that green Vega rose the din of war.
At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone
O'er a calm scene in pastoral beauty lone;
On helm and corslet tremulous they glanced,
On shield and spear in quivering lustre danced.
Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,
Tents rose around, and banners glanced above,
And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armour bright
With gold reflecting every tint of light,
And many a floating plume, and blazon'd shield,
Diffused romantic splendour o'er the field.

There swell those sounds that bid the life-blood start
Swift to the mantling cheek, and beating heart.
The clang of echoing steel, the charger's neigh,
The measured tread of hosts in war's array;
And oh! that music, whose exulting breath
Speaks but of glory on the road to death;
In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring power
To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour,
To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,
Rouse from despondence, and support in pain,
And, 'midst the deepening tumults of the strife,
Teach every pulse to thrill with more than life.

High o'er the camp, in many a broider'd fold,
Floats to the wind a standard rich with gold:
There imaged on the cross, *his* form appears,
Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears. (9)

His form, whose word recall'd the spirit, fled,
Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the dead!
O'er yon fair walls to plant the cross on high,
Spain hath sent forth her flower of chivalry.
Fired with that ardour, which, in days of yore,
To Syrian plains the bold crusaders bore;
Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,
They come, the gallant children of Castile;
The proud, the calmly dignified:—and there
Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,
And those who guide the fiery steed of war
From yon rich province of the western star. (10)

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the glittering scene,
Stern grandeur stamp'd upon thy princely mien;
Known by the foreign garb, the silvery vest,
The snow-white charger, and the azure crest, (11)
Young Aben-Zurrah! 'midst that host of foes,
Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish lance? Disclose!
Why rise the tents where dwell thy kindred train,
Oh son of Afric, 'midst the sons of Spain?
Hast thou with these thy nation's fall conspired,
Apostate chief! by hope of vengeance fired?
How art thou changed! Still first in every fight,
Hamet, the Moor! Castile's devoted knight!
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,
But not the light that shone in days gone by;
There is wild ardour in thy look and tone,
But not the soul's expression once thine own,
Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall say
What secret thoughts thine inmost heart may sway?
No eye but Heaven's may pierce that curtain'd breast,
Whose joys and griefs alike are unexprest.

There hath been combat on the tented plain;
The Vega's turf is red with many a stain,
And rent and trampled, banner, crest, and shield,
Tell of a fierce and well-contested field;
But all is peaceful now—the west is bright
With the rich splendour of departing light;
Mulhacen's peak, half lost amidst the sky,
Glows like a purple evening-cloud on high,
And tints, that mock the pencil's art, o'erspread
Th' eternal snow that crowns Veleta's head, (12)
While the warm sunset o'er the landscape throws
A solemn beauty, and a deep repose.
Closed are the toils and tumults of the day,
And Hamet wanders from the camp away,
In silent musings rapt:—the slaughter'd brave
Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling wave.
Soft fall the dews—but other drops have dyed
The scented shrubs that fringe the river-side,
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,
The wounded sought a shelter—and expired. (13)
Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other days,
By the bright windings of the stream he strays,
Till, more remote from battle's ravaged scene,
All is repose, and solitude serene.
There, 'neath an olive's ancient shade reclined,
Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's wind,
The harass'd warrior, yielding to the power,
The mild, sweet influence of the tranquil hour,
Feels, by degrees, a long-forgotten calm
Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm;
His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious lot,
The past, the future, are awhile forgot;
And Hope, scarce own'd, yet stealing o'er his breast,
Half dares to whisper, "Thou shalt yet be blest!"

Such his vague musings—but a plaintive sound
Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness round;
A low half-stifled moan, that seems to rise
From life and death's contending agonies.
He turns: Who shares with him that lonely shade?
—A youthful warrior on his death-bed laid,
All rent and stain'd his broider'd Moorish vest,
The corslet shatter'd on his bleeding breast!
In his cold hand the broken falchion strain'd,
With life's last force convulsively retain'd;
His plumage soil'd with dust, with crimson dyed,
And the red lance, in fragments, by his side;
He lies forsaken—pillow'd on his shield,
His helmet raised, his lineaments reveal'd.
Pale is that quivering lip, and vanish'd now
The light once throned on that commanding brow;
And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,
The shades of death are gathering dark and fast.
Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs between,
Too well can Hamet's conscious heart retrace,
Though changed thus fearfully that pallid face,
Whose every feature to his soul conveys
Some bitter thought of long-departed days.

"Oh! is it thus," he cries, "we meet at last?
Friend of my soul, in years for ever past!
Hath fate but led me hither to behold
The last dread struggle ere that heart is cold,
Receive thy latest agonizing breath,
And, with vain pity, soothe the pangs of death?
Yet let me bear thee hence—while life remains,
E'en though thus feebly circling through thy veins,

Some healing balm thy sense may still revive,
Hope is not lost,—and Osmyn yet may live!
And blest were he, whose timely care should save
A heart so noble, e'en from glory's grave."

Roused by those accents, from his lowly bed
The dying warrior faintly lifts his head;
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague, uncertain gaze,
His doubtful glance awhile bewilder'd strays;
Till, by degrees, a smile of proud disdain
Lights up those features late convulsed with pain;
A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,
That seems too pure, too full of soul, to die;
And the mind's grandeur in its parting hour
Looks from that brow with more than wonted power.

"Away!" he cries, in accents of command,
And proudly waves his cold and trembling hand,
"Apostate, hence! my soul shall soon be free,
E'en now it soars, disdaining aid from thee:
'T is not for thee to close the fading eyes
Of him who faithful to his country dies;
Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping head
Of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.
Soon shall these pangs be closed, this conflict o'er,
And worlds be mine where thou canst never soar;
Be thine existence with a blighted name,
Mine the bright death which seals a warrior's fame!"

The glow hath vanish'd from his cheek—his eye
Hath lost that beam of parting energy;
Frozen and fix'd it seems—his brow is chill;
One struggle more,—that noble heart is still.
Departed warrior! were thy mortal throes,
Were thy last pangs, ere nature found repose,

More keen, more bitter, than the envenom'd dart
Thy dying words have left in Hamet's heart!
Thy pangs were transient; *his* shall sleep no more
Till life's delirious dream itself is o'er;
But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave
Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.
Oh, what a change that little hour hath wrought
In the high spirit and unbending thought!
Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,
Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride;
While his soul rises gathering all its force,
To meet the fearful conflict with remorse.

To thee, at length, whose artless love hath been
His own, unchanged, through many a stormy scene;
Zayda! to thee his heart for refuge flies;
Thou still art faithful to affection's ties.
Yes! let the world upbraid, let foes contemn,
Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem:
And soon thy smile, and soft consoling voice,
Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

Within Granada's walls are hearts and hands,
Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands;
Nor hard the task at some propitious hour,
To win his silent way to Zayda's bower,
When night and peace are brooding o'er the world,
When mute the clarions, and the banners furl'd.
That hour is come—and o'er the arms he bears
A wandering fakir's garb the chieftain wears;
Disguise that ill from piercing eye could hide
The lofty port, and glance of martial pride;
But night befriends—through paths obscure he pass'd,
And hail'd the lone and lovely scene at last;

Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair alcove,
The sparkling fountain, and the orange-grove;
Calm in the moonlight smiles the still retreat,
As form'd alone for happy hearts to meet.
For happy hearts?—not such is hers, who there
Bends o'er her lute, with dark, unbraided hair;
That maid of Zegri race, whose eye, whose mien,
Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath been.
So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's feet
Unheard approach her solitary seat,
Till his known accents every sense restore—
"My own loved Zayda! do we meet once more?"

She starts, she turns—the lightning of surprise,
Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes:
But that is fleeting—it is past—and now
Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow;
Changed is her aspect, and her tone severe—
"Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds thee here!"

"Zayda! what means that glance, unlike thine own?
What mean those words, and that unwonted tone?
I will not deem thee changed—but in thy face,
It is not joy, it is not love, I trace!
It was not thus in other days we met:
Hath time, hath absence taught thee to forget?
Oh! speak once more—these rising doubts dispel,
One smile of tenderness, and all is well!"

"Not thus we met in other days!—oh no!
Thou wert not, warrior, then thy country's foe!
Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet again
With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.
But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,
Leader of hostile bands! away! away!

On in thy path of triumph and of power,
Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower."

"And *thou* too changed! thine early vow forgot!
This, this alone, was wanting to my lot!
Exiled and scorn'd, of every tie bereft,
Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left;
And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,
Thou, the good angel of each brighter dream,
Wert all the barrenness of life possess'd,
To wake one soft affection in my breast!
That vision ended—fate hath naught in store,
Of joy or sorrow, e'er to touch me more.
Go, Zegri maid! to scenes of sunshine fly,
From the stern pupil of adversity!
And now to hope, to confidence adieu!
If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true?"

"Hamet! oh wrong me not!—I too could speak
Of sorrows—trace them on my faded cheek,
In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,
That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-worm!
But words are idle—read my sufferings there,
Where grief is stamp'd on all that once was fair.

"Oh, wert thou still what once I fondly deem'd,
All that thy mien express'd, thy spirit seem'd,
My love had been devotion—till in death
Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.
But not the chief who leads a lawless band,
To crush the altars of his native land;
Th' apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace
Hath stain'd the trophies of a glorious race;
Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful name
Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.

Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's cloud
O'er that young name had gather'd as a shroud,
I then had mourn'd thee proudly—and my grief
In its own loftiness had found relief;
A noble sorrow, cherish'd to the last,
When every meaner woe had long been past.
Yes! let Affection weep—no common tear
She sheds, when bending o'er a hero's bier.
Let Nature mourn the dead—a grief like this,
To pangs that rend *my* bosom had been bliss!"

"High-minded maid! the time admits not now
To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow,
That vow, too dread, too solemn to recall,
Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.
Yet this believe—no meaner aim inspires
My soul, no dream of poor ambition fires.
No! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,
Behold me but th' avenger of the dead!
One whose changed heart no tie, no kindred knows,
And in thy love alone hath sought repose.
Zayda, wilt thou his stern accuser be?
False to his country, he is true to thee!
Oh, hear me yet!—if Hamet e'er was dear,
By our first vows, our young affection, hear!
Soon must this fair and royal city fall,
Soon shall the cross be planted on her wall!
Then who can tell what tides of blood may flow,
While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe?
Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee far
From horrors thronging in the path of war:
Fly! and repose in safety—till the blast
Hath made a desert in its course—and past."

"Thou that wilt triumph when the hour is come,
Hasten'd by thee, to seal thy country's doom,
With *thee* from scenes of death shall Zayda fly
To peace and safety?—Woman too can die!
And die exulting, though unknown to fame,
In all the stainless beauty of her name!
Be mine unmurmuring, undismay'd to share
The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.
And deem not thou my feeble heart shall fail,
When the clouds gather, and the blasts assail;
Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour
Call'd into life my spirit's latent power;
But I have energies that idly slept,
While withering o'er my silent woes I wept,
And now, when hope and happiness are fled,
My soul is firm—for what remains to dread?
Who shall have power to suffer and to bear,
If strength and courage dwell not with Despair?

"Hamet, farewell! retrace thy path again,
To join thy brethren on the tented plain.
There wave and wood, in mingled murmurs, tell,
How, in far other cause, thy fathers fell!
Yes! on that soil hath glory's footstep been,
Names unforgotten consecrate the scene.
Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee there,
Whose voices call thee in the whispering air?
Unheard, in vain, they call—their fallen son
Hath stain'd the name those mighty spirits won,
And to the hatred of the brave and free
Bequeath'd his own, through ages yet to be!"

Still as she spoke, th' enthusiast's kindling eye
Was lighted up with inborn majesty,

While her fair form and youthful features caught
All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,
Severely beauteous! (14) awe-struck and amazed,
In silent trance awhile the warrior gazed
As on some lofty vision—for she seem'd
One all inspired—each look with glory beam'd,
While brightly bursting through its cloud of woes,
Her soul at once in all its light arose.
Oh! ne'er had Hamet deem'd there dwelt enshrined,
In form so fragile, that unconquer'd mind,
And fix'd, as by some high enchantment, there
He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

"The dream is vanish'd—daughter of my foes!
Reft of each hope, the lonely wanderer goes.
Thy words have pierced his soul—yet deem thou not
Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot!
O form'd for happier love! heroic maid!
In grief sublime, in danger undismay'd.
Farewell, and be thou blest!—all words were vain
For him who ne'er may view that form again;
Him whose sole thought, resembling bliss, must be
He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved, by thee!"

And is the warrior gone?—doth Zayda hear
His parting footstep, and without a tear?
Thou weep'st not, lofty maid!—yet who can tell
What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell?
They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,
Who best each feeling's agony control.
Yes! we may judge the measure of the grief
Which finds in Misery's eloquence relief;
But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe,
Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow?

The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved?
He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,
Views all its weakness, pities all its throes,
He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,
Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.

Fair city! thou, that 'midst thy stately fanes,
And gilded minarets, lowering o'er the plains,
In eastern grandeur proudly dost arise
Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies,
While streams that bear thee treasures in their wave, (15)
Thy citron-groves and myrtle-gardens lave;
Mourn! for thy doom is fix'd—the days of fear
Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near!
Within, around thee are the trophied graves
Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be slaves.
Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
But there a race that rear'd them shall not dwell;
For 'midst thy counsels Discord still presides,
Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides,
Last of a line whose regal spirit flown
Hath to their offspring but bequeath'd a throne,
Without one generous thought, or feeling high,
To teach his soul how kings should live and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,
The hearts of warriors echo to its call. (16)
Whose are those tones with power electric fraught,
To reach the source of pure, exalted thought?

See on a fortress-tower, with beckoning hand,
A form, majestic as a prophet, stand!

His mien is all impassion'd—and his eye
Fill'd with a light whose fountain is on high;
Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,
And inspiration beams upon his brow,
While, thronging round him, breathless thousands gaze,
As on some mighty seer of elder days.

"Saw ye the banners of Castile display'd,
The helmets glittering, and the line array'd?
Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts?" he cries,
"Children of conquerors! in your strength arise!
O high-born tribes! oh names unstain'd by fear!
Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, hear! (17)
Be every feud forgotten, and your hands
Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands. (18)
Wake, princes of the land! the hour is come,
And the red sabre must decide your doom.
Where is that spirit which prevail'd of yore,
When Tarik's bands o'erspread the western shore? (19)
When the long combat raged on Xeres' plain, (20)
And Afric's tecbir swell'd through yielding Spain? (21)
Is the lance broken, is the shield decay'd,
The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dismay'd?
Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth?
To guard the regions where our fathers' blood
Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with each flood,
Where long their dust hath blended with the soil
Won by their swords, made fertile by their toil?

"O ye sierras of eternal snow!
Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow,
Woods, fountains, rocks, of Spain! ye saw their might
In many a fierce and unforgotten fight!

Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate race,
Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and disgrace?
With each memorial of the past around,
Each mighty monument of days renown'd?
May this indignant heart ere then be cold,
This frame be gather'd to its kindred mould!
And the last life-drop circling through my veins
Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains!

"And yet one struggle ere our doom is seal'd,
One mighty effort, one deciding field!
If vain each hope, we still have choice to be,
In life the fetter'd, or in death the free!"

Still while he speaks, each gallant heart beats high,
And ardour flashes from each kindling eye;
Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have caught
The glow of lofty hope and daring thought,
And all is hush'd around—as every sense
Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.

But when his voice hath ceased, th' impetuous cry
Of eager thousands burst at once on high;
Rampart, and rock, and fortress, ring around,
And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound:
"Lead us, O chieftain! lead us to the strife,
To fame in death, or liberty in life!"
O zeal of noble hearts! in vain display'd!
High feeling wasted! generous hope betray'd!
Now, while the burning spirit of the brave
Is roused to energies that yet might save,
E'en now, enthusiasts! while ye rush to claim
Your glorious trial on the field of fame,

Your king hath yielded! Valour's dream is o'er;(22)
Power, wealth, and freedom, are your own no more;
And for your children's portion, but remains
That bitter heritage—the stranger's chains.

CANTO III.

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.
Ippolito Pindemonte.

Heroes of elder days! untaught to yield,
Who bled for Spain on many an ancient field,
Ye, that around the oaken cross of yore (23)
Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,
And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,
Hallow'd the wild Cantabrian solitude;
Rejoice amidst your dwellings of repose,
In the last chastening of your Moslem foes!
Rejoice!—for Spain, arising in her strength,
Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at length;
And they in turn the cup of woe must drain,
And bathe their fetters with their tears in vain.
And thou, the warrior *born in happy hour*, (24)
Valencia's lord, whose name alone is power,
Theme of a thousand songs in days gone by,
Conqueror of Kings! exult, O Cid! on high.
For still 't was thine to guard thy country's weal,
In life, in death, the watcher for Castile!

Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's bands
Rush'd from their palmy groves and burning lands,

E'en in the realm of spirits didst retain
A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain! (25)
Then, at deep midnight, rose the mighty sound,
By Leon heard, in shuddering awe profound,
As through her echoing streets in dread array,
Beings, once mortal, held their viewless way;
Voices from worlds we know not—and the tread
Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,
Thou and thy buried chieftains—from the grave
Then did thy summons rouse a king to save,
And join thy warriors with unearthly might
To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.
Those days are past—the crescent on thy shore,
O realm of evening! sets, to rise no more. (26)
What banner streams afar from Vela's tower? (27)
The cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power!
What the glad shout of each exulting voice?
"Castile and Arragon! rejoice, rejoice!"
Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,
The Moorish city sees her gates unclose,
And Spain's proud host, with pennon, shield, and lance,
Through her long streets in knightly garb advance.

Oh! ne'er in lofty dreams hath Fancy's eye
Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry,
At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,
High masque, or solemn festival of yore.
The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise
O'erarch'd by cloudless and cerulean skies,
Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric towers,
Fountains, and palaces, and cypress bowers;
And they, the splendid and triumphant throng,
With helmets glittering as they move along,

With broider'd scarf, and gem-bestudded mail,
And graceful plumage streaming on the gale;
Shields gold-emboss'd, and pennons floating far,
And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,
All brighten'd by the rich transparent hues
That southern suns o'er heaven and earth diffuse;
Blend in one scene of glory, form'd to throw
O'er memory's page a never-fading glow.
And there too, foremost 'midst the conquering brave,
Your azure plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs! wave.
There Hamet moves; the chief whose lofty port
Seems nor approach to shun, nor praise to court,
Calm, stern, collected—yet within his breast
Is there no pang, no struggle unconfest?
If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,
Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn, yet exulting sound
Of the deep anthem floating far around?
The choral voices to the skies that raise
The full majestic harmony of praise?
Lo! where, surrounded by their princely train,
They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing Spain,
Borne on their trophied car—lo! bursting thence
A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!

Onward their slow and stately course they bend
To where th' Alhambra's ancient towers ascend,
Rear'd and adorn'd by Moorish kings of yore,
Whose lost descendants there shall dwell no more.

They reach those towers—irregularly vast
And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast: (28)

They enter—to their wondering sight is given
A genii palace—an Arabian heaven! (29)
A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,
Its forms and colours seem alike of air.
Here by sweet orange-boughs, half shaded o'er,
The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor,
Its margin fringed with flowers, whose glowing hues
The calm transparence of its wave suffuse.
There, round the court, where Moorish arches bend,
Aërial columns, richly deck'd, ascend;
Unlike the models of each classic race,
Of Doric grandeur, or Corinthian grace,
But answering well each vision that portrays
Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze:
Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a mingling glow
Of rainbow tints, above, around, below;
Bright-streaming from the many-tinctured veins
Of precious marble—and the vivid stains
Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,
In gay festoons and fairy knots display'd.

On through th' enchanted realm, that only seems
Meet for the radiant creatures of our dreams,
The royal conquerors pass—while still their sight
On some new wonder dwells with fresh delight.
Here the eye roves through slender colonnades,
O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades,
Dark olive-woods beyond, and far on high
The vast sierra, mingling with the sky.
There, scattering far around their diamond spray,
Clear streams from founts of alabaster play,
Through pillar'd halls, where, exquisitely wrought,
Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage fraught,

Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the scene
A wild, romantic, oriental mien:
While many a verse from eastern bards of old,
Borders the wall in characters of gold. (30)
Here Moslem luxury, in her own domain,
Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign
'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall silence brood,
And all be lone—a splendid solitude.
Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,
From mingling voices of exulting throngs;
Tambour, and flute, and atabal, are there, (31)
And joyous clarions pealing on the air,
While every hall resounds, "Granada won!
Granada! for Castile and Arragon!" (32)

'Tis night—from dome and tower, in dazzling maze,
The festal lamps innumerably blaze; (33)
Through long arcades their quivering lustre gleams,
From every lattice tremulously streams,
'Midst orange-gardens plays on fount and rill,
And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil;
Red flame the torches on each minaret's height,
And shines each street an avenue of light;
And midnight feasts are held, and music's voice
Through the long night still summons to rejoice.

Yet there, while all would seem to heedless eye
One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry,
Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive hours,
Gall'd by the chain, though deck'd awhile with flowers;
Stern passions working in th' indignant breast,
Deep pangs untold, high feelings unexprest,

Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet,
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain regret.

From yon proud height, whose olive-shaded brow
Commands the wide luxuriant plains below,
Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,
Anguish and shame contending in his mien?
He, who, of heroes and of kings the son,
Hath lived to lose whate'er his fathers won,
Whose doubts and fears his people's fate have seal'd,
Wavering alike in council and in field;
Weak, timid ruler of the wise and brave,
Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.

Far from these vine-clad hills and azure skies,
To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies, (34)
Yet pauses on his way, to weep in vain,
O'er all he never must behold again.
Fair spreads the scene around—for him *too* fair,
Each glowing charm but deepens his despair.
The Vega's meads, the city's glittering spires,
The old majestic palace of his sires,
The gay pavilions, and retired alcoves,
Bosom'd in citron and pomegranate groves;
Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind in light,
All in one moment bursting on his sight,
Speak to his soul of glory's vanish'd years,
And wake the source of unavailing tears.
—Weep'st thou, Abdallah!—Thou dost well to weep,
O feeble heart! o'er all thou couldst not keep!
Well do a woman's tears befit the eye
Of him who knew not, as a man, to die. (35)

The gale sighs mournfully through Zayda's bower,
The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.

No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,
Mute are the echoes of their marble walls;
No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,
But all is hush'd, and void, and desolate.

There, through each tower and solitary shade,
In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid;
Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,
Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown;
And through the scene she loved, unheeded flows
The stream whose music lull'd her to repose.

But oh! to him whose self-accusing thought
Whispers 't was *he* that desolation wrought;
He who his country and his faith betray'd,
And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid;
A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,
Each wave, low rippling, tells a mournful tale;
And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,
In wild exuberance rustle to the wind,
Each leaf hath language to his startled sense,
And seems to murmur—"Thou hast driven her hence!"
And well he feels to trace her flight were vain,
—Where hath lost love been once recall'd again?
In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,
His name can rouse no feeling now but scorn.
O bitter hour! when first the shuddering heart
Wakes to behold the void within—and start!
To feel its own abandonment, and brood
O'er the chill bosom's depth of solitude.
The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast
Have sway'd so long, so fiercely, are at rest!

Th' avenger's task is closed: (36)—he finds too late
It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.
His was a lofty spirit, turn'd aside
From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride,
And onward, in its new tumultuous course,
Borne with too rapid and intense a force
To pause one moment in the dread career,
And ask—if such could be its native sphere.
Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,
Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more;
The feverish energies of passion close,
And his heart sinks in desolate repose,
Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not less
From its own deep and utter loneliness.

There is a sound of voices on the air,
A flash of armour in the sunbeam's glare,
'Midst the wild Alpuxarras; (37)—there, on high,
Where mountain-snows are mingling with the sky,
A few brave tribes, with spirit yet unbroke,
Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's yoke.

O ye dread scenes, where Nature dwells alone,
Severely glorious on her craggy throne;
Ye citadels of rock, gigantic forms,
Veil'd by the mists, and girdled by the storms;
Ravines, and glens, and deep-resounding caves,
That hold communion with the torrent-waves;
And ye, the unstain'd and everlasting snows,
That dwell above in bright and still repose;
To you, in every clime, in every age,
Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's rage,
Hath Freedom led her sons: untired to keep
Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.

She, like the mountain eagle, still delights
To gaze exulting from unconquer'd heights,
And build her eyrie in defiance proud,
To dare the wind and mingle with the cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener, swells,
Wild Alpuxarras, through your inmost dells.
There, the dark glens and lonely rocks among,
As at the clarion's call, her children throng.
She with enduring strength hath nerved each frame,
And made each heart the temple of her flame,
Her own resistless spirit, which shall glow
Unquenchably, surviving all below.

There high-born maids, that moved upon the earth,
More like bright creatures of aërial birth,
Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share
The fate of brothers and of sires; to bear
All undismay'd, privation and distress,
And smile, the roses of the wilderness.
And mothers with their infants, there to dwell
In the deep forest or the cavern cell,
And rear their offspring 'midst the rocks, to be
If now no more the mighty, still the free.

And 'midst that band of veterans, o'er whose head
Sorrows and years their mingled snow have shed:
They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,
O royal city! and the wreck of all
They loved and hallow'd most:—doth aught remain
For these to prove of happiness or pain?
Life's cup is drain'd—earth fades before their eye;
Their task is closing—they have but to die.
Ask ye, why fled they hither?—that their doom
Might be to sink unfetter'd to the tomb.

And youth, in all its pride of strength, is there;
And buoyancy of spirit, form'd to dare
And suffer all things,—fallen on evil days,
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,
As on th' arena, where its powers may find
Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.

Such are the tenants of the mountain-hold,
The high in heart, unconquer'd, uncontroll'd;
By day the huntsmen of the wild—by night,
Unwearied guardians of the watch-fire's light.
They from their bleak, majestic home have caught
A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,
While all around them bids the soul arise,
To blend with Nature's dread sublimities.
—But these are lofty dreams, and must not be
Where tyranny is near:—the bended knee,
The eye, whose glance no inborn grandeur fires,
And the tamed heart, are tributes she requires;
Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down
On regal conquerors and defy their frown.
What warrior-band is toiling to explore
The mountain-pass, with pine-wood shadow'd o'er?
Startling with martial sound each rude recess,
Where the deep echo slept in loneliness.
These are the sons of Spain!—Your foes are near:
Oh, exiles of the wild sierra! hear!
Hear! wake! arise! and from your inmost caves,
Pour like the torrent in its might of waves!

Who leads th' invaders on?—his features bear
The deep-worn traces of a calm despair;
Yet his dark brow is haughty—and his eye
Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy.

'T is he! 't is he again! the apostate chief;
He comes in all the sternness of his grief.
He comes, but changed in heart, no more to wield
Falchion for proud Castile in battle-field,
Against his country's children — though he leads
Castilian bands again to hostile deeds:
His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,
To rush upon the Moslem spears and die.
So shall remorse and love the heart release,
Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for peace.

The mountain-echoes are awake — a sound
Of strife is ringing through the rocks around.
Within the steep defile that winds between
Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark, terrific scene,
There Moorish exile and Castilian knight
Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.
Red flows the foaming streamlet of the glen,
Whose bright transparence ne'er was stain'd till then;
While swell the war-note and the clash of spears,
To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,
Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada! wait
In dread suspense, the tidings of their fate.
But he — whose spirit panting for its rest,
Would fain each sword concentrate in his breast —
Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance
Aim'd at another's breast, would still advance —
Courts death in vain; each weapon glances by,
As if for him 't were bliss too great to die.
Yes! Aben-Zurrah! there are deeper woes
Reserved for thee, ere Nature's last repose;
Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate can wreak,
Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.

Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely fell
The sons of battle in that narrow dell;
Youth in its light of beauty there hath past,
And age, the weary, found repose at last;
Till few and faint the Moslem tribes recoil,
Borne down by numbers and o'erpower'd by toil,
Dispersed, dishearten'd through the pass they fly,
Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff on high;
While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor dare
Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of despair.

Yet he to whom each danger hath become
A dark delight, and every wild a home,
Still urges onward—undismay'd to tread
Where life's fond lovers would recoil with dread;
But fear is for the happy—*they* may shrink
From the steep precipice, or torrent's brink;
They to whom earth is paradise—their doom
Lends no stern courage to approach the tomb;
Not such his lot, who, school'd by fate severe,
Were but too bless'd if aught remain'd to fear. (38)
Up the rude crags, whose giant masses throw
Eternal shadows o'er the glen below;
And by the fall whose many-tinctured spray
Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,
He holds his venturous track:—supported now
By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough;
Now by some jutting stone that seems to dwell
Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell:
Now hath his footstep gain'd the summit's head,
A level span, with emerald verdure spread,
A fairy circle—there the heath-flowers rise,
And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms and dies;

And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its tide
In foam and thunder cleave the mountain side;
But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's eye
Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.
That dell beneath, where e'en by noon of day
Earth's charter'd guest, the sunbeam, scarce can stray;
Around, untrodden woods; and far above,
Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope to rove,
Bare granite cliffs, whose fix'd, inherent dyes
Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies; (39)
And the pure glittering snow-realm, yet more high,
That seems a part of heaven's eternity.

There is no track of man where Hamet stands,
Pathless the scene as Libya's desert sands;
Yet on the calm, still air, a sound is heard
Of distant voices, and the gathering-word
Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter grown,
Now but the lingering echo of a tone.

That sound, whose cadence dies upon his ear,
He follows, reckless if his bands are near.
On by the rushing stream his way he bends,
And through the mountain's forest zone ascends;
Piercing the still and solitary shades
Of ancient pines, and dark, luxuriant glades,
Eternal twilight's reign:—those mazes past,
The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at last,
And the lone wanderer now hath reach'd the source
Whence the wave gushes, foaming on its course.
But there he pauses—for the lonely scene
Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,
And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's cry,
From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky,

So deep the solemn and majestic sound
Of forests, and of waters murmuring round,
That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart forgets
Its fleeting struggles, and its vain regrets.
—What earthly feeling unabash'd can dwell
In Nature's mighty presence?—'midst the swell
Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving woods?
These their own grandeur on the soul impress,
And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave
Rears its broad arch beside the rushing wave;
Shadow'd by giant oaks, and rude, and lone,
It seems the temple of some power unknown,
Where earthly being may not dare intrude
To pierce the secrets of the solitude.
Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail
Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.
Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet, at the tone?
Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan?
As some loved sound that long from earth had fled,
The unforgotten accents of the dead?
E'en thus it rose—and springing from his trance,
His eager footsteps to the sound advance.
He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern floor;
Its dark green moss with blood is sprinkled o'er:
He rushes on—and lo! where Zayda rends
Her locks, as o'er her slaughter'd sire she bends,
Lost in despair;—yet as a step draws nigh,
Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,
She lifts her head, and, all subdued by grief,
Views, with a wild, sad smile, the once-loved chief;

While rove her thoughts, unconscious of the past,
And every woe forgetting—but the last.

"Com'st thou to weep with me?—for I am left
Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.
Low lies the warrior on his blood-stain'd bier;
His child may call, but he no more shall hear!
He sleeps—but never shall those eyes unclose;
'T was not my voice that lull'd him to repose,
Nor can it break his slumbers.—Dost thou mourn?
And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish torn?
Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall know,
That o'er his grave my tears with Hamet's flow!"

But scarce her voice had breathed that well-known name,
When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit, came
Each dark remembrance; by affliction's power
Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming hour,
To wake with tenfold strength;—'t was then her eye
Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,
And o'er her wasted cheek a burning glow
Spreads, while her lips indignant accents flow.

"Away! I dream—oh, how hath sorrow's might
Bow'd down my soul, and quench'd its native light,
That I should thus forget, and bid *thy* tear
With mine be mingled o'er a father's bier!
Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,
In the last combat with thy ruthless band?
The morn behold that conflict of despair:—
'T was then he fell—he fell!—and thou wert there!
Thou! who thy country's children hast pursued
To their last refuge 'midst these mountains rude.

Was it for this I loved thee?—Thou hast taught
My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!
'T will soon be past—I bow to Heaven's decree,
Which bade each pang be minister'd by thee."

"I had not deem'd that aught remain'd below
For me to prove of yet untasted woe;
But thus to meet thee, Zayda! can impart
One more, one keener agony of heart.
Oh, hear me yet!—I would have died to save
My foe, but still thy father, from the grave;
But in the fierce confusion of the strife,
In my own stern despair and scorn of life,
Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,
Save that to perish there in vain I sought.
And let me share thy sorrows—hadst thou known
All I have felt in silence and alone,
E'en *thou* might'st then relent, and deem at last
A grief like mine might expiate all the past.

"But oh! for thee, the loved and precious flower
So fondly rear'd in luxury's guarded bower,
From every danger, every storm secured,
How hast *thou* suffer'd! what hast thou endured,
Daughter of palaces! and can it be
That this bleak desert is a home for thee?
These rocks *thy* dwelling! thou, who shouldst have known
Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!
Oh, yet forgive!—be all my guilt forgot,
Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!"

"That lot is fix'd; 't were fruitless to repine,
Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.

I may forgive—but not at will the heart
Can bid its dark remembrances depart.
No, Hamet, no!—too deeply these are traced,
Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced!
Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep
Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep:
E'en now, prophetic of my early doom,
Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb;
And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel
That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal!
Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side
Of him for whom I lived and would have died:
Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot,
In pain and peril—I forsook him not.

"And now, farewell!—behold the summer-day
Is passing, like the dreams of life, away.
Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw nigh,
With the last rites his bier to sanctify.
Oh, yet in time, away!—'t were not *my* prayer
Could move their hearts a foe like thee to spare!
This hour they come—and dost thou scorn to fly?
Save me that one last pang—to see thee die!"

E'en while she speaks is heard their echoing tread;
Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.
They reach the cave—they enter—slow their pace,
And calm, deep sadness marks each mourner's face,
And all is hush'd—till he who seems to wait
In silent, stern devotedness, his fate,
Hath met their glance—then grief to fury turns;
Each mien is changed, each eye indignant burns,
And voices rise, and swords have left their sheath:
Blood must atone for blood, and death for death!

They close around him:—lofty still his mien,
His cheek unalter'd, and his brow serene.
Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's cry;
Fruitless her prayer, unmark'd her agony.
But as his foremost foes their weapons bend
Against the life he seeks not to defend,
Wildly she darts between—each feeling past,
Save strong affection, which prevails at last.
Oh! not in vain its daring—for the blow
Aim'd at his heart hath made her life-blood flow;
And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast,
Where, in that hour, her head may calmly rest,
For he is saved:—behold the Zegri band,
Pale with dismay and grief, around her stand;
While, every thought of hate and vengeance o'er,
They weep for her who soon shall weep no more.
She, she alone is calm:—a fading smile,
Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek the while;
And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell
Those last faint rays, the parting soul's farewell.

"Now is the conflict past, and I have proved
How well, how deeply thou hast been beloved!
Yes, in an hour like this 't were vain to hide
The heart so long and so severely tried:
Still to thy name that heart hath fondly thrill'd,
But sterner duties call'd—and were fulfill'd:
And I am blest!—To every holier tie
My life was faithful,—and for thee I die!
Nor shall the love so purified be vain;
Sever'd on earth, we yet shall meet again.
Farewell!—And ye, at Zayda's dying prayer,
Spare him, my kindred tribe! forgive and spare!

Oh! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,
While I, beside my sire, in peace repose."

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath sunk, and death
Sits in her eye, and struggles in her breath.
One pang—'t is past—her task on earth is done,
And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown.
But he for whom she died—Oh! who may paint
The grief, to which all other woes were faint?
There is no power in language to impart
The deeper pangs, th' ordeals of the heart,
By the dread Searcher of the soul survey'd;
These have no words—nor are by words portray'd.

A dirge is rising on the mountain-air,
Whose fitful swells its plaintive murmurs bear
Far o'er the Alpuxarras;—wild its tone,
And rocks and caverns echo "Thou art gone!"

"Daughter of heroes! thou art gone
To share his tomb who gave thee birth;
Peace to the lovely spirit flown!
It was not form'd for earth.
Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
Which brightly past, and left no trace.

"But calmly sleep!—for thou art free,
And hands unchain'd thy tomb shall raise.
Sleep! they are closed at length for thee,
Life's few and evil days.
Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,
The lingering death of liberty.

"Flower of the desert! thou thy bloom
Didst early to the storm resign:

We bear it still—and dark their doom
Who cannot weep for thine!
For us, whose every hope is fled,
The time is past to mourn the dead.

"The days have been, when o'er thy bier
Far other strains than these had flow'd;
Now, as a home from grief and fear,
We hail thy dark abode!
We who but linger to bequeath
Our sons the choice of chains or death.

"Thou art with those, the free, the brave,
The mighty of departed years;
And for the slumberers of the grave
Our fate hath left no tears.
Though loved and lost, to weep were vain
For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

"Have we not seen, despoil'd by foes,
The land our fathers won of yore?
And is there yet a pang for those
Who gaze on *this* no more?
Oh, that like them 't were ours to rest!
Daughter of heroes! thou art blest!"

A few short years, and in the lonely cave
Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's grave.
Sever'd in life, united in the tomb—
Such of the hearts that loved so well, the doom!
Their dirge, of woods and waves th' eternal moan;
Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.
And oft beside the midnight watch-fire's blaze,
Amidst those rocks, in long-departed days

(When Freedom fled, to hold, sequester'd there,
The stern and lofty councils of despair),
Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,
Who the lone hours with mournful strains beguiled,
Hath taught his mountain-home the tale of those
Who thus have suffer'd, and who thus repose.

NOTES.

Note 1.

Not the light zambra.

Zambra, a Moorish dance.

Note 2.

Within the hall of Lions.

The hall of Lions was the principal one of the Alhambra, and was so called from twelve sculptured lions, which supported an alabaster basin in the centre.

Note 3.

His Aben-Zurrahs there young Hamet leads.

Aben-Zurrahs; the name thus written is taken from the translation of an Arabic manuscript given in the third volume of Bourgoanne's Travels through Spain.

Note 4.

The Vega's green expanse.

The Vega, the plain surrounding Granada, the scene of frequent actions between the Moors and Christians.

Note 5.

Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm.

An extreme redness in the sky is the presage of the Simoom. —See *Bruce's Travels.*

Note 6.

Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's blast
Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert pass'd.

Of the Kamsin, a hot south wind, common in Egypt, we have the following account in Volney's Travels: "These winds are known in Egypt by the general name of the winds of fifty days, because they prevail more frequently in the fifty days preceding and following the equinox. They are mentioned by travellers under the name of the poisonous winds, or hot winds of the desert: their heat is so excessive, that it is difficult to form any idea of its violence without having experienced it. When they begin to blow, the sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses his splendour, and appears of a violet colour; the air is not cloudy, but grey and thick, and is filled with a subtile dust, which penetrates everywhere: respiration becomes short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, the lungs are contracted and painful, and the body consumed with internal heat. In vain is coolness sought for; marble, iron, water, though the sun no longer appears, are hot: the streets are deserted, and a dead silence appears everywhere. The natives of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in tents, or holes dug in the earth, where they wait the termination of this heat, which generally lasts three days. Woe to the traveller whom it surprises remote from shelter: he must suffer all its dreadful effects, which are sometimes mortal."

Note 7.

While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep.

"Enjoy the honey-heavy-dew of slumber."—*Shakspeare.*

Note 8.

On the green Vega won in single fight.

Garcilaso de la Vega derived his surname from a single combat (in which he was the victor) with a Moor, on the Vega of Granada.

Note 9.

Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears.

"El Rey D. Fernando bolvió á la Vega, y pusó su Real á la vista de Huecar, a veynte y seys dias del mes de Abril, adonde fué fortificado de todo lo necesario; poniendo el Christiano toda su gente en esquadron, con todas sus vanderas tendidas, y su Real Estandarte, el qual llevava por divisa un Christo crucificado."—*Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

Note 10.

From yon rich province of the western star.

Andalusia signifies, in Arabic, *the region of the evening* or *of the west;* in a word, the *Hesperia* of the Greeks.—See *Casiri. Bibliot. Arabico-Hispana, Gibbon's Decline and Fall,* &c.

Note 11.

The snow-white charger, and the azure crest.

"Los Abencerrages salieron con su acostumbrada librea azul y blanca, todos llenos de ricos texidos de plata, las plumas de la misma color; en sus adargas, su acostumbrada divisa, salvages que desquixalavan leones, y otros un mundo que lo deshazia un selvage con un baston."—*Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

Note 12.

Th' eternal snow that crowns Veleta's head.

The loftiest heights of the Sierra Nevada are those called Mulhacen and Picacho de Veleta.

Note 13.

The wounded sought a shelter—and expired.

It is known to be a frequent occurrence in battle, that the dying and the wounded drag themselves, as it were mechanically, to the shelter which may be afforded by any bush or thicket on the field.

Note 14.

Severely beauteous.

"Severe in youthful beauty."—*Milton.*

Note 15.

While streams, that bear thee treasures in their wave.

Granada stands upon two hills, separated by the Darro. The Genil runs under the walls. The Darro is said to carry with its stream small particles of gold, and the Genil, of silver. When Charles V. came to Granada with the Empress Isabella, the city presented him with a crown, made of gold which had been collected from the Darro.—See *Bourgoanne's and other Travels.*

Note 16.

The hearts of warriors echo to its call.

"At this period, while the inhabitants of Granada were sunk in indolence, one of those men, whose natural and impassioned eloquence has sometimes aroused a people to deeds of heroism, raised his voice, in the midst of the city, and awakened the inhabitants from their lethargy. Twenty thousand enthusiasts, ranged under his banners, were prepared to sally forth, with the fury of desperation, to attack the besiegers, when Abo Abdeli, more afraid of his subjects than of the enemy, resolved immediately to capitulate, and made terms with the Christians, by which it was agreed that the Moors should be allowed the free exercise of their religion and laws; should be permitted, if they thought proper, to depart unmolested with their effects to Africa; and that he himself, if he remained in Spain, should retain an extensive estate, with houses and slaves, or be granted an equivalent in money if he preferred retiring to Barbary."—See *Jacob's Travels in Spain.*

Note 17.

Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, hear!

Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis, different tribes of the Moors of Granada, all of high distinction.

Note 18.

Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands.

The conquest of Granada was greatly facilitated by the civil dissensions which, at this period, prevailed in the city. Several of the Moorish tribes, influenced by private feuds, were fully pre-

pared for submission to the Spaniards; others had embraced the cause of Muley el Zagal, the uncle and competitor for the throne of Abdallah (or Abo Abdeli), and all was jealousy and animosity.

Note 19.

When Tarik's bands o'erspread the western shore.

Tarik, the first leader of the Arabs and Moors into Spain.—"The Saracens landed at the pillar or point of Europe: the corrupt and familiar appellation of Gibraltar (Gebel al Tarik) describes the mountain of Tarik, and the intrenchments of his camp were the first outline of those fortifications, which, in the hands of our countrymen, have resisted the art and power of the House of Bourbon. The adjacent governors informed the court of Toledo of the descent and progress of the Arabs; and the defeat of his lieutenant, Edeco, who had been commanded to seize and bind the presumptuous strangers, first admonished Roderic of the magnitude of the danger. At the royal summons, the dukes and counts, the bishops and nobles of the Gothic monarchy, assembled at the head of their followers; and the title of king of the Romans, which is employed by an Arabic historian, may be excused by the close affinity of language, religion, and manners, between the nations of Spain."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, &c. vol. ix. pp. 472, 473.

Note 20.

When the long combat raged on Xeres' plain.

"In the neighbourhood of Cadiz, the town of Xeres has been illustrated by the encounter which determined the fate of the kingdom; the stream of the Guadelete, which falls into the bay, divided the two camps, and marked the advancing and retreating skirmishes of three successive days. On the fourth day, the two armies joined a more serious and decisive issue." "Notwithstanding the valour of the Saracens, they fainted under the weight of multitudes, and the plain of Xeres was overspread with sixteen thousand of their dead bodies.—'My brethren,' said Tarik to his surviving companions, 'the enemy is before you, the sea is behind; whither would ye fly! Follow your general; I am resolved either to lose my life, or to trample on the prostrate king of the Romans.'

Besides the resource of despair, he confided in the secret correspondence and nocturnal interviews of count Julian with the sons and the brother of Witiza. The two princes, and the archbishop of Toledo, occupied the most important post: their well-timed defection broke the ranks of the Christians; each warrior was prompted by fear or suspicion to consult his personal safety; and the remains of the Gothic army were scattered or destroyed in the flight and pursuit of the three following days."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, &c. vol. ix. pp. 473, 474.

Note 21.

And Afric's tecbir swell'd through yielding Spain.

The *tecbir*, the shout of onset used by the Saracens in battle.

Note 22.

Your king hath yielded! Valour's dream is o'er.

The terrors occasioned by this sudden excitement of popular feeling seem even to have accelerated Abo Abdeli's capitulation. "Aterrado Abo Abdeli con el alboroto, y temiendo no ser ya el Dueno de un pueblo amotinado, se apresuró á concluir una capitulacion, la menos dura que podia obtener en tan urgentes circunstancias, y ofreció entregar á Granada el dia seis de Enero."—*Paseos en Granada*, vol. i. p. 298.

Note 23.

Ye, that around the oaken cross of yore.

The oaken cross, carried by Pelagius in battle.

Note 24.

And thou, the warrior born in happy hour.

See Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, in which that warrior is frequently styled, "*he who was born in happy hour.*"

Note 25.

E'en in the realm of spirits didst retain
A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain.

"Moreover, when the Miramamolin brought over from Africa, against King Don Alfonso, the eighth of that name, the mightiest

power of the misbelievers that had ever been brought against Spain, since the destruction of the kings of the Goths, the Cid Campeador remembered his country in that great danger; for the night before the battle was fought at the Navas de Tolosa, in the dead of the night, a mighty sound was heard in the whole city of Leon, as if it were the tramp of a great army passing through; and it passed on to the royal monastery of St. Isidro, and there was a great knocking at the gate thereof, and they called to a priest who was keeping vigils in the church, and told him, that the captains of the army whom he heard were the Cid Ruydiez, and Count Ferran Gonzalez, and that they came there to call up King Don Ferrando the Great, who lay buried in that church, that he might go with them to deliver Spain. And on the morrow that great battle of the Navas de Tolosa was fought, wherein sixty thousand of the misbelievers were slain, which was one of the greatest and noblest battles ever won over the Moors."—*Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.*

Note 26.

O realm of evening!

The name of Andalusia, the *region of evening* or *of the west*, was applied by the Arabs, not only to the province so called, but to the whole peninsula.

Note 27.

What banner streams afar from Vela's tower?

"En este dia, para siempre memorable, los estandartes de la Cruz, de St. Iago, y de los Reyes de Castilla se tremoláron sobre la torre mas alta, llamada de *la Vela;* y un exercito prosternado, inundandose en lagrimas de gozo y reconocimiento, asistió al mas glorioso de los espectaculos."—*Paseos en Granada*, vol. i. p. 599.

Note 28.

They reach those towers—irregularly vast
And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast.

Swinburne, after describing the noble palace built by Charles V. in the precincts of the Alhambra, thus proceeds: "Adjoining (to the north) stands a huge heap of as ugly buildings as can well be

seen, all huddled together, seemingly without the least intention of forming *one* habitation out of them. The walls are entirely unornamented, all gravel and pebbles, daubed over with plaster by a very coarse hand; yet this is the palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, indisputably the most curious place within that exists in Spain, perhaps in Europe. In many countries you may see excellent modern as well as ancient architecture, both entire and in ruins; but nothing to be met with anywhere else can convey an idea of this edifice, except you take it from the decorations of an opera, or the tales of the genii.—*Swinburne's Travels through Spain.*

Note 29.

A genii palace—an Arabian heaven.

"Passing round the corner of the emperor's palace, you are admitted at a plain unornamented door, in a corner. On my first visit, I confess, I was struck with amazement as I stept over the threshold, to find myself on a sudden transported into a species of fairy land. The first place you come to is the court called the Communa, or *del Mesucar*, that is, the common baths: an oblong square, with a deep basin of clear water in the middle; two flights of marble steps leading down to the bottom; on each side a parterre of flowers, and a row of orange-trees. Round the court runs a peristyle paved with marble; the arches bear upon very slight pillars, in proportions and style different from all the regular orders of architecture. The ceilings and walls are incrustated with fretwork in stucco, so minute and intricate, that the most patient draughtsman would find it difficult to follow it, unless he made himself master of the general plan."—*Swinburne's Travels in Spain.*

Note 30.

Borders the walls in characters of gold.

The walls and cornices of the Alhambra are covered with inscriptions in Arabic characters. "In examining this abode of magnificence," says Bourgoanne, "the observer is every moment astonished at the new and interesting mixture of architecture and poetry. The palace of the Alhambra may be called a collection

of fugitive pieces; and whatever duration these may have, time, with which everything passes away, has too much contributed to confirm to them that title."—See *Bourgoanne's Travels in Spain.*

Note 31.

Tambour, and flute, and atabal, are there.

Atabal, a kind of Moorish drum.

Note 32.

Granada! for Castile and Arragon!

"Y ansi entraron en la ciudad, y subieron al Alhambra, y encima de la torre de Comares tan famosa se levantó la senal de la Santa Cruz, y luego el real estandarte de los dos Christianos reyes. Y al punto los reyes de armas, á grandes bozes dizieron, 'Granada! Granada! por su magestad, y por la reyna su muger.' La serenissima reyna D. Isabel que vió la senal de la Santa Cruz sobre la hermosa torre de Comares, y el su estandarte real con ella, se hincó de Rodillas, y dió infinitas gracias á Dios por la victoria que le avia dado contra aquella gran ciudad. La musica real de la capilla del rey luegó á canto de organo cantó Te Deum laudamus. Fué tan grande el plazer que todos lloravan. Luego del Alhambra sonaron mil instrumentos de musica de belicas trompetas. Los Moros amigos del rey, que querian ser Christianos, cuya cabeza era el valeroso Muça, tomaron mil dulzaynas y anafiles, sonando grande ruydo de atambores por toda la ciudad." *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

Note 33.

The festal lamps innumerably blaze.

"Los cavalleros Moros que avemos dicho, aquella noche jugaron galanamente alcancias y canas. Andava Granada aquella noche con tanta alegria, y con tantas luminarias, que parecia que se ardia la tierra."—*Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

Swinburne, in his Travels through Spain, in the years 1775 and 1776, mentions that the anniversary of the surrender of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella was still observed in the city as a great festival and day of rejoicing; and that the populace on that occasion paid an annual visit to the Moorish palace.

Note 34.

To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies.

"Los Gomeles todos se passaron en Africa, y el Rey Chico con ellos, que no quiso estar en España, y en Africa le mataron los Moros de aquellas partes, porque perdió á Granada."—*Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

Note 35.

Of him who knew not, as a man, to die.

Abo Abdeli, upon leaving Granada, after its conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella, stopped on the hill of Padul to take a last look of his city and palace. Overcome by the sight, he burst into tears, and was thus reproached by his mother, the Sultaness Ayxa: "Thou dost well to weep, like a woman, over the loss of that kingdom which thou knewest not how to defend and die for like a man."

Note 36.

Th' avenger's task is closed.

"El rey mandó, que si quedevan Zegris, que no viviessen en Granada, por la maldad que hizieron contra los Abencerrages."—*Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

Note 37.

'Midst the wild Alpuxarras.

"The Alpuxarras are so lofty that the coast of Barbary, and the cities of Tangier and Ceuta, are discovered from their summits; they are about seventeen leagues in length, from Veles Malaga to Almeria, and eleven in breadth, and abound with fruit-trees of great beauty and prodigious size. In these mountains the wretched remains of the Moors took refuge."—*Bourgoanne's Travels in Spain.*

Note 38.

Were but too blest if aught remain'd to fear.

"Plût à Dieu que je craignisse!"—*Andromaque.*

Note 39.

Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies.

Mrs. Radcliffe, in her journey along the banks of the Rhine, thus describes the colours of the granite rocks in the mountains of the Bergstrasse. "The nearer we approached these mountains, the more we had occasion to admire the various tints of their granites. Sometimes the precipices were of a faint pink, then of a deep red, a dull purple, or a blush approaching to lilac, and sometimes gleams of a pale yellow mingled with the low shrubs that grew upon their sides. The day was cloudless and bright, and we were too near these heights to be deceived by the illusions of aerial colouring; the real hues of their features were as beautiful, as their magnitude was sublime."

THE

WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS.

"L'orage peut briser en un moment les fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée." —— *Mad. de Staël.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

"In the reign of Otho III. Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul, Crescentius, who ardently desired to restore the ancient glory of the republic, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes, whose vices rendered them objects of universal contempt. The Consul was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian, which, long afterwards, continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius, and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephania, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargana, which perhaps a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him, and to gain his confidence; and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death."—See *Sismondi, History of the Italian Republics*, vol. i.

PART I.

'Midst Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,
Where dwelt, in days departed long,
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub its foliage rears,
But o'er the wrecks of other years,
Temples and domes, which long have been
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig-tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa twine; (1)
The cypress, in funereal grace,
Usurps the vanish'd column's place;
O'er fallen shrine, and ruin'd frieze,
The wall-flower rustles in the breeze;
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide,
They once adorn'd in sculptured pride;
And nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,
To Anio's banks the image lent
Of each imperial monument? (2)
Now Athens weeps her scatter'd fanes,
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy plains;
And the proud fabrics Hadrian rear'd
From Tiber's vale have disappear'd.
We need no prescient sibyl there,
The doom of grandeur to declare,

Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,
Reveals some oracle of Time:
Each relic utters Fate's decree,
The future as the past shall be.

Halls of the dead! in Tiber's vale,
Who now shall tell your lofty tale?
Who trace the high patrician's dome,
The bard's retreat, the hero's home?
When moss-clad wrecks alone record,
There dwelt the world's departed lord!
In scenes where verdure's rich array
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
And sunshine, on each glowing hill,
'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace, but thy tomb,
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder doom, (3)
Though vanish'd with the days of old
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;
And the fair forms by sculpture wrought,
Each bodying some immortal thought,
Which o'er that temple of the dead,
Serene, but solemn beauty shed,
Have found, like glory's self, a grave
In Time's abyss or Tiber's wave: (4)
Yet dreams more lofty, and more fair,
Than art's bold hand hath imaged e'er,
High thoughts of many a mighty mind,
Expanding when all else declined,
In twilight years, when only they
Recall'd the radiance pass'd away,
Have made that ancient pile their home,
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days,
Again to kindle glory's rays,
Whose spirit sought a path of light,
For those dim ages far too bright,
Crescentius long maintain'd the strife,
Which closed but with its martyr's life,
And left the imperial tomb a name,
A heritage of holier fame.
There closed De Brescia's mission high,
From thence the patriot came to die; (5)
And thou, whose Roman soul the last,
Spoke with the voice of ages past, (6)
Whose thoughts so long from earth had fled,
To mingle with the glorious dead,
That 'midst the world's degenerate race,
They vainly sought a dwelling-place,
Within that house of death didst brood
O'er visions to thy ruin woo'd.
Yet worthy of a brighter lot,
Rienzi! be thy faults forgot!
For thou, when all around thee lay
Chain'd in the slumbers of decay;
So sunk each heart, that mortal eye
Had scarce a *tear* for liberty;
Alone, amidst the darkness there,
Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not despair! (7)

'T is morn, and Nature's richest dyes
Are floating o'er Italian skies;
Tints of transparent lustre shine
Along the snow-clad Apennine;
The clouds have left Soracte's height,
And yellow Tiber winds in light,

Where tombs and fallen fanes have strew'd
The wild Campagna's solitude.
'T is sad amidst that scene to trace
Those relics of a vanish'd race;
Yet o'er the ravaged path of time,
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
Where nature still, though empires fall,
Holds her triumphant festival;
E'en desolation wears a smile,
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while;
And Heaven's own light, Earth's richest bloom,
Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower
Breathes the pure freshness of the hour;
She, whose rich flow of raven hair
Streams wildly on the morning air;
Heeds not how fair the scene below,
Robed in Italia's brightest glow,
Though throned 'midst Latium's classic plains
Th' Eternal City's towers and fanes,
And they, the Pleiades of earth,
The seven proud hills of Empire's birth,
Lie spread beneath: not now her glance
Roves o'er that vast, sublime expanse;
Inspired, and bright with hope, 't is thrown
On Hadrian's massy tomb alone;
There, from the storm when Freedom fled,
His faithful few Crescentius led!
While she, his anxious bride, who now
Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,
Sought refuge in the hallow'd fane,
Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,
And Liberty shall weep no more.
At length imperial Otho's voice
Bids her devoted sons rejoice;
And he, who battled to restore
The glories and the rights of yore,
Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,
Could burst the dead repose around,
Again his native Rome shall see,
The sceptred city of the free!
And young Stephania waits the hour
When leaves her lord his fortress-tower,
Her ardent heart with joy elate,
That seems beyond the reach of fate;
Her mien, like creature from above,
All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye
Lives all the soul of Italy!
A meaning lofty and inspired,
As by her native day-star fired:
Such wild and high expression, fraught
With glances of impassion'd thought,
As fancy sheds in visions bright
O'er priestess of the God of Light!
And the dark locks that lend her face
A youthful and luxuriant grace,
Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes
Seem from the fire within to rise;
But deepen'd by the burning heaven
To her own land of sunbeams given.
Italian art that fervid glow
Would o'er ideal beauty throw,

And with such ardent life express
Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness;—
Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,
The shade of glory still recall.

But see,—the banner of the brave
O'er Hadrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.
'T is lower'd—and now Stephania's eye
Can well the martial train descry,
Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
Pour through the crowded streets of Rome.
Now from her watch-tower on the height,
With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,
She flies—and swift her way pursues
Through the lone convent's avenues.
Dark cypress-groves, and fields o'erspread
With records of the conquering dead,
And paths which track a glowing waste,
She traverses in breathless haste:
And by the tombs where dust is shrined,
Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
Still passing on, hath reach'd the gate
Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
Throng'd are the streets, and, still renew'd,
Rush on the gathering multitude.

Is it their high-soul'd chief to greet,
That thus the Roman thousands meet?
With names that bid their thoughts ascend,
Crescentius, thine in song to blend;
And of triumphal days gone by
Recall th' inspiring pageantry?
—There is an air of breathless dread,
An eager glance, a hurrying tread;

And now a fearful silence round,
And now a fitful murmuring sound,
'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem
Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.
Quick is each step, and wild each mien,
Portentous of some awful scene.
Bride of Crescentius! as the throng
Bore thee with whelming force along,
How did thine anxious heart beat high,
Till rose suspense to agony!
Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,
And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precinct stands,
With fearless mien, but fetter'd hands?
The ministers of death are nigh,
Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;
And in his glance there lives a mind,
Which was not form'd for chains to bind,
But cast in such heroic mould
As theirs, th' ascendant ones of old.
Crescentius! freedom's daring son,
Is this the guerdon thou hast won?
Oh, worthy to have lived and died
In the bright days of Latium's pride!
Thus must the beam of glory close,
O'er the seven hills again that rose,
When at thy voice to burst the yoke,
The soul of Rome indignant woke?
Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone, (8)
Sunk is the crowning city's throne: (9)
Th' illusions that around her cast
Their guardian spells have long been past. (10)

Thy life hath been a shot star's ray,
Shed o'er her midnight of decay;
Thy death at Freedom's ruin'd shrine
Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye
Now fix'd upon the deep-blue sky,
Now on those wrecks of ages fled,
Around in desolation spread;
Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,
Recording triumphs pass'd away;
Works of the mighty and the free,
Whose steps on earth no more shall be,
Though their bright course hath left a trace
Nor years nor sorrows can efface.

Why changes now the patriot's mien,
Erewhile so loftily serene?
Thus can approaching death control
The might of that commanding soul?
No!—Heard ye not that thrilling cry
Which told of bitterest agony?
He heard it, and, at once subdued,
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude,
He heard it, and his heart too well
Whence rose that voice of woe can tell;
And 'midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath found;
One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.
Yes, in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.
Pale, breathless, through the crowd she flies,
The light of frenzy in her eyes:

But ere her arms can clasp the form
Which life ere long must cease to warm;
Ere on his agonizing breast
Her heart can heave, her head can rest;
Check'd in her course by ruthless hands,
Mute, motionless, at once she stands;
With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,
Frozen and fix'd in horror's trance;
Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelm'd, and feeling dead.
And the light waving of her hair,
And veil, far floating on the air,
Alone, in that dread moment, show,
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
The patriot's heart shall throb no more;
But *hers*—so vainly form'd to prove
The pure devotedness of love,
And draw from fond affection's eye
All thought sublime, all feeling high;
When consciousness again shall wake,
Hath now no refuge—but to break.
The spirit long inured to pain
May smile at fate in calm disdain;
Survive its darkest hour, and rise
In more majestic energies.
But in the glow of vernal pride,
If each warm hope *at once* hath died,
Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is scatter'd—ne'er to reunite.

PART II.

Hast thou a scene that is not spread
With records of thy glory fled?
A monument that doth not tell
The tale of liberty's farewell?
Italia! thou art but a grave
Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,
And Nature gives her treasures birth
O'er all that hath been great on earth.
Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled,
When thou wert Freedom's favour'd child:
Though fane and tomb alike are low,
Time hath not dimm'd thy sunbeam's glow;
And robed in that exulting ray,
Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay;
O yet, though by thy sorrows bent,
In nature's pomp magnificent!
What marvel if, when all was lost,
Still on thy bright enchanted coast,
Though many an omen warn'd him thence,
Linger'd the lord of eloquence! (11)
Still gazing on the lovely sky,
Whose radiance woo'd him—but to die:
Like him, *who* would not linger there,
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?
Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,
Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell?
Hath not thy pure and genial air
Balm for all sadness but despair? (12)
No! there are pangs, whose deep-worn trace
Not all thy magic can efface!

Hearts, by unkindness wrung, may learn
The world and all its gifts to spurn;
Time may steal on with silent tread,
And dry the tear that mourns the dead;
May change fond love, subdue regret,
And teach e'en vengeance to forget:
But thou, Remorse! there is no charm
Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!
Vain are bright suns, and laughing skies,
To soothe thy victim's agonies:
The heart once made thy burning throne,
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
As through her landscapes' rich array
Th' imperial pilgrim bends his way.
Thy form, Crescentius, on his sight
Rises when nature laughs in light,
Glides round him at the midnight hour,
Is present in his festal bower,
With awful voice and frowning mien,
By all but him unheard, unseen.
Oh! thus to shadows of the grave
Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where through Gargano's woody dells,
O'er bending oaks the north-wind swells, (13)
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosom'd in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy.
'T was his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there;

Around that dweller of the wild
There "bright appearances" have smiled, (14)
And angel-wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.
And oft from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour,
A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
Oh, none but voices of the sky
Might wake that thrilling harmony,
Whose tones, whose very echoes, made
An Eden of the lonely shade!

Years have gone by; the hermit sleeps
Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps!
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown
And veil'd his low, sepulchral stone:
Yet still the spot is holy, still
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;
And oft the awe-struck mountaineer
Aërial vesper-hymns may hear
Around those forest-precincts float,
Soft, solemn, clear,—but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine's departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o'er her breast.

And thither Otho now repairs,
To soothe his soul with vows and prayers;
And if for him, on holy ground,
The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,
'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,

She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search—his troubled breast
Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest;
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,
The hopes that cheer'd it are no more.
Then sinks his soul, and day by day,
Youth's buoyant energies decay.
The light of health his eye hath flown,
The glow that tinged his cheek is gone.
Joyless as one on whom is laid
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,
Extending its mysterious power
O'er every scene, o'er every hour;
E'en thus he withers; and to him,
Italia's brilliant skies are dim.
He withers—in that glorious clime
Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time;
And suns, that shed on all below
Their full and vivifying glow,
From him alone their power withhold,
And leave his heart in darkness cold.
Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair,
He only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient smile
Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,
When breathes his minstrel-boy a strain
Of power to lull all earthly pain;
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
Th' ethereal music of a dream,
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
Deep thrilling power in every tone!

Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow
Hath language only given to woe;
And if at times its wakening swell
Some tale of glory seems to tell,
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
Lost in a dirge's harmony:
Oh! many a pang the heart hath proved,
Hath deeply suffer'd, fondly loved,
Ere the sad strain could catch from thence
Such deep impassion'd eloquence!
Yes! gaze on him, that minstrel-boy—
He is no child of hope and joy;
Though few his years, yet have they been
Such as leave traces on the mien,
And o'er the roses of our prime
Breathe other blights than those of time.

Yet, seems his spirit wild and proud,
By grief unsoften'd and unbow'd.
Oh! there are sorrows which impart
A sternness foreign to the heart,
And rushing with an earthquake's power,
That makes a desert in an hour;
Rouse the dread passions in their course,
As tempests wake the billows' force!—
'T is sad on youthful Guido's face,
The stamp of woes like these to trace.
Oh! where can ruins awe mankind
Dark as the ruins of the mind?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze
Too well a wandering soul betrays:
His full, dark eye at times is bright
With strange and momentary light,

Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow:
And oft his features and his air
A shade of troubled mystery wear,
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
With some unfathomable thought.
Whate'er that thought, still, unexpress'd,
Dwells the sad secret in his breast;
The pride his haughty brow reveals,
All other passion well conceals.
He breathes each wounded feeling's tone
In music's eloquence alone;
His soul's deep voice is only pour'd
Through his full song and swelling chord.
He seeks no friend, but shuns the train
Of courtiers with a proud disdain;
And, save when Otho bids his lay
Its half unearthly power essay,
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
His haunts are wild and lonely still.
Far distant from the heedless throng,
He roves old Tiber's banks along,
Where Empire's desolate remains
Lie scatter'd o'er the silent plains;
Or, lingering 'midst each ruin'd shrine
That strews the desert Palatine,
With mournful, yet commanding mien,
Like the sad Genius of the scene,
Entranced in awful thought appears
To commune with departed years.
Or at the dead of night, when Rome
Seems of heroic shades the home;
When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls
The mighty to their ancient halls;

When hush'd is every meaner sound,
And the deep moonlight-calm around
Leaves to the solemn scene alone
The majesty of ages flown;
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
He wanders through the sacred gloom;
And, 'midst those dwellings of decay,
At times will breathe so sad a lay,
So wild a grandeur in each tone,
'T is like a dirge for empires gone!

Awake thy pealing harp again,
But breathe a more exulting strain,
Young Guido! for awhile forgot
Be the dark secrets of thy lot,
And rouse th' inspiring soul of song
To speed the banquet's hour along!
The feast is spread; and music's call
Is echoing through the royal hall,
And banners wave, and trophies shine,
O'er stately guests in glittering line;
And Otho seeks awhile to chase
The thoughts he never can erase,
And bid the voice, whose murmurs deep
Rise like a spirit on his sleep,
The still small voice of conscience die,
Lost in the din of revelry.
On his pale brow dejection lowers,
But that shall yield to festal hours;
A gloom is in his faded eye,
But that from music's power shall fly:
His wasted cheek is wan with care,
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there.

Wake, Guido! wake thy numbers high,
Strike the bold chord exultingly!
And pour upon th' enraptured ear
Such strains as warriors love to hear!
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
And banish all resembling woe;
And, if a thought intrude, of power
To mar the bright convivial hour,
Still must its influence lurk unseen,
And cloud the heart—but not the mien!

Away, vain dream!—on Otho's brow
Still darker lower the shadows now;
Changed are his features, now o'erspread
With the cold paleness of the dead;
Now crimson'd with a hectic dye,
The burning flush of agony!
His lip is quivering, and his breast
Heaves, with convulsive pangs oppress'd;
Now his dim eye seems fix'd and glazed,
And now to heaven in anguish raised;
And as, with unavailing aid,
Around him throng his guests dismay'd,
He sinks—while scarce his struggling breath
Hath power to falter—"This is death!"

Then rush'd that haughty child of song,
Dark Guido, through the awe-struck throng;
Fill'd with a strange delirious light,
His kindling eye shone wildly bright,
And on the sufferer's mien awhile
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
A feverish glow of triumph dyed
His burning cheek, while thus he cried:—

"Yes! these are death-pangs—on thy brow
Is set the seal of vengeance now!
Oh! well was mix'd the deadly draught,
And long and deeply hast thou quaff'd;
And bitter as thy pangs may be,
They are but guerdons meet from me!
Yet, these are but a moment's throes,
Howe'er intense, they soon shall close.
Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting breath,
My life hath been a lingering death;
Since one dark hour of woe and crime,
A blood-spot on the page of time!

"Deem'st thou my mind of reason void?
It is not frenzied,—but destroy'd!
Ay! view the wreck with shuddering thought,—
That work of ruin thou hast wrought!

"The secret of thy doom to tell,
My name alone suffices well!
Stephania! once a hero's bride!
Otho! thou know'st the rest—*he died.*
Yes! trusting to a monarch's word,
The Roman fell, untried, unheard!
And thou, whose every pledge was vain,
How couldst *thou* trust in aught again?

"He died, and I was changed—my soul,
A lonely wanderer, spurn'd control.
From peace, and light, and glory hurl'd,
The outcast of a purer world,
I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,
And lived for one dread task alone.
The task is closed—fulfill'd the vow,
The hand of death is on thee now.

Betrayer! in thy turn betray'd,
The debt of blood shall soon be paid!
Thine hour is come—the time hath been
My heart had shrunk from such a scene;
That feeling long is past—my fate
Hath made me stern as desolate.

"Ye, that around me shuddering stand,
Ye chiefs and princes of the land!
Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom?
—Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb!
He sleeps unhonour'd—yet be mine
To share his low, neglected shrine.
His soul with freedom finds a home,
His grave is that of glory—Rome!
Are not the great of old with her,
That city of the sepulchre?
Lead me to death! and let me share
The slumbers of the mighty there!"

The day departs—that fearful day
Fades in calm loveliness away;
From purple heavens its lingering beam
Seems melting into Tiber's stream,
And softly tints each Roman hill
With glowing light, as clear and still,
As if, unstain'd by crime or woe,
Its hours had pass'd in silent flow.
The day sets calmly—it hath been
Mark'd with a strange and awful scene;
One guilty bosom throbs no more,
And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.
And thou, ere yet another sun
His burning race hath brightly run,

Released from anguish by thy foes,
Daughter of Rome! shalt find repose.—
Yes! on thy country's lovely sky
Fix yet once more thy parting eye!
A few short hours—and all shall be
The silent and the past for thee.
Oh! thus with tempests of a day
We struggle, and we pass away,
Like the wild billows as they sweep,
Leaving no vestige on the deep!
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed
The sons of future days shall tread,
The pangs, the conflicts, of thy lot,
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa twine.

"J'étais allé passer quelques jours seul à Tivoli. Je parcourus ses environs, et surtout celles de la Villa Adriana. Surpris par la pluie au milieu de ma course, je me réfugiai dans les Salles des *Thermes* voisins du *Pécile* (monumens de la villa), sous un figuier qui avait renversé le pan d'un mur en s'élevant. Dans un petit salon octogone, ouvert devant moi, une vigne vierge avait percé la voûte de l'édifice, et son gros cep lisse, rouge, et tortueux, montait le long du mur comme un serpent. Autour de moi, à travers les arcades des ruines, s'ouvraient des points de vue sur la Campagne Romaine. Des buissons de sureau remplis-

saient les salles désertes où venaient se réfugier quelques merles solitaires. Les fragmens de maçonnerie étaient tapissés des feuilles de scolopendre, dont la verdure satinée se dessinait comme un travail en mosaïque sur la blancheur des marbres: çà et là de hauts cyprès remplaçaient les colonnes tombées dans ces palais de la Mort; l'acanthe sauvage rampait à leurs pieds, sur des débris, comme si la nature s'était plu à reproduire sur ces chefs-d'œuvre mutilés de l'architecture, l'ornement de leur beauté passée. —— *Chateaubriand. Souvenirs d'Italie.*

Note 2.

Of each imperial monument.

The gardens and buildings of Hadrian's villa were copies of the most celebrated scenes and edifices in his dominions; the Lycæum, the Academia, the Prytaneum of Athens, the Temple of Serapis at Alexandria, the Vale of Tempe, &c.

Note 3.

Sunk is thy palace, but thy tomb,
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder doom.

The mausoleum of Hadrian, now the castle of St. Angelo, was first converted into a citadel by Belisarius, in his successful defence of Rome against the Goths. "The lover of the arts," says Gibbon, "must read with a sigh, that the works of Praxiteles and Lysippus were torn from their lofty pedestals, and hurled into the ditch on the heads of the besiegers." He adds, in a note, that the celebrated Sleeping Faun of the Barbarini palace was found, in a mutilated state, when the ditch of St. Angelo was cleansed under Urban VIII. In the middle ages, the *moles Hadriani* was made a permanent fortress by the Roman government, and bastions, outworks, &c. were added to the original edifice, which had been stripped of its marble covering, its Corinthian pillars, and the brazen cone which crowned its summit.

Note 4.

Have found, like glory's self, a grave,
In time's abyss, or Tiber's wave.

"Les plus beaux monumens des arts, les plus admirables statues ont été jetées dans le Tibre, et sont cachées sous ses flots.

Qui sait si, pour les chercher, on ne le détournera pas un jour de son lit? Mais quand on songe que les chef-d'œuvres du génie humain sont peutêtre là devant nous, et qu'un œil plus perçant les verrait à travers les ondes, l'on éprouve je ne sais quelle émotion qui renaît à Rome sans cesse sous diverses formes, et fait trouver une société pour la pensée dans les objects physiques, muets partout ailleurs." —— *Mad. de Stael.*

Note 5.

There closed De Brescia's mission high,
From thence the patriot came to die.

Arnold de Brescia, the undaunted and eloquent champion of Roman liberty, after unremitting efforts to restore the ancient constitution of the republic, was put to death in the year 1155 by Adrian IV. This event is thus described by Sismondi, *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pages 68 and 69. "Le préfect demeura dans le château Saint Ange avec son prisonnier; il le fit transporter un matin sur la place destinée aux exécutions, devant la Porte du Peuple. Arnaud de Brescia, élevé sur un bûcher, fut attaché à un poteau, en face du Corso. Il pouvoit mesurer des yeux les trois longues rues qui aboutissoient devant son échafaud; elles font presqu'une moitié de Rome. C'est là qu'habitoient les hommes qu'il avoit si souvent appelés à la liberté. Ils reposoient encore en paix, ignorant le danger de leur législateur. Le tumulte de l'exécution et la flamme du bûcher réveillèrent les Romains; ils s'armèrent, ils accoururent, mais trop tard; et les cohortes du pape repoussèrent, avec leurs lances, ceux qui, n'ayant pu sauver Arnaud, vouloient du moins recueillir ses cendres comme de précieuses reliques."

Note 6.

Spoke with the voice of ages past.

"Posterity will compare the virtues and failings of this extraordinary man; but in a long period of anarchy and servitude the name of Rienzi has often been celebrated as the deliverer of his country, and the last of the Roman patriots."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c.* vol. xii. p. 362.

Note 7.

Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not despair!

"Le consul Terentius Varron avoit fui honteusement jusqu'à Vénouse: cet homme de la plus basse naissance, n'avoit été élevé au consulat que pour mortifier la noblesse: mais le sénat ne voulut pas jouir de ce malheureux triomphe; il vit combien il étoit nécessaire qu'il s'attirât dans cette occasion la confiance du peuple, il alla au-devant Varron, et le remercia de ce *qu'il n'avoit pas désespéré de la république.*"——*Montesquieu. Grandeur et Décadence des Romains.*

Note 8.

Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone.

Of the sacred bucklers, or *ancilia* of Rome, which were kept in the temple of Mars, Plutarch gives the following account. "In the eighth year of Numa's reign a pestilence prevailed in Italy; Rome also felt its ravages. While the people were greatly dejected, we are told that a brazen buckler fell from heaven into the hands of Numa. Of this he gave a very wonderful account, received from Egeria and the Muses: that the buckler was sent down for the preservation of the city, and should be kept with great care: that eleven others should be made as like it as possible in size and fashion, in order that if any person were disposed to steal it, he might not be able to distinguish that which fell from heaven from the rest. He further declared, that the place, and the meadows about it, where he frequently conversed with the Muses, should be consecrated to those divinities; and that the spring which watered the ground should be sacred to the use of the Vestal Virgins, daily to sprinkle and purify their temple. The immediate cessation of the pestilence is said to have confirmed the truth of this account."—— *Life of Numa.*

Note 9.

Sunk is the crowning city's throne.

"Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the *crowning city*, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?"—— *Isaiah*, chap. xxiii.

Note 10.

Their guardian spells have long been past.

"Un mélange bizarre de grandeur d'âme et de foiblesse entroit dès cette époque (l'onzième siècle) dans le caractère des Romains.—Un mouvement généreux vers les grandes choses faisoit place tout-à-coup à l'abattement; ils passoient de la liberté la plus orageuse, à la servitude la plus avilissante. On auroit dit que les ruines et les portiques déserts de la capitale du monde, entretenoient ses habitans dans les sentimens de leur impuissance; au milieu de ces monumens de leur domination passée, les citoyens éprouvoient d'une manière trop décourageante leur propre nullité. Le nom des Romains qu'il portoit ranimoit fréquemment leur enthousiasme, comme il le ranime encore aujourd'hui; mais bientôt la vue de Rome, du Forum désert, des sept collines de nouveau rendues au pâturage des troupeaux, des temples désolés, des monumens tombant en ruine, les ramenoit à sentir qu'ils n'étoient plus les Romains d'autrefois." —— *Sismondi. Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. i. p. 172.

Note 11.

Linger'd the lord of eloquence?

"As for Cicero, he was carried to Astyra, where, finding a vessel, he immediately went on board, and coasted along to Circæum with a favourable wind. The pilots were preparing immediately to sail from thence, but whether it was that he feared the sea, or had not yet given up all his hopes in Cæsar, he disembarked, and travelled a hundred furlongs on foot, as if Rome had been the place of his destination. Repenting, however, afterwards, he left that road and made again for the sea. He passed the night in the most perplexing and horrid thoughts; insomuch, that he was sometimes inclined to go privately into Cæsar's house and stab himself upon the altar of his domestic gods, to bring the divine vengeance upon his betrayer. But he was deterred from this by the fear of torture. Other alternatives equally distressful presented themselves. At last he put himself in the hands of his servants, and ordered them to carry him by sea to Cajeta, where he had a delightful retreat in the summer, when the Etesian winds set in. There was a temple of Apollo on that coast, from

which a flight of crows came with great noise towards Cicero's vessel as it was making land. They perched on both sides the sail-yard, where some sat croaking, and others pecking the ends of the ropes. All looked upon this as an ill omen; yet Cicero went on shore, and, entering his house, lay down to repose himself. In the mean time a number of crows settled in the chamber-window, and croaked in the most doleful manner. One of them even entered it, and alighting on the bed, attempted, with its beak, to draw off the clothes with which he had covered his face. On sight of this, the servants began to reproach themselves. 'Shall we,' said they, 'remain to be spectators of our master's murder? Shall we not protect him, so innocent and so great a sufferer as he is, when the brute creatures give him marks of their care and attention?' Then, partly by entreaty, partly by force, they got him into his litter, and carried him towards the sea."—*Plutarch. Life of Cicero.*

Note 12.

Balm for all sadness but despair?

"Now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair." —— *Milton.*

Note 13.

O'er bending oaks the north-wind swells.

Mount Gargano. "This ridge of mountains forms a very large promontory advancing into the Adriatic, and separated from the Apennines on the west by the plains of Lucera and San Severo. We took a ride into the heart of the mountains through shady dells and noble woods, which brought to our minds the venerable groves that in ancient times bent with the loud winds sweeping along the rugged sides of Garganus.

'Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.'——*Horace.*

There is a respectable forest of evergreen and common oak, pine, hornbeam, chestnut, and manna-ash. The sheltered valleys are industriously cultivated, and seem to be blest with luxuriant vegetation." —— *Swinburne's Travels.*

Note 14.

There "bright appearances" have smiled.

'In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?' — *Milton.*

THE LAST BANQUET

OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

"Antony, concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus; which when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honourable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him." —— *Langhorne's Plutarch.*

Thy foes had girt thee with their dread array,
O stately Alexandria!—yet the sound
Of mirth and music, at the close of day,
Swell'd from thy splendid fabrics far around

O'er camp and wave. Within the royal hall,
In gay magnificence the feast was spread;
And brightly streaming from the pictured wall,
A thousand lamps their trembling lustre shed
O'er many a column rich with precious dyes,
That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath Afric's burning skies.

And soft and clear that wavering radiance play'd
O'er sculptured forms that round the pillar'd scene
Calm and majestic rose, by art array'd
In god-like beauty, awfully serene.
Oh! how unlike the troubled guests, reclined
Round that luxurious board!—in every face
Some shadow from the tempest of the mind
Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,
Though vainly mask'd in smiles which are not mirth,
But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths whose transient bloom
May still survive the wearers—and the rose
Perchance may scarce be wither'd when the tomb
Receives the mighty to its dark repose!
The day must dawn on battle—and may set
In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup high!
Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en yet
Lend her one hour for parting revelry.
They who the empire of the world possess'd
Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged for rest

Its joys! oh! mark yon proud triumvir's mien,
And read their annals on that brow of care!

'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps have been;
Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.
Trust not the glance that fain would yet inspire
The buoyant energies of days gone by;
There is delusion in its meteor-fire,
And all within is shame, is agony!
Away! the tear in bitterness may flow,
But there are smiles which bear a stamp of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,
O lost, devoted Roman! yet thy brow
To that ascendant and undying name,
Pleads with stern loftiness thy right e'en now.
Thy glory is departed—but hath left
A lingering light around thee—in decay
Not less than kingly, though of all bereft,
Thou seem'st as empire had not pass'd away.
Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts elate,
A deep, prophetic dread of still mysterious fate!

But thou, enchantress-queen! whose love hath made
His desolation—thou art by his side,
In all thy sovereignty of charms array'd,
To meet the storm with still unconquer'd pride.
Imperial being! e'en though many a stain
Of error be upon thee, there is power
In thy commanding nature, which shall reign
O'er the stern genius of misfortune's hour;
And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye
E'en now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect all impassion'd wears a light
Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek a dye,
Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright
With the deep glow of feverish energy.

Proud siren of the Nile! thy glance is fraught
With an immortal fire—in every beam
It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,
But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream;
For thou with death hast communed, to attain
Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from the chain. (1)

And the stern courage by such musings lent,
Daughter of Afric! o'er thy beauty throws
The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
With all the majesty of mighty woes!
While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,
Till scarce the soul, that once exulting soar'd,
Can deem the day-star of its glory set;
Scarce his fond heart believes that power can be
In sovereign fate, o'er him, thus fondly loved by thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes around,
Which mark that ruin'd leader, and survey
His changeful mien, whence oft the gloom profound
Strange triumph chases haughtily away.
"Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests!" he cries,
"Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar deep!
Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,
Your chief in cold forgetfulness may sleep,
While sounds of revel float o'er shore and sea,
And the red bowl again is crown'd—but not for me.

"Yet weep not thus—the struggle is not o'er,
O victors of Philippi!—many a field
Hath yielded palms to us:—one effort more,
By one stern conflict must our fate be seal'd!

Forget not, Romans! o'er a subject world
How royally your eagle's wing hath spread,
Though from his eyrie of dominion hurl'd,
Now bursts the tempest on his crested head;
Yet sovereign still, if banish'd from the sky,
The sun's indignant bird, he must not droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'T is night, the dead of night—
Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and deep;
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light
The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of sleep:
For those who wait the morn's awakening beams,
The battle signal to decide their doom,
Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled dreams;
Rest, that shall soon be calmer in the tomb,
Dreams, dark and ominous, but *there* to cease,
When sleep the lords of war in solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake! Hark! heard ye not a sound
Of gathering tumult?—near and nearer still
Its murmur swells. Above, below, around
Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and shrill.
Wake, Alexandria! through thy streets the tread
Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and dread
Is heard upon the midnight air to float;
And voices, clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
Mingle their thousand tones which are not of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds—their thrilling strain
Hath more mysterious power, and birth more high;
And the deep horror chilling every vein
Owns them of stern, terrific augury.

Beings of worlds unknown! ye pass away,
O ye invisible and awful throng!
Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
To Cæsar's camp exulting move along.
Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! the sky
By that dread sign reveals—thy doom—"Despair and die!" (2)

NOTES.

Note 1.

Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from the chain.

Cleopatra made a collection of poisonous drugs, and being desirous to ascertain which was least painful in the operation, she tried them on the capital convicts. Such poisons as were quick in their operation, she found to be attended with violent pain and convulsions; such as were mildest were slow in their effect: she therefore applied herself to the examination of venomous creatures; at length she found that the bite of the asp was the most eligible kind of death, for it brought on a gradual kind of lethargy. —— See *Plutarch.*

Note 2.

Despair and die!

"To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die!"
Richard III.

ALARIC IN ITALY.

After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes, united under the command of Alaric, the historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" thus proceeds:—"Whether fame, or conquest, or riches, were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardour, which could neither be quelled by adversity, nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy, than he was attracted by the neighbouring prospect of a fair and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and, in the narrowest passage, about one mile and a half broad; and the fabulous monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla, and the whirlpool of Charybdis, could terrify none but the most timid and unskilful mariners: yet, as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports: their courage was daunted by the terrors of a new element; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot, where the remains of Alaric had been deposited, was for ever concealed by the inhu-

man massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."——See *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 329.

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?
The march of hosts, as Alaric pass'd?
His steps have track'd that glorious clime,
The birth-place of heroic time;
But he, in northern deserts bred,
Spared not the living for the dead, (1)
Nor heard the voice, whose pleading cries
From temple and from tomb arise.
He pass'd—the light of burning fanes
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains;
And woke they not—the brave, the free,
To guard their own Thermopylæ?
And left they not their silent dwelling,
When Scythia's note of war was swelling?
No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,
Sad Freedom battled not—but wept!
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;
Nor one high soul from slumber broke,
When Athens own'd the northern yoke.

But was there none for *thee* to dare
The conflict, scorning to despair?
O city of the seven proud hills!
Whose name e'en yet the spirit thrills,
As doth a clarion's battle-call,
Didst thou too, ancient empress, fall?
Did not Camillus from the chain
Ransom thy Capitol again?

Oh! who shall tell the days to be,
No patriot rose to bleed for thee?

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?
The march of hosts, as Alaric pass'd?
That fearful sound, at midnight deep, (2)
Burst on th' eternal city's sleep:
How woke the mighty? she, whose will
So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
Th' ascendant star of destiny!
She woke—to view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,
To hear her streets resound the cries
Pour'd from a thousand agonies!
While the strange light of flames, that gave
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour
From fane and palace, dome and tower,
Reveal'd the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worshipp'd shrine;
Fierce, fitful radiance wildly shed
O'er spear and sword with carnage red,
Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! alas! that e'er
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!
The time hath been when *thy* distress
Had roused up empires for redress!
Now, her long race of glory run,
Without a combat Rome is won,
And from her plunder'd temples forth
Rush the fierce children of the north,

To share beneath more genial skies
Each joy their own rude clime denies.

Ye who on bright Campania's shore
Bade your fair villas rise of yore,
With all their graceful colonnades,
And crystal baths and myrtle shades,
Along the blue Hesperian deep,
Whose glassy waves in sunshine sleep;
Beneath your olive and your vine
Far other inmates now recline,
And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed
With such libations duly shed, (3)
O'er guests, unlike your vanish'd friends,
Its bowery canopy extends:
For them the southern heaven is glowing,
The bright Falernian nectar flowing;
For them the marble halls unfold,
Where nobler beings dwelt of old,
Whose children for barbarian lords
Touch the sweet lyre's resounding chords,
Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine,
To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine.
Yet though luxurious they repose
Beneath Corinthian porticoes,
While round them into being start
The marvels of triumphant art;
Oh! not for them hath Genius given
To Parian stone the fire of heaven,
Enshrining in the forms he wrought
A bright eternity of thought.
In vain the natives of the skies
In breathing marble round them rise,

And sculptured nymphs, of fount or glade,
People the dark-green laurel shade;
Cold are the conqueror's heart and eye
To visions of divinity;
And rude his hand which dares deface
The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!
Chieftains! the war-note's call invites;
And other lands must yet be won,
And other deeds of havoc done.
Warriors! your flowery bondage break,
Sons of the stormy north, awake!
The barks are launching from the steep,
Soon shall the Isle of Ceres weep, (4)
And Afric's burning winds afar
Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war
Where shall his race of victory close?
When shall the ravaged earth repose?
But hark! what wildly mingling cries
From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?
Why swells dread Alaric's name on air?
A sterner conqueror hath been there!
A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,
He comes to bring the world's release;
He of the sword that knows no sheath,
Th' avenger, the deliverer—Death!

Is then that daring spirit fled?
Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?
Tamed are the warrior's pride and strength,
And he and earth are calm at length.
The land where heaven unclouded shines,
Where sleep the sunbeams on the vines;

The land by conquest made his own,
Can yield him now—a grave alone.
But his—her lord from Alp to sea—
No common sepulchre shall be!
Oh, make his tomb where mortal eye
Its buried wealth may ne'er descry!
Where mortal foot may never tread
Above a victor-monarch's bed.
Let not his royal dust be hid
'Neath star-aspiring pyramid;
Nor bid the gather'd mound arise,
To bear his memory to the skies.
Years roll away—oblivion claims
Her triumph o'er heroic names;
And hands profane disturb the clay
That once was fired with glory's ray!
And Avarice, from their secret gloom,
Drags e'en the treasures of the tomb.
But thou, O leader of the free!
That general doom awaits not thee!
Thou, where no step may e'er intrude,
Shalt rest in regal solitude,
Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,
Th' Awakener's final trumpet sound.
Turn ye the waters from their course,
Bid Nature yield to human force,
And hollow in the torrent's bed
A chamber for the mighty dead.
The work is done—the captive's hand
Hath well obey'd his lord's command.
Within that royal tomb are cast
The richest trophies of the past,

The wealth of many a stately dome,
The gold and gems of plunder'd Rome:
And when the midnight stars are beaming,
And ocean-waves in stillness gleaming,
Stern in their grief, his warriors bear
The Chastener of the Nations there;
To rest at length from victory's toil,
Alone, with all an empire's spoil!

Then the freed current's rushing wave
Rolls o'er the secret of the grave;
Then streams the martyr'd captives' blood
To crimson that sepulchral flood,
Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
The mystery in its bosom deep.
Time hath past on since then—and swept
From earth the urns where heroes slept;
Temples of gods, and domes of kings,
Are mouldering with forgotten things;
Yet shall not ages e'er molest
The viewless home of Alaric's rest:
Still rolls, like them, th' unfailing river,
The guardian of his dust for ever.

NOTES.

Note 1.

Spared not the living for the dead.

After the taking of Athens by Sylla, "though such numbers were put to the sword, there were as many who laid violent

hands upon themselves in grief for their sinking country. What reduced the best men among them to this despair of finding any mercy or moderate terms for Athens, was the well-known cruelty of Sylla; yet partly by the intercession of Midias and Calliphon, and the exiles who threw themselves at his feet, partly by the entreaties of the senators who attended him in that expedition, and being himself satiated with blood besides, he was at last prevailed upon to stop his hand, and in compliment to the ancient Athenians, he said, 'he forgave the many for the sake of the few, *the living for the dead.*'"——*Plutarch.*

Note 2.

That fearful sound, at midnight deep.

"At the hour of midnight, the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a portion of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia."——*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 311.

Note 3.

With rich libations duly shed.

The plane-tree was much cultivated among the Romans, on account of its extraordinary shade; and they used to nourish it with wine instead of water, believing (as Sir W. Temple observes, that "This tree loved that liquor as well as those who used to drink under its shade."——See the *Notes to Melmoth's Pliny.*

Note 4.

Soon shall the isle of Ceres weep.

Sicily was anciently considered as the favoured and peculiar dominion of Ceres.

THE

WIFE OF ASDRUBAL.

"This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage, this fierce Asdrubal, was so mean-spirited, as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first; there the proconsul attacked them; and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building; there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph; and after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus,—"Base coward!" said she, "the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children." Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames."—*Ancient Universal History.*

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw;
Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendour from her domes aspire;

Sway'd by the wind, they wave—while glares the sky,
As when the desert's red Simoom is nigh:
The sculptured altar, and the pillar'd hall,
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall;
Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
Rock, wave, and isle are crimson'd by its beams;
While captive thousands, bound in Roman chains,
Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes;
And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,
Swell from the victor's tents with ivy crown'd.[1]
But mark! from yon fair temple's loftiest height
What towering form bursts wildly on the sight,
All regal in magnificent attire,
And sternly beauteous in terrific ire?
She might be deem'd a Pythia in the hour
Of dread communion and delirious power!
A being more than earthly, in whose eye
There dwells a strange and fierce ascendency.
The flames are gathering round—intensely bright,
Full on her features glares their meteor-light,
But a wild courage sits triumphant there,
The stormy grandeur of a proud despair;
A daring spirit, in its woes elate,
Mightier than death, untameable by fate;
The dark profusion of her locks unbound,
Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round;
Flush'd is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien,
She seems the avenging goddess of the scene.

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[1] It was a Roman custom to adorn the tents of victors with ivy.

Are those *her* infants, that with suppliant cry,
Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh,
Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest,
And fain would rush for shelter to her breast?
Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain,
And passion awfully vindictive, reign?

Fix'd is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands,
Ignobly safe, amidst the conquering bands;
On him who left her to that burning tomb,
Alone to share her children's martyrdom;
Who, when his country perish'd, fled the strife,
And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
"Live, traitor, live!" she cries, "since dear to thee,
E'en in thy fetters, can existence be!
Scorn'd and dishonour'd live!—with blasted name,
The Roman's triumph not to grace, but shame.
O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain,
With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!
Still may the manes of thy children rise
To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes;
Still may their voices on the haunted air
In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
Till vain remorse thy wither'd heart consume,
Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!
E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire,
In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
Think'st thou I love them not?—'T was thine to fly—
'T is mine with these to suffer and to die.
Behold their fate! the arms that cannot save
Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave."

Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,
Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams;

With frantic laugh she clasps them to her breast,
Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest;
Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,
Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.

HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE.

From Maccabees, book 2. chapter iii. 21. "Then it would have pitied a man to see the falling-down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high-priest, being in such an agony.—22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them.—23. Nevertheless, Heliodorus executed that which was decreed.—24. Now as he was there present himself with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid.—25. For there appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore-feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had a complete harness of gold.—26. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.—27. And Heliodorus fell suddenly to the ground, and was compassed with great darkness; but they that were with him took him up and put him into a litter.—28. Thus him that lately came with great train, and with all his guard into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons, and mani-

festly they acknowledged the power of God.—29. For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless, without all hope of life."

A sound of woe in Salem!—mournful cries
Rose from her dwellings—youthful cheeks were pale,
Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,
And voices mingling in tumultuous wail;
Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,
And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair.

Thy daughters, Judah! weeping, laid aside
The regal splendour of their fair array,
With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's pride,
And throng'd the streets in hurrying, wild dismay;
While knelt thy priests before *his* awful shrine,
Who made, of old, renown and empire thine.

But on the spoiler moves—the temple's gate,
The bright, the beautiful, his guards unfold,
And all the scene reveals its solemn state,
Its courts and pillars, rich with sculptured gold;
And man, with eye unhallow'd, views th' abode,
The sever'd spot, the dwelling-place of God.

Where art thou, Mighty Presence! that of yore
Wert wont between the cherubim to rest,
Veil'd in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er
Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest?
Thou! that didst make fair Sion's ark thy throne,
And call the oracle's recess thine own!

Angel of God! that through th' Assyrian host,
Clothed with the darkness of the midnight hour,
To tame the proud, to hush th' invader's boast,
Didst pass triumphant in avenging power,
Till burst the day-spring on the silent scene,
And death alone reveal'd where thou hadst been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener! in thy might,
To guard thine ancient and majestic hill,
Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's light
Hath stream'd the house of holiness to fill?
Oh! yet once more defend thy loved domain,
Eternal one! Deliverer! rise again!

Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undismay'd,
Hastes on, the sacred chambers to explore
Where the bright treasures of the fane are laid,
The orphan's portion, and the widow's store;
What recks *his* heart though age unsuccour'd die,
And want consume the cheek of infancy?

Away, intruders!—hark! a mighty sound!
Behold, a burst of light!—away, away!
A fearful glory fills the temple round,
A vision bright in terrible array!
And lo! a steed of no terrestrial frame,
His path a whirlwind, and his breath a flame!

His neck is clothed with thunder[1]—and his mane
Seems waving fire—the kindling of his eye

[1] "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—*Job*, chap. xxxix. v. 19.

Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain
His glance—his gesture, fierce in majesty!
Instinct with light he seems, and formed to bear
Some dread archangel through the fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,
Throned on that burning charger? bright his form,
Yet in its brightness awful to behold,
And girt with all the terrors of the storm!
Lightning is on his helmet's crest—and fear
Shrinks from the splendour of his brow severe.

And by his side two radiant warriors stand
All-arm'd, and kingly in commanding grace—
Oh! more than kingly—godlike!—sternly grand
Their port indignant, and each dazzling face
Beams with the beauty to immortals given,
Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each knee is bow'd
In trembling awe—but, as to fields of fight,
Th' unearthly war-steed, rushing through the crowd,
Bursts on their leader in terrific might;
And the stern angels of that dread abode
Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of God.

Darkness—thick darkness!—low on earth he lies,
Rash Heliodorus—motionless and pale—
Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded eyes
Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy veil;
And thus th' oppressor, by his fear-struck train,
Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the sky
Have pass'd, with all their dreadful pomp, away;
Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song on high
Triumphant as in Judah's elder day;
Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill!
Salem, exult! thy God is with thee still.

NIGHT-SCENE IN GENOA.

FROM SISMONDI'S "REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES."

["En même temps que les Génois poursuivoient avec ardeur la guerre contre Pise, ils étoient déchirés eux-mêmes par une discorde civile. Les consuls de l'année 1169, pour rétablir la paix dans leur patrie, au milieu des factions sourdes à leur voix et plus puissantes qu'eux, furent obligés d'ourdir en quelque sorte une conspiration. Ils commençèrent par s'assurer secrètement des dispositions pacifiques de plusieurs des citoyens, qui cependant étoient entraînés dans les émeutes par leur parenté avec les chefs de faction; puis, se concertant avec le vénérable vieillard, Hugues, leur archevêque, ils firent, long-temps avant le lever du soleil, appeler au son des cloches les citoyens au parlement; ils se flattoient que la surprise et l'alarme de cette convocation inattendue, au milieu de l' obscurité de la nuit, rendroit l'assemblée et plus complète et plus docile. Les citoyens, en accourant au parlement général, virent, au milieu de la place publique, le vieil archevêque, entouré de son clergé en habit de cérémonies, et portant des torches allumées, tandis que les reliques de Saint Jean Baptiste, le protecteur de Gênes, étoient exposées devant lui, et que les citoyens les plus respectables portoient à leurs mains des croix suppliantes. Dès que l'assemblée fut formée, le

vieillard se leva, et de sa voix cassée il conjura les chefs de parti, au nom du Dieu de paix, au nom du salut de leurs âmes, au nom de leur patrie et de la liberté, dont leurs discordes entraîneroient la ruine, de jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de leurs querelles, et la paix à venir.

"Les hérauts, dès qu'il eut fini de parler, s'avancèrent aussitôt vers Roland Avogado, le chef de l'une des factions, qui étoit présent à l'assemblée, et, secondés par les acclamations de tout le peuple, et par les prières de ses parens eux-mêmes, ils le sommèrent de se conformer au vœu des consuls et de la nation.

"Roland, à leur approche, déchira ses habits, et, s'asseyant par terre en versant des larmes, il appela à haute voix les morts qu'il avoit juré de venger, et qui ne lui permettoient pas de pardonner leurs vieilles offenses. Comme on ne pouvoit le déterminer à s'avançer, les consuls eux-mêmes, l'archevêque et le clergé, s'approchèrent de lui, et, renouvelant leurs prières, ils l'entraînèrent enfin, et lui firent jurer sur l'évangile l'oubli de ses inimitiés passées.

"Les chefs du parti contraire, Foulques de Castro, et Ingo de Volta, n'étoient pas présens à l'assemblée, mais le peuple et le clergé se portèrent en foule à leurs maisons; ils les trouvèrent déjà ébranlés par ce qu'ils venoient d'apprendre, et, profitant de leur émotion, ils leur firent jurer une réconciliation sincère, et donner le baiser de paix aux chefs de la faction opposée. Alors les cloches de la ville sonnèrent en temoignage d'allégresse, et l'archevêque de retour sur la place publique entonna un Te Deum avec tout le peuple, en honneur du Dieu de paix qui avoit sauvé leur patrie." —— *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. ii. pp. 149–50.]

In Genoa, when the sunset gave
Its last warm purple to the wave,
No sound of war, no voice of fear,
Was heard, announcing danger near:
Though deadliest foes were there, whose hate
But slumber'd till its hour of fate,

Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reign'd around,
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's sound,
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.
Then, Genoa, from their slumber started
Thy sons, the free, the fearless-hearted;
Then mingled with th' awakening peal
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.
Arm, warriors, arm! for danger calls,
Arise to guard your native walls!
With breathless haste the gathering throng
Hurry the echoing streets along;
Through darkness rushing to the scene
Where their bold counsels still convene.
— But there a blaze of torches bright
Pours its red radiance on the night,
O'er fane, and dome, and column playing,
With every fitful night-wind swaying,
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,
Around the pillar'd scene display'd,
In light relieved by depth of shade:
And now, with ruddy meteor-glare,
Full streaming on the silvery hair
And the bright cross of him who stands,
Rearing that sign with suppliant hands;
Girt with his consecrated train,
The hallow'd servants of the fane.
Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face

Expression holy, deep, resign'd,
The calm sublimity of mind.
Years o'er his snowy head have pass'd,
And left him of his race the last;
Alone on earth—yet still his mien
Is bright with majesty serene;
And those high hopes, whose guiding-star
Shines from th' eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,
And o'er his features pour'd a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone,
On earth by nought but pity's tie
Detain'd a moment from on high!
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One, from all passion purified,
E'en now half-mingled with the sky,
And all prepared—oh! not to die—
But, like the prophet, to aspire,
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.
He speaks—and from the throngs around
Is heard not e'en a whisper'd sound;
Awe-struck each heart, and fix'd each glance,
They stand as in a spell-bound trance:
He speaks—oh! who can hear, nor own
The might of each prevailing tone?

"Chieftains and warriors! ye, so long
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,

Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate
Hath made your country desolate;
Now by the love ye bear her name,
By that pure spark of holy flame
On freedom's altar brightly burning,
But, once extinguish'd, ne'er returning;
By all your hopes of bliss to come
When burst the bondage of the tomb:
By Him, the God who bade us live
To aid each other, and forgive—
I call upon ye to resign
Your discords at your country's shrine,
Each ancient feud in peace atone,
Wield your keen swords for her alone,
And swear upon the cross, to cast
Oblivion's mantle o'er the past!"

No voice replies—the holy bands
Advance to where yon chieftain stands,
With folded arms, and brow of gloom
O'ershadow'd by his floating plume.
To him they lift the cross—in vain
He turns—oh! say not with disdain,
But with a mien of haughty grief,
That seeks not, e'en from heaven, relief:
He rends his robes—he sternly speaks—
Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

"Father! not thus the wounds may close
Inflicted by eternal foes.
Deem'st thou *thy* mandate can efface
The dread volcano's burning trace?

Or bid the earthquake's ravaged scene
Be, smiling, as it once hath been?
No! for the deeds the sword hath done
Forgiveness is not lightly won;
The words, by hatred spoke, may not
Be, as a summer breeze, forgot!
'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's rage
A portion of our heritage.
Leaders, now slumbering with their fame,
Bequeath'd us that undying flame;
Hearts that have long been still and cold
Yet rule us from their silent mould;
And voices, heard on earth no more,
Speak to our spirits as of yore.
Talk not of mercy—blood alone
The stain of blood could may atone;
Nought else can pay that mighty debt,
The dead forbid us to forget."

He pauses—from the patriarch's brow
There beams more lofty grandeur now;
His reverend form, his aged hand,
Assume a gesture of command,
His voice is awful, and his eye
Fill'd with prophetic majesty.

"The dead!—and deem'st thou *they* retain
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain?
Of guilt incurr'd in days gone by,
Aught but the fearful penalty?
And say'st thou, mortal! blood alone
For deeds of slaughter may atone?

There *hath* been blood—by Him 'twas shed
To expiate every crime who bled;
Th' absolving God who died to save,
And rose in victory from the grave!
And by that stainless offering given
Alike for all on earth to heaven;
By that inevitable hour
When death shall vanquish pride and power,
And each departing passion's force
Concentrate all in late remorse;
And by the day when doom shall be
Pass'd on earth's millions, and on thee—
The doom that shall not be repeal'd,
Once utter'd, and for ever seal'd—
I summon thee, O child of clay!
To cast thy darker thoughts away,
And meet thy foes in peace and love,
As thou would'st join the blest above."

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing;
Oh! not in vain the pleading cries
Of anxious thousands round him rise;
He yields—devotion's mingled sense
Of faith, and fear, and penitence,
Pervading all his soul, he bows
To offer on the cross his vows,
And that best incense to the skies,
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes were flowing,
High hearts with soft emotions glowing;

Stern foes as long-loved brothers greeting,
And ardent throngs in transport meeting:
And eager footsteps forward pressing,
And accents loud in joyous blessing;
And when their first wild tumults cease,
A thousand voices echo "Peace!"

Twilight's dim mist hath roll'd away,
And the rich Orient burns with day:
Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,
Rises the choral hymn of earth;
Th' exulting strain through Genoa swelling,
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far float the sounds o'er vale and steep,
The seaman hears them on the deep,
So mellow'd by the gale, they seem
As the wild music of a dream:
But not on mortal ear alone
Peals the triumphant anthem's tone;
For beings of a purer sphere
Bend with celestial joy, to hear.

THE TROUBADOUR,

AND

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

"Not only the place of Richard's confinement," (when thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria,) "if we believe the literary history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity, was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies: and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard, or minstrel, named Blondel, who had shared that prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled over all the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got intelligence of a certain castle in Germany, where a prisoner of distinction was confined, and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place; but the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no information relative to the name or quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity, he bethought himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted, with a loud voice, some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard; and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it re-echoed and continued by the royal captive.—(*Hist. Troubadours.*) To this discovery the English monarch is said to have eventually owed his release."——See Russell's *Modern Europe*, vol. i. p. 369.

The Troubadour o'er many a plain
Hath roam'd unwearied, but in vain:

O'er many a rugged mountain-scene,
And forest-wild, his track hath been;
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
He hath sung the songs of chivalry;
His voice hath swell'd on the Alpine br
And rung through the snowy Pyrenees:
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,
He hath sought his prince, the loved, the l
And yet, if still on earth thou art,
Oh, monarch of the lion-heart!
The faithful spirit, which distress
But heightens to devotedness,
By toil and trial vanquish'd not,
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reach'd a mountain hung w
And woods that wave o'er the lovely Inmne:
The feudal towers that crest its height
Frown in unconquerable might;
Dark is their aspect of sullen state —
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate (1)
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome guest;
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,
That 'midst bright sunshine lowers on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.

Not these the halls where a child of song
Awhile may speed the hours along;
Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,

Or the wild huntsman's bugle blast,
When his phantom-train are hurrying past. (2)
The weary minstrel paused—his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly:
Within the length'ning shadow, cast
By the fortress-towers and ramparts vast,
Lingering he gazed—the rocks around
Sublime in savage grandeur frown'd;
Proud guardians of the regal flood,
In giant strength the mountains stood;
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.
Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,
But the Rhine all shadowy roll'd below;
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild;
Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell,
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell;
But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark! that solemn stillness breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is waking.
Full oft that song, in days gone by,
Hath cheer'd the sons of chivalry;
It hath swell'd o'er Judah's mountains lone,
Hermon! thy echoes have learn'd its tone;
On the Great Plain (3) its notes have rung,
The leagued Crusaders' tents among;
'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won
The palm in the field of Ascalon;
And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

"Thine hour is come, and the stake is set,"
The Soldan cried to the captive knight,
"And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are met
To gaze on the fearful sight.

"But be our faith by thy lips profess'd,
The faith of Mecca's shrine,
Cast down the red-cross that marks thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine."

"I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
And gazed with undaunted eye;
I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood,
And think'st thou I fear to die?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,
Have fall'n for the name divine;
And the faith that cheer'd *their* closing hours
Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom?
Thou art offer'd life, and pomp, and wealth,
Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns was twined
For a dying Saviour's brow;
He spurn'd the treasures that lure mankind,
And I reject them now!"

"Art thou the son of a noble line
In a land that is fair and blest?
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive! pine,
Again on its shores to rest?

"Thine own is the choice to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth,
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er,
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise
In the country of my love;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There's a brighter clime above!"

The bard hath paused—for another tone
Blends with the music of his own;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

"Are there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian! left to deplore thy fall,
With sorrow deep and vain?"

"There are hearts that still, through all the past,
Unchanging have loved me well;
There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast
When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier
Than th' apostate's living stain;
There's a land where those who loved when here,
Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he! thy prince—long sought, long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host!
'Tis he!—to none thy joy betray,
Young Troubadour! away, away!
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave; (4)
Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
To win their Lion from the toil;
And free the wassail-cup shall flow,
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow;
The festal board shall be richly crown'd,
While knights and chieftains revel round,
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,
When merry England hails her king.

NOTES.

Note 1.

No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate.

It was a custom in feudal times to hang out a helmet on a castle, as a token that strangers were invited to enter, and partake of hospitality. So in the romance of "Perceforest," "ils fasoient mettre au plus hault de leur hostel un *heaulme*, en signe que tous les gentils hommes et gentilles femmes entrassent hardiment en leur hostel comme en leur propre."

Note 2.

Or the wild huntsman's bugle-blast,
When his phantom-train are hurrying past.

Popular tradition has made several mountains in Germany the haunt of the *wild Jäger*, or supernatural huntsman—the super-

stitious tales relating to the Unterberg are recorded in Eustace's *Classical Tour*; and it is still believed in the romantic district of the Odenwald, that the knight of Rodenstein, issuing from his ruined castle, announces the approach of war by traversing the air with a noisy armament to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. ——See the "*Manuel pour les Voyageurs sur le Rhin,*" and "*Autumn on the Rhine.*"

Note 3.

On the Great Plain its notes have rung.

The Plain of Esdraelon, called by way of eminence the "Great Plain;" in Scripture, and elsewhere, the "field of Megiddo," the "Galilæan Plain." This plain, the most fertile part of all the land of Canaan, has been the scene of many a memorable contest in the first ages of Jewish history, as well as during the Roman empire, the Crusades, and even in later times. It has been a chosen place for encampment in every contest carried on in this country, from the days of Nabuchodonosor, King of the Assyrians, until the disastrous march of Bonaparte from Egypt into Syria. Warriors out of "every nation which is under heaven" have pitched their tents upon the Plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Hermon and Thabôr. —— *Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

Note 4.

The gem on the bosom of the wave.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea."
Richard II.

THE

DEATH OF CONRADIN.

FROM SISMONDI'S "REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES."

"La défaite de Conradin ne devoit mettre une terme ni à ses malheurs, ni aux vengeances du roi (Charles d'Anjou). L'amour du peuple pour l'héritier légitime du trône, avoit éclaté d'une manière effrayante; il pouvoit causer de nouvelles révolutions, si Conradin demeuroit en vie; et Charles, revêtant sa défiance et sa cruauté des formes de la justice, resolut de faire périr sur l'échafaud le dernier rejeton de la Maison de Souabe, l'unique espérance de son parti. Un seul juge provençal et sujet de Charles, dont les historiens n'ont pas voulu conserver le nom, osa voter pour la mort, d'autres se renfermèrent dans un timide et coupable silence; et Charles, sur l'autorité de ce seul juge, fit prononcer, par Robert de Bari, protonotaire du royaume, la sentence de mort contre Conradin et tous ses compagnons. Cette sentence fut communiquée à Conradin, comme il jouoit aux échecs; on lui laissa peu de temps pour se preparer à son exécution, et le 26 d'Octobre, il fut conduit, avec tous ses amis, sur la Place du Marché de Naples, le long du rivage de la mer. Charles étoit présent, avec toute sa cour, et une foule immense entouroit le roi vainqueur et le roi condamné. Conradin étoit entre les mains des bourreaux; il détacha lui-même son manteau, et s'étant mis à genoux pour prier, il se releva en s'écriant: 'Oh, ma mère, quelle profonde douleur te causera la nouvelle qu'on va te porter de moi!' Puis il tourna les yeux sur la foule qui l'entouroit; il vit les larmes, il entendit les sanglots de son peuple; alors, détachant son gant, il jeta au milieu de ses sujets ce gage d'un combat de vengeance, et rendit sa tête au bourreau. Après lui, sur le même echafaud, Charles fit trancher la tête au Duc d'Autriche, aux Comtes Gualferano et Bartolommeo Lancia,

et aux Comtes Gerard et Galvano Donoratico de Pise. Par un rafinement de cruauté, Charles voulût que le premier, fils du sécond, précédât son père, et mourût entre ses bras. Les cadavres, d'après ses ordres, furent exclus d'une terre sainte, et inhumés sans pompe sur le rivage de la mer. ' Charles II., cependant fit dans la suite, bâtir sur le même lieu une église de Carmelites, comme pour appaiser ces ombres irritées."

No cloud to dim the splendour of the day
Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,
And lights that brilliant sea and magic shore
With every tint that charm'd the great of yore;
Th' imperial ones of earth—who proudly bade
Their marble domes e'en Ocean's realm invade.

That race is gone—but glorious Nature here
Maintains unchanged her own sublime career,
And bids these regions of the sun display
Bright hues, surviving empires pass'd away.

The beam of Heaven expands—its kindling smile
Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,
Whose image floats, in softer colouring drest,
With all its rocks and vines, on Ocean's breast.
Misenum's cape hath caught the vivid ray,
On Roman streamers there no more to play;
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,
With all Italia's sunshine to illume
The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.
Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread
Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead;
Fair glittering to thine own transparent skies,
Thy palaces, exulting Naples! rise;

While, far on high, Vesuvius rears his peak,
Furrow'd and dark with many a lava streak.

Oh, ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse!
Rich with all Nature's and all fiction's hues;
Who shall explore your regions, and declare
The poet err'd to paint Elysium there?
Call up his spirit, wanderer! bid him guide
Thy steps, those siren-haunted seas beside;
And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,
And spells more potent shall pervade the air.
What though his dust be scatter'd, and his urn
Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn, (1)
Still dwell the beings of his verse around,
Hovering in beauty o'er th' enchanted ground:
His lays are murmur'd in each breeze that roves
Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange-groves;
His memory's charm is spread o'er shore and sea,
The soul, the genius of Parthenope;
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill
The purple radiance of Elysium still.

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky
Have witness'd many a dark reality.
Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath borne
The sighs of exiles never to return. (2)
There with the whisper of Campania's gale
Hath mingled oft affection's funeral-wail,
Mourning for buried heroes—while to her
That glowing land was but their sepulchre. (3)
And there of old the dread mysterious moan
Swell'd from strange voices of no mortal tone;

And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note
Was heard, at midnight, o'er the hills to float
Around the spot where Agrippina died,
Denouncing vengeance on the matricide. (4)

Pass'd are those ages—yet another crime,
Another woe, must stain th' Elysian clime.
There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore—
It must be crimson'd ere the day is o'er!
There is a throne in regal pomp array'd,—
A scene of death from thence must be survey'd.
Mark'd ye the rushing throngs?—each mien is pale,
Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale;
But the deep workings of th' indignant breast,
Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppress'd;
The burning tear awhile must check its course,
Th' avenging thought concentrate all its force;
For tyranny is near, and will not brook
Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with mien
Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene, (5)
And in his eye a keen suspicious glance
Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,
Behold the conqueror!—vainly in his face,
Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace:
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath lent
Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament;
And pleading Mercy, in the sternness there,
May read at once her sentence—to despair.

But thou, fair boy! the beautiful, the brave,
Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,

While all is yet around thee which can give
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live;
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother's eye,
Till the deep love that not with thee shall die
Hath grown too full for utterance—Can it be?
And is this pomp of death prepared for *thee?*
Young, royal Conradin! who shouldst have known
Of life as yet the sunny smile alone!
Oh! who can view thee, in the pride and bloom
Of youth, array'd so richly for the tomb,
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,
Emotions tyranny may ne'er control?
Bright victim! to Ambition's altar led,
Crown'd with all flowers that heaven on earth can shed,
Who, from th' oppressor towering in his pride,
May hope for mercy—if to thee denied?
There is dead silence on the breathless throng,
Dead silence all the peopled shore along,
As on the captive moves—the only sound,
To break that calm so fearfully profound,
The low, sweet murmur of the rippling wave,
Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to lave;
While on that shore, his own fair heritage,
The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage
Is passing to his fate: the eyes are dim
Which gaze, through tears that dare not flow, on him.
He mounts the scaffold—doth his footstep fail?
Doth his lip quiver? doth his cheek turn pale?
Oh! it may be forgiven him if a thought
Cling to that world, for him with beauty fraught,

To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,
And all th' affections that with him shall bleed!
If, in his life's young dayspring, while the rose
Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,
One human fear convulse his parting breath,
And shrink from all the bitterness of death!

But no! the spirit of his royal race
Sits brightly on his brow—that youthful face
Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye
Is eloquent with injured majesty.
He kneels—but not to man—his heart shall own
Such deep submission to his God alone!
And who can tell with what sustaining power
That God may visit him in fate's dread hour?
How the still voice, which answers every moan,
May speak of hope—when hope on earth is gone?

That solemn pause is o'er—the youth hath given
One glance of parting love to earth and heaven:
The sun rejoices in th' unclouded sky,
Life all around him glows—and he must die!
Yet 'midst his people, undismay'd, he throws
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes;
Vengeance, that, like their own volcano's fire,
May sleep suppress'd a while—but not expire.
One softer image rises o'er his breast,
One fond regret, and all shall be at rest!
"Alas, for thee, my mother! who shall bear
To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,
When thy lost child is gone?"—that thought can thrill
His soul with pangs one moment more shall still.

The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—
It falls—the race of Conradin is run!
Yet, from the blood which flows that shore to stain,
A voice shall cry to heaven—and not in vain!
Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
Charles of Anjou! but that dread voice shall be
A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee!

The scene of death is closed—the throngs depart,
A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.
No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,
High-minded boy! may grace thine obsequies.
O, vainly royal and beloved! thy grave,
Unsanctified, is bathed by Ocean's wave;
Mark'd by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,
Unhonour'd, unadorn'd—but *unforgot;*
For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts shall live,
Now mutely suffering—never to forgive!

The sunset fades from purple heavens away—
A bark hath anchor'd in th' unruffled bay;
Thence on the beach descends a female form,(6)
Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm;
But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,
And her soft eyes a chasten'd heart bespeak,
Inured to woes—yet what were all the past!
She sunk not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,
While one bright hope remain'd—who now shall tell
Th' uncrown'd, the widow'd, how her loved one fell?
To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,
The mother came—and she hath found his grave!

And by that grave, transfix'd in speechless grief,
Whose death-like trance denies a tear's relief,
Awhile she kneels—till roused at length to know,
To feel the might, the fulness of her woe,
On the still air a voice of anguish wild,
A mother's cry is heard—"My Conradin! my child!"

NOTES.

Note 1.

Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn.

The urn, supposed to have contained the ashes of Virgil, has long since been lost.

Note 2.

The sighs of exiles, never to return.

Many Romans of exalted rank were formerly banished to some of the small islands in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Italy. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was confined many years in the isle of Pandataria, and her daughter, Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, afterwards died in exile on the same desolate spot.

Note 3.

That glowing land was but their sepulchre.

"Quelques souvenirs du cœur, quelques noms de femmes, réclament aussi vos pleurs. C'est à Misène, dans le lieu même où nous sommes, que la veuve de Pompée, Cornélie, conserva jusqu'à la mort son noble deuil; Agrippine pleura long-temps Germanicus sur ces bords. Un jour, le même assassin qui lui ravit son époux la trouva digne de le suivre. L'île de Nisida fut témoin des adieux de Brutus et de Porcie."—Madame de Staël —*Corinne.*

Note 4.

Denouncing vengeance on the matricide.

The sight of that coast, and those shores where the crime had been perpetrated, filled Nero with continual horrors; besides, there were some who imagined they heard horrid shrieks and cries from Agrippina's tomb, and a mournful sound of trumpets from the neighbouring cliffs and hills. Nero, therefore, flying from such tragical scenes, withdrew to Naples. —— *See Ancient Universal History.*

Note 5.

Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene.

"Ce Charles," dit Giovanni Villani, "fut sage et prudent dans les conseils, preux dans les armes, âpre et forte redouté de tous les rois du monde, magnanime et de hautes pensées qui l'égaloient aux plus grandes enterprises; inébranlable dans l'adversité, ferme et fidèle dans toutes ses promesses, parlant peu et agissant beaucoup, *ne riant presque jamais*, décent comme un religieux, zélé catholique, âpre à rendre justice, féroce dans ses regards. Sa taille étoit grande et nerveuse, sa couleur olivâtre, son nez fort grand. Il paroissoit plus fait qu'aucun autre chevalier pour la majesté royale. Il ne dormoit presque point. Jamais il ne prit de plaisir aux mimes, aux troubadours, et aux gens de cour." —— Sismondi, *Republiques Italiennes*, vol. iii.

Note 6.

Thence on the beach descends a female form.

"The Carmine (at Naples) calls to mind the bloody catastrophe of those royal youths, Conradin and Frederick of Austria, butchered before its door. Whenever I traversed that square, my heart yearned at the idea of their premature fate, and at the deep distress of Conradin's mother, who, landing on the beach with her son's ransom, found only a lifeless trunk to redeem from the fangs of his barbarous conqueror." —— Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies.*

THE

RESTORATION

OF THE

WORKS OF ART TO ITALY:

A POEM.

Italia, Italia! O tu cui feo la Sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che'n fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.
Filicaja.

"But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory. The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its masterpieces from their pedestals, and dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the *Louvre*."——EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.

RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

Land of departed fame! whose classic plains
Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the great and brave,
Day-stars of life, a birth-place and a grave;
Home of the arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile;
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of splendour fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!
Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day;
Though dimm'd thy brightness, riveted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!
Lost, lovely realm! once more 't is thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom;
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely wave,
Swell'd the deep echoes of the fountain's cave.
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic chains of love and chivalry;
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle-vale, the laurel grove;

Oh! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,
And hail, with wonted pride, those works revered,
Hallow'd by time, by absence more endear'd.

And breathe to those the strain, whose warrior-might,
Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd in every fight;
Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,
Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured.
Sing of that leader, whose ascendant mind
Could rouse the slumbering spirit of mankind;
Whose banners track'd the vanquish'd Eagle's flight
O'er many a plain, and dark sierra's height;
Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay
Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day;
Who, through each mountain-pass of rock and snow,
An Alpine huntsman, chased the fear-struck foe;
Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,
Rich Languedoc! that fan thy glowing vales,
And 'mid those scenes renew'd th' achievements high,
Bequeath'd to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seem'd hush'd, the conflict past,
One strife remain'd—the mightiest and the last!
Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour,
Untamed Ambition summon'd all his power:
Vengeance and Pride, to phrenzy roused, were there,
And the stern might of resolute Despair.
Isle of the free! 'twas then thy champions stood,
Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest flood,
Sunbeam of Battle, then thy spirit shone,
Glow'd in each breast, and sunk with life alone.

Oh hearts devoted! whose illustrious doom
Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb,
Ye, firm and faithful, in th' ordeal tried
Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;
Shrined, not entomb'd, ye rest in sacred earth,
Hallow'd by deeds of more than mortal worth.
What though to mark where sleeps heroic dust,
No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing bust,
Yours, on the scene where valour's race was run,
A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won!
There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,
Shall live a watch-word blended with your fame;
And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown,
That ask no urn to blazon their renown.
There shall the bard in future ages tread,
And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead;
Revere each tree whose sheltering branches wave
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave:
Pause o'er each warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear
In every breeze, some name to glory dear,
And as the shades of twilight close around,
With martial pageants people all the ground.
Thither unborn descendants of the slain
Shall throng, as pilgrims to some holy fane,
While as they trace each spot, whose records tell
Where fought their fathers, and prevail'd, and fell,
Warm in their souls, shall loftiest feelings glow,
Claiming proud kindred with the dust below!
And many an age shall see the brave repair,
To learn the hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia! may that field of fame,
From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.

Land of the lyre! 'twas there the avenging sword
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored;
Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that throw
A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
And bid the stranger for a while forget
How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

Yes! fair creations, to perfection wrought,
Embodied visions of ascending thought!
Forms of sublimity! by Genius traced,
In tints that vindicate adoring taste;
Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
Live in the spheres encircling Glory's throne;
Models of art, to deathless fame consign'd,
Stamp'd with the high-born majesty of mind;
Yes, matchless works! your presence shall restore
One beam of splendour to your native shore,
And her sad scenes of lost renown illume,
As the bright sunset gilds some hero's tomb.

Oh! ne'er, in other climes, though many an eye
Dwelt on your charms in beaming ecstasy;
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,
As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone;
Where 'mid the ruin'd shrines of many a vale,
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
But its proud name with song eternal blends!

Yes! in those scenes, where every ancient stream
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme;

Where every marble deeds of fame records,
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords;
And the deep tones of inspiration swell,
From each wild olive-wood and Alpine dell;
Where heroes slumber, on their battle plains,
'Mid prostrate altars, and deserted fanes,
And Fancy communes in each lonely spot,
With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot;
There was your home, and there your power imprest,
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glowing breast;
And as the wind's deep thrills, and mystic sighs
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,
Thus at your influence, starting from repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose.

Fair Florence! Queen of Arno's lovely vale!
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smiled in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power.
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourn'd o'er the domes they rear'd in ages fled,
Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced,
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Reveal'd where conquest's lawless track had been;
Reft of each form with brighter life imbued,
Lonely they frown'd, a desert solitude.
Florence! th' Oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more!

As one, who, starting at the dawn of day
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,
With transport heighten'd by those ills of night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light;

E'en thus awakening from thy dreams of woe,
While Heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow,
With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace;
More bright, more prized, more precious, since deplored
As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy! once more are thine
Those matchless gems of art's exhaustless mine.
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of Glory stream,
And forms august as natives of the sky,
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendour from her death-like trance;
Whose rallying call bade slumbering nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break;
Beneath whose eye the Lords of song arose,
And snatch'd the Tuscan lyre from long repose;
And bade its pealing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms around;
Oh! high in thought, magnificent in soul!
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control;
Cosmo, Lorenzo! view your reign once more,
The shrine where nations mingle to adore!
Again th' Enthusiast there, with ardent gaze,
Shall hail the mighty of departed days:

Those sovereign spirits, whose commanding mind
Seems in the marble's breathing mould enshrined,
Still, with ascendant power, the world to awe,
Still the deep homage of the heart to draw;
To breathe some spell of holiness around,
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
And from the stone, by inspiration wrought,
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There, thou fair offspring of immortal mind!
Love's radiant Goddess, Idol of mankind!
Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.
Oh! who can tell what beams of heavenly light
Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
How many a glimpse reveal'd to him alone,
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds his own:
Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
On forms, instinct with bright divinity,
While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of art;
From scenes by Raphael's gifted hand array'd;
From dreams of heaven, by Angelo portray'd;
From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
Seal'd with perfection, "sanctified by time;"
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal,
Buoyant with loftier hopes his soul shall rise,
Imbued, at once, with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar,
And worlds of visionary grace explore,

Till his bold hand give glory's day-dreams birth,
And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice, exult! and o'er thy moonlit seas,
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze!
What though long fled those years of martial fame,
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name,
Though to the winds thy streamers idly play,
And the wild waves another Queen obey;
Though quench'd the spirit of thine ancient race,
And power and freedom scarce have left a trace;
Yet still shall Art her splendours round thee cast,
And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
Whose clear, soft brilliance emulates the skies,
And scenes that glow in colouring's richest bloom,
With life's warm flush Palladian halls illume.
From thy rich dome again the unrivall'd steed
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
Panting with ardour, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to fancy's thought,
Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,
No mortal birth ye seem—but form'd to bear
Heaven's car of triumph through the realms of air;
To range uncurb'd the pathless fields of space,
The winds your rivals in the glorious race;
Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,
Free as the zephyr, as the shot star fleet;
And waft through worlds unknown the vital ray,
The flame that wakes creations into day.
Creatures of fire and ether! wing'd with light,
To track the regions of the Infinite!

From purer elements whose life was drawn,
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn,
What years on years, in silence gliding by,
Have spared those forms of perfect symmetry!
Moulded by Art to dignify alone
Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
Since first her skill their fiery grace bestow'd,
Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,
How many a race, whose tales of glory seem
An echo's voice—the music of a dream,
Whose records feebly from oblivion save
A few bright traces of the wise and brave;
How many a state, whose pillar'd strength sublime
Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,
Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
Fortress of power—has flourish'd and is gone!
And they, from clime to clime by conquest borne,
Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,
They, that of powers and kingdoms lost and won,
Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
Consummate still in every grace remain,
As o'er *their* heads had ages roll'd in vain!
Ages, victorious, in their ceaseless flight,
O'er countless monuments of earthly might!
While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
Who bore those treasures to her ocean-reign,
'Midst the blue deep, who rear'd her island throne,
And call'd th' infinitude of waves her own;
Venice the proud, the regent of the sea,
Welcomes in chains the trophies of the free!

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume unfurl'd,
Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,

Eternal city! round whose Curule throne
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown;
Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time,
Immortal records of their glorious prime;
When deathless bards, thine olive-shades among,
Swell'd the high raptures of heroic song;
Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy languid head,
From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,
And once again, with fond delight, survey
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo! where thy sons, oh Rome! a god-like train,
In imaged majesty return again!
Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august,
O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust,
Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;
With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty! whose undying names,
Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;
Oh! with your images could fate restore
Your own high spirit to your sons once more;
Patriots and heroes! could those flames return,
That bade your hearts with freedom's ardour burn,
Then from the sacred ashes of the first,
Might a new Rome in phœnix-grandeur burst!
With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's gloom,
With one loud call wake Empire from the tomb;
Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
Lift her dread Ægis with majestic frown,

Unchain her Eagle's wing, and guide his flight,
To bathe its plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream! degraded Rome! thy noon is e'er,
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,
Who fix'd on thee the world's adoring gaze;
Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was high,
More blest, ere darkness quench'd its beam, to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!
Oh! what can realms, in fame's full zenith, boast,
To match the relics of thy splendour lost!
By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,
Genius and taste shall love to wander still,
For there has Art survived an empire's doom,
And rear'd her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb;
She from the dust recalls the brave and free,
Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with lightning-stroke,
Rend its last honours from the shatter'd oak!
Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
Once more thine own, th' immortal Archer's form
Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm,
Oh! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame,
A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the day-star! how may words portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
Of regal dignity, and heavenly grace;
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight;
Each bold idea, borrow'd from the sky,
To vest th' embodied form of deity;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined!
Son of Elysium! years and ages gone
Have bow'd in speechless homage at thy throne;
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstasy, on thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck, (1) e'en yet sublime,
Disputed trophy, claim'd by Art and Time,
Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught
From thee its fervours of diviner thought!
Where He, th' inspired one, whose gigantic mind
Lived in some sphere, to him alone assign'd;
Who from the past, the future and th' unseen,
Could call up forms of more than earthly mien;
Unrivall'd Angelo on thee would gaze,
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze!
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
Thy sovereign greatness view without despair?
Emblem of Rome! from power's meridian hurl'd,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous hand defaced
The work of wonder, idolized by taste?
Oh! worthy still of some divine abode,
Mould of a conqueror! (2) ruin of a God!

Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless beam
From each bright fragment pours its vital stream,
'Tis thine, by fate unconquer'd, to dispense
From every part, some ray of excellence!
E'en yet, inform'd with essence from on high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!
Within that frame a purer being glows,
Through viewless veins a brighter current flows;
Fill'd with immortal life, each muscle swells,
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work! the noblest and the last,
Of Grecian Freedom, (3) ere her reign was past:
Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,
Her mantle flow'd o'er many a classic hill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,
A Hero's image to the world bequeathed:
Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray
Of high-soul'd Genius, foster'd by her sway,
And bade thee teach, to nations yet unborn,
What lofty dreams were hers—who never shall return!

And mark yon group, transfix'd with many a throe,
Seal'd with the image of eternal woe:
With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,
And the stern combat picture to mankind,
Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.
Oh, mighty conflict! though his pains intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through every sense;
Though fix'd on him, his children's suppliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;
Though, with the giant-snake in fruitless strife,
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,

And in each limb Existence writhes, enroll'd
'Mid the dread circles of the venom'd fold;
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry
Shall own the might of Nature's agony!
That furrow'd brow unconquer'd soul reveals,
That patient eye to angry heaven appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
Nor yields one moan to torture or to death! (4)

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art!
With speechless horror to congeal the heart,
To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain;
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze
On scenes where Painting all her skill displays:
Landscapes, by colouring drest in richer dyes,
More mellow'd sunshine, more unclouded skies;
Or dreams of bliss, to dying martyrs given,
Descending Seraphs robed in beams of heaven.

Oh! sovereign Masters of the pencil's might,
Its depth of shadow, and its blaze of light,
Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy! who stand alone,
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all your own;
What scenes, what beings, blest your favour'd sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright!
Triumphant spirits! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,

And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontroll'd,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their splendour shed,
As burst on Prophet-bards in ages fled:
Forms that to trace, no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair;
These o'er the walls your magic skill array'd,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.
Inspired of Heaven! what heighten'd pomp ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past!
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome:
Round many a work that bids the world believe
What Grecian Art could image and achieve;
Again, creative minds, your visions throw
Life's chasten'd warmth, and Beauty's mellowest glow,
And when the morn's bright beams and mantling dyes
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illume, with purple smile,
The Parian altar, and the pillar'd aisle,
Then, as the full, or soften'd radiance falls,
On Angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those Temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That naught of earth should find admittance there,
Some sphere, where Beings, to mankind unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone!

Hence, ye vain fictions, fancy's erring theme,
Gods of illusion! phantoms of a dream!
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though sublime!
To loftier tasks has Roman Art assign'd
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind!
From brighter streams her vast ideas flow'd,
With purer fire her ardent spirit glow'd.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
The land of miracles, the holiest shore!
That realm where first the light of life was sent,
The loved, the punish'd, of th' Omnipotent!
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would stray,
Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way;
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's (5) deep,
Chain'd in dead silence, and unbroken sleep;
Scenes whose cleft rocks and blasted deserts tell
Where pass'd th' Eternal, where his anger fell!
Where oft his voice the words of fate reveal'd,
Swell'd in the whirlwind, in the thunder peal'd,
Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
Breathed 'still small' whispers on the midnight gale.
There dwelt her spirit—there her hand portray'd
'Mid the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,
Ethereal forms, with awful missions fraught,
Or Patriarch-seers, absorb'd in sacred thought,
Bards, in high converse with the world at rest,
Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest.
But chief to Him, the conqueror of the grave,
Who lived to guide us, and who died to save;
Him at whose glance the powers of evil fled,
And soul return'd to animate the dead;

Whom the waves own'd—and sunk beneath his eye,
Awed by one accent of divinity;
To Him she gave her meditative hours,
Hallow'd her thoughts, and sanctified her powers.
O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,
As all around the Godhead's presence knew,
And robed the Holy One's benignant mien
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh! mark, where Raphael's pure and perfect line
Portrays that form ineffably divine! (6)
Where with transcendent skill his hand has shed
Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head;
Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
With all the fulness of beatitude,
And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight
Sinks overpower'd by th' excess of light!

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art,
By truth inspired to elevate the heart!
To bid the soul exultingly possess,
Of all her powers a heighten'd consciousness,
And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray;
To realize, in some unclouded sphere,
Those pictured glories feebly imaged here!
Dim, cold, reflection from her native sky,
Faint effluence of "the Day-spring from on high!"

NOTES.

Note 1.

The Belvidere Torso, the favourite study of Michael Angelo, and of many other distinguished artists.

Note 2.

"Quoique cette statue d'Hercule ait été maltraitée et mutilée d'une manière étrange, se trouvant sans tête, sans bras, et sans jambes, elle est cependant encore un chef-d'œuvre aux yeux des connoisseurs; et ceux qui savent percer dans les mystères de l'art, se la représentent dans toute sa beauté. L'artiste, en voulant représenter Hercule, a formé un corps idéal au-dessus de la nature. * * * Cet Hercule paroît donc ici tel qu'il dut être, lorsque, purifié par le feu des foiblesses de l'humanité, il obtint l'immortalité, et pris place auprès des dieux. Il est représenté sans aucun besoin de nourriture et de réparation de forces. Les veines y sont toutes invisibles."—*Winckelmann, Histoire de l'Art chez les Anciens*, tom. ii. p. 248.

Note 3.

"Le Torso d'Hercule paroît un des derniers ouvrages parfaits que l'art ait produit en Grèce, avant la perte de sa liberté. Car après que la Grèce fut réduite en province Romaine, l'histoire ne fait mention d'aucun artiste célèbre de cette nation, jusqu'aux temps du Triumvirat Romain."—*Winckelmann, ibid.* tom. ii. p. 250.

Note 4.

"It is not, in the same manner, in the agonized limbs, or in the convulsed muscles of the Laocoon, that the secret grace of its composition resides; it is in the majestic air of the head, which

has not *yielded* to *suffering*, and in the deep serenity of the forehead, which seems to be still *superior* to all its *afflictions*, and significant of a mind that cannot be subdued."—*Allison's Essays*, vol. ii. p. 400.

"Laocoon nous offre le spectacle de la nature humaine dans la plus grande douleur dont elle soit susceptible, sous l'image d'homme qui tache de rassembler contre elle toute la force de l'esprit. Tandis que l'excès de la souffrance enfle les muscles, et tire violemment les nerfs, le courage se montre sur le front gonflé: la poitrine s'élève avec peine par la nécessité de la respiration, qui est également contrainte par le silence que la force de l'âme impose à la douleur qu'elle voudrait étouffer. * * * Son air est plaintif, et non criard."—*Winckelmann, ibid.* tom. ii. p. 214.

Note 5.

Almotana. The name given by the Arabs to the Dead Sea.

Note 6.

The Transfiguration, thought to be so perfect a specimen of art, that, in honour of Raphael, it was carried before his body to the grave.

MODERN GREECE.

O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

THOMSON'S *Liberty.*

MODERN GREECE.

I.

O! who hath trod thy consecrated clime,
Fair land of Phidias! theme of lofty strains!
And traced each scene, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
The print of Glory's parting step retains;
Nor for awhile, in high-wrought dreams, forgot,
Musing on years gone by in brightness there,
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his lot,
The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may wear;
As when, from mountain-heights, his ardent eye
Of sea and heaven hath track'd the blue infinity?

II.

Is there who views with cold unalter'd mien,
His frozen heart with proud indifference fraught,
Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten scene,
Where Freedom triumph'd, or where Wisdom taught?
Souls that too deeply feel, oh, envy not
The sullen calm your fate hath never known:
Through the dull twilight of that wint'ry lot
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sunbeam shone,
Nor those high thoughts, that, hailing Glory's trace,
Glow with the generous flames of every age and race.

III.

But blest the wanderer, whose enthusiast mind
Each muse of ancient days hath deep imbued
With lofty lore; and all his thoughts refined
In the calm school of silent solitude;
Pour'd on his ear, 'midst groves and glens retired,
The mighty strains of each illustrious clime,
All that hath lived, while empires have expired,
To float for ever on the winds of Time;
And on his soul indelibly portray'd
Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic shade.

IV.

Is not his mind, to meaner thoughts unknown,
A sanctuary of beauty and of light?
There he may dwell in regions all his own,
A world of dreams, where all is pure and bright.
For him the scenes of old renown possess
Romantic charms, all veil'd from other eyes;
There every form of nature's loveliness
Wakes in his breast a thousand sympathies;
As music's voice, in some lone mountain-dell,
From rocks and caves around calls forth each echo's swell.

V.

For him Italia's brilliant skies illume
The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's combat-plains,
And the wild rose yet lives to breathe and bloom
Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes. (1)
But most, fair Greece! on thy majestic shore
He feels the fervours of his spirit rise;

Thou birth-place of the Muse! whose voice of yore
Breathed in thy groves immortal harmonies;
And lingers still around the well-known coast,
Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and freedom lost.

VI.

By seas, that flow in brightness as they lave
Thy rocks, th' enthusiast rapt in thought may stray,
While roves his eye o'er that deserted wave,
Once the proud scene of battle's dread array.
—O ye blue waters! ye, of old that bore
The free, the conquering, hymn'd by choral strains,
How sleep ye now around the silent shore,
The lonely realm of ruins and of chains!
How are the mighty vanish'd in their pride!
E'en as their barks have left no traces on your tide.

VII.

Hush'd are the Pæans whose exulting tone
Swell'd o'er that tide (2)—the sons of battle sleep—
The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice alone
Blend with the plaintive murmur of the deep.
Yet when those waves have caught the splendid hues
Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,
Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse
With all their purple mellowness of light,
O! who could view the scene, so calmly fair,
Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty, were there?

VIII.

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh;
Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky;
—Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread
In green luxuriance o'er the ruin'd pile;
And mantling woodbine veil the wither'd tree,—
And thus it is, fair land! forsaken Greece, with thee.

IX.

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm:—
And thou art desolate — thy morn hath pass'd
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair.

X.

For thee, lost land! the hero's blood hath flow'd,
The high in soul have brightly lived and died;
For thee the light of soaring genius glow'd
O'er the fair arts it form'd and glorified.

Thine were the minds, whose energies
So distanced ages in their lightning-rac
The task they left the sons of later tir
Was but to follow their illumined trac
—Now, bow'd to earth, thy children, t
Must break each link that binds their fi
to thee.

XI.

Lo! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,
Her own bright East, thy son, Morea! flies, (3)
To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,
Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.
There shall he rest?—Alas! his hopes in vain
Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,
Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,
Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm;
And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,
Where patriarchs reign'd of old, in pastoral repose.

XII.

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's groves,
Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,
Wears but two forms—the tyrant and the slave!
There the fierce Arab leads his daring horde,
Where sweeps the sand-storm o'er the burning wild;
There stern Oppression waves the wasting sword
O'er plains that smile, as ancient Eden smiled;
And the vale's bosom, and the desert's gloom,
Yield to the injured there no shelter save the tomb.

XIII.

But thou, fair world! whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms, (4)
The lost descendant of the immortal brave?
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades
That o'er thy floods their twilight-grandeur cast,
In the green depth of thine untrodden glades
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at last?
Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic scene,
Shrined in primeval woods, where despot ne'er hath been.

XIV.

There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely dress'd
In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
'Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home:
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

XV.

The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide, (5)
That images the fairy worlds it laves,

And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's temple moans.

XVI.

And there, no traces left by brighter days,
For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
Some grassy mound, perchance, may meet his gaze,
The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
There man not yet hath mark'd the boundless plain
With marble records of his fame and power;
The forest is his everlasting fane,
The palm his monument, the rock his tower.
Th' eternal torrent and the giant tree,
Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free.

XVII.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
In sunshine dwell?—Ah! when was exile blest?
When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer air,
Chase from his soul the fever of unrest?
—There is a heart-sick weariness of mood,
That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,
And shrines itself in mental solitude,
An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's brightest ray,
As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day.

XVIII.

Such grief is theirs, who, fix'd on foreign shore,
Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,
As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's roar,
For the green earth, with all its woods and vales.
Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,
Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as thou art:
Though thought and step in western wilds be free,
Yet thine are still the daydreams of his heart:
The deserts spread between, the billows foam,
Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his spirit's home.

XIX.

In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,
Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,
Or summer-winds waft odours from the pine,
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;
On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Egean deep!

XX.

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine?
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)
E'en to the stranger's roving eye, they shine
Soft as a vision of remember'd joy.

And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still;
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

XXI.

Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a shrine
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil;
And there is language in thy lightest gale,
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale.

XXII.

And he, whose heart is weary of the strife
Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze
Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,
Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems
With proud remembrances that cannot die.
Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,
Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by;
And, 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears
The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanish'd years.

XXIII.

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,
By Faun and Orcad loved in ages past,
Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way
Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur vast
Romantic Temple! thou art yet the same—
Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time: (6)
Years, that have changed thy river's classic name,(7)
Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime;
And from thine Alpine clefts, and marble caves,
In living lustre still break forth the fountain waves.

XXIV.

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,
Where the rich arbute's coral-berries glow, (8)
Or, 'midst th' exuberance of thy forest bowers,
Casting deep shadows o'er the current's flow,
Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,
As rock and stream some glancing light have caught,
And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress
His soul with deep sublimity of thought;
And linger oft, recalling many a tale,
That breeze, and wave, and wood, seem whispering through thy dale.

XXV.

He, thought-entranced, may wander where of old
From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour rose,
And trembling nations heard their doom foretold
By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks and snows.

Though its rich fanes be blended with the dust,
And silence now the hallow'd haunt possess,
Still is the scene of ancient rites august,
Magnificent in mountain loneliness;
Still Inspiration hovers o'er the ground,
Where Greece her councils held, (9) her Pythian victors crown'd.

XXVI.

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs explore
Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan blood,
When by the waves that break on Œta's shore,
The few, the fearless, the devoted, stood!
Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,
Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead, (10)
Or lone Platæa's ruins yet remain,
To mark the battle-field of ages fled;
Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power,
Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain, grot, and bower.

XXVII.

Oh! still unblamed may fancy fondly deem,
That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell
Where mortal worth has hallow'd grove or stream,
To sway the heart with some ennobling spell;
For mightiest minds have felt their blest control,
In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,
And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,
And a high power, to Nature's majesty!
And who can rove o'er Grecian shores, nor feel,
Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret magic steal?

XXVIII.

Yet many a sad reality is there,
That Fancy's bright illusions cannot veil.
Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes the air,
But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale;
And there, not Peace, but Desolation, throws
Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene,
Deep as the brooding torpor of repose
That follows where the earthquake's track hath been;
Or solemn calm, on Ocean's breast that lies,
When sinks the storm, and death has hush'd the seaman's cries.

XXIX.

Hast thou beheld some sov'reign spirit, hurl'd
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,
Doom'd to resign the homage of a world,
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear?
Oh! hast thou watch'd the awful wreck of mind,
That weareth still a glory in decay?
Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—
Thought, science, genius, to the storm a prey,
And o'er the blasted tree, the wither'd ground,
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly flourish round?

XXX.

So mayst thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,
On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime:
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,
So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime;

There the proud monuments of Valour's name,
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd to Fame—
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,
Blend in decay; while all that yet is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much hath perish'd there!

XXXI.

There, while around lie mingling in the dust,
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,
The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone;
Amidst the loneliness of shatter'd fanes,
Still matchless monuments of other years,
O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears;
As on some captive city's ruin'd wall
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its fall.

XXXII.

Still, where that column of the mosque aspires,
Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the waste,
There science droops, the Muses hush their lyres,
And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste
Spreads the chill blight—as in that orient isle,
Where the dark upas taints the gale around, (11)
Within its precincts not a flower may smile,
Nor dew nor sunshine fertilize the ground;
Nor wild birds' music float on zephyr's breath,
But all is silence round, and solitude, and death.

XXXIII.

Far other influence pour'd the Crescent's light
O'er conquer'd realms, in ages pass'd away;
Full and alone it beam'd, intensely bright,
While distant climes in midnight darkness lay.
Then rose th' Alhambra, with its founts and shades,
Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange bowers:
Its sculptured lions, (12) richly wrought arcades,
Aerial pillars, and enchanted towers;
Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian tale
Would picture fairy domes, that fleet before the gale.

XXXIV.

Then foster'd genius lent each caliph's throne
Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain;
And stars unnumber'd o'er the orient shone,
Bright as that Pleiad, sphered in Mecca's fane. (13)
From Bagdat's palaces the choral strains
Rose and re-echoed to the desert's bound,
And Science, woo'd on Egypt's burning plains,
Rear'd her majestic head with glory crown'd;
And the wild Muses breathed romantic lore,
From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's shore.

XXXV.

Those years have past in radiance—they have past,
As sinks the day-star in the tropic main;
His parting beams no soft reflection cast,
They burn—are quench'd—and deepest shadows
reign.

And Fame and Science have not left a trace
In the vast regions of the Moslem's power,—
Regions, to intellect a desert space,
A wild without a fountain or a flower,
Where towers Oppression 'midst the deepening glooms,
As dark and lone ascends the cypress 'midst the tombs.

XXXVI.

Alas for thee, fair Greece! when Asia pour'd
Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall,
When Europe sheath'd, in apathy, her sword,
And heard unmoved the fated city's call,
No bold crusaders ranged their serried line
Of spears and banners round a falling throne;
And thou, O last and noblest Constantine! (14)
Didst meet the storm unshrinking and alone.
Oh! blest to die in freedom, though in vain,
Thine Empire's proud exchange the grave, and not the chain.

XXXVII.

Hush'd is Byzantium—'tis the dead of night—
The closing night of that imperial race! (15)
And all is vigil—but the eye of light
Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to trace:
There is a murmuring stillness on the train,
Thronging the midnight streets, at morn to die;
And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,
For the last time is raised Devotion's eye;
And, in his heart while faith's bright visions rise,
There kneels the high-soul'd prince, the summon'd of the skies.

XXXVIII.

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis the hour
Of conflict and of fate—the war-note calls—
Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power
To the brave few that guard the rampart walls.
Far o'er Marmora's waves th' artillery's peal
Proclaims an empire's doom in every note;
Tambour and trumpet swell the clash of steel,
Round spire and dome the clouds of battle float;
From camp and wave rush on the crescent's host,
And the Seven Towers (16) are scaled, and all is won and lost.

XXXIX.

Then, Greece! the tempest rose that burst on thee,
Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage!
Oh! where were then thy sons, the great, the free,
Whose deeds are guiding stars from age to age?
Though firm thy battlements of crags and snows,
And bright the memory of thy days of pride,
In mountain might though Corinth's fortress rose,
On, unresisted, roll'd th' invading tide!
Oh! vain the rock, the rampart, and the tower,
If Freedom guard them not with Mind's unconquer'd power.

XL.

Where were th' avengers then, whose viewless might
Preserved inviolate their awful fane, (17)
When through the steep defiles, to Delphi's height,
In martial splendour pour'd the Persian's train?

Then did those mighty and mysterious Powers,
Arm'd with the elements, to vengeance wake,
Call the dread storms to darken round their towers,
Hurl down the rocks, and bid the thunders break;
Till far around, with deep and fearful clang,
Sounds of unearthly war through wild Parnassus rang.

XLI.

Where was the spirit of the victor-throng
Whose tombs are glorious by Scamander's tide,
Whose names are bright in everlasting song,
The lords of war, the praised, the deified?
Where he, the hero of a thousand lays,
Who from the dead at Marathon arose (18)
All arm'd; and beaming on the Athenian's gaze,
A battle-meteor, guided to their foes?
Or they whose forms to Alaric's awe-struck eye, (19)
Hovering o'er Athens, blazed, in airy panoply?

XLII.

Ye slept, oh heroes! chief ones of the earth! (20)
High demigods of ancient days! ye slept.
There lived no spark of your ascendant worth
When o'er your land the victor Moslem swept;
No patriot then the sons of freedom led,
In mountain pass devotedly to die;
The martyr-spirit of resolve was fled,
And the high soul's unconquer'd buoyancy;
And by your graves, and on your battle-plains,
Warriors! your children knelt, to wear the stranger's chains.

XLIII.

Now have your trophies vanish'd, and your homes
Are moulder'd from the earth, while scarce remain
E'en the faint traces of the ancient tombs
That mark where sleep the slayers or the slain.
Your deeds are with the days of glory flown,
The lyres are hush'd that swell'd your fame afar,
The halls that echo'd to their sounds are gone,
Perish'd the conquering weapons of your war; (21)
And if a mossy stone your names retain,
'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died in vain.

XLIV.

Yet, where some lone sepulchral relic stands,
That with those names tradition hallows yet,
Oft shall the wandering son of other lands
Linger in solemn thought and hush'd regret.
And still have legends mark'd the lonely spot
Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies;
And shades of kings and leaders unforgot,
Hovering around, to fancy's vision rise.
Souls of the heroes! seek your rest again,
Nor mark how changed the realms that saw your glory's reign.

XLV.

Lo, where th' Albanian spreads his despot sway
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing plains,
Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,
Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains:

Oh! doth the land that gave Achilles birth,
And many a chief of old illustrious line,
Yield not one spirit of unconquer'd worth
To kindle those that now in bondage pine?
No! on its mountain-air is slavery's breath,
And terror chills the hearts whose utter'd plaints were death.

XLVI.

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested there,
How rich in charms were that romantic clime,
With streams, and woods, and pastoral valleys fair,
And wall'd with mountains, haughtily sublime.
Heights, that might well be deem'd the Muses' reign,
Since, claiming proud alliance with the skies,
They lose in loftier spheres their wild domain;
Meet home for those retired divinities
That love, where nought of earth may e'er intrude,
Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sanctitude.

XLVII.

There, in rude grandeur, daringly ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height;
He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,
Frowning o'er vales, in woodland verdure bright.
Wild and august in consecrated pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus towers,
Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide
The rock-built palace of immortal powers;

Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,
Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

XLVIII.

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam;
She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,
And make the rocky fastnesses her home.
And in the rushing of the mountain-flood,
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
There is a voice of stern sublimity,
That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

XLIX.

But from those hills the radiance of her smile
Hath vanish'd long, her step hath fled afar;
O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused a while, (22)
Kindling the watch-fires of the mountain war;
And brightly glow'd her ardent spirit there,
Still brightest 'midst privation: o'er distress
It cast romantic splendour, and despair
But fann'd that beacon of the wilderness;
And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell,
Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying voice to swell.

L.

Dark children of the hills! 'twas then ye wrought
Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly grand;
As 'midst your craggy citadels ye fought,
And women mingled with your warrior band.
Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood (23)
High o'er the river's darkly-rolling wave,
And hurl'd, in dread delirium, to the flood
Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a slave.
For all was lost—all, save the power to die
The wild indignant death of savage liberty.

LI.

Now is that strife a tale of vanish'd days,
With mightier things forgotten soon to lie;
Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,
Deeds less adventurous, energies less high.
And the dread struggle's fearful memory still
O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect throws;
Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning hill,
More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose;
Lends to the rustling pines a deeper moan,
And the hoarse river's voice a murmur not its own.

LII.

For stillness now—the stillness of the dead,
Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and awful scene,
And man's forsaken homes, in ruin spread,
Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath been.
And there, o'er wastes magnificently rude,
What race may rove, unconscious of the chain?
Those realms have now no desert unsubdued,
Where Freedom's banner may be rear'd again:

Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her fame,
The children of her sons inherit but their name.

LIII.

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments and fanes!
In scatter'd fragments o'er the vale they lie;
Of all they were not e'en enough remains
To lend their fall a mournful majesty. (24)
Birth-place of those whose names we first revered
In song and story—temple of the free!
O thou, the stern, the haughty, and the fear'd,
Are such thy relics, and can this be thee?
Thou shouldst have left a giant-wreck behind,
And e'en in ruin claim'd the wonder of mankind.

LIV.

For thine were spirits cast in other mould
Than all beside—and proved by ruder test;
They stood alone—the proud, the firm, the bold,
With the same seal indelibly imprest.
Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,
One image stamp'd the rough, colossal race,
In rugged grandeur frowning o'er mankind,
Stern, and disdainful of each milder grace.
As to the sky some mighty rock may tower,
Whose front can brave the storm, but will not rear
the flower.

LV.

Such were thy sons—their life a battle-day!
Their youth one lesson how for thee to die!
Closed is that task, and they have pass'd away
Like softer beings train'd to aims less high.

Yet bright on earth *their* fame who proudly fell,
True to their shields, the champions of thy cause,
Whose funeral column bade the stranger tell
How died the brave, obedient to thy laws! (25)
O lofty mother of heroic worth,
How couldst thou live to bring a meaner offspring forth?

LVI.

Hadst thou but perish'd with the free, nor known
A second race, when Glory's noon went by,
Then had thy name in single brightness shone
A watchword on the helm of liberty!
Thou shouldst have pass'd with all the light of fame,
And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains.
But slowly set thy star 'midst clouds of shame,
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling fanes;
And thou, surrounded by thy warriors' graves,
Hast drain'd the bitter cup once mingled for thy slaves.

LVII.

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are flown
Freedom's bright noon, and Slavery's twilight cloud;
And in thy fall, as in thy pride, alone,
Deep solitude is round thee, as a shroud
Home of Leonidas! thy halls are low,
From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,
O'er thee unmark'd the sunbeams fade or glow,
And wild-flowers wave, unbent by human tread;
And 'midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,
A voice, a step, would seem as some unearthly sound.

LVIII.

Taygetus still lifts his awful brow,
High o'er the mouldering city of the dead,
Sternly sublime; while o'er his robe of snow
Heaven's floating tints their warm suffusions spread.
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,
While whisp'ring there, his own wild graceful reeds
Rise as of old, when hail'd by classic strain;
There the rose laurels still in beauty wave, (26)
And a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er Sparta's grave.

LIX.

Oh! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
While nations perish, still renews its race,
And o'er the fallen records of his power
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.
The laurel shoots when those have pass'd away
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free;
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be;
Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,
And all that round us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead.

LX.

And still the olive spreads its foliage round
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers,
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries crown'd,
Deem'd a meet offering for celestial powers.

The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore; (27)
They waved around the Olympic victor's head;
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,
Its leaves the Spartan's honour'd bier o'erspread:
Those rites have vanish'd—but o'er vale and hill
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallow'd still. (28)

LXI.

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis! where thy fane
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and high?
The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,
The long procession's awful pageantry?
Quench'd is the torch of Ceres (29)—all around
Decay hath spread the stillness of her reign,
There never more shall choral hymns resound,
O'er the hush'd earth and solitary main;
Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,
To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

LXII.

And oh! ye secret and terrific powers,
Dark oracles! in depth of groves that dwelt,
How are they sunk, the altars of your bowers,
Where Superstition trembled as she knelt!
Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones! that made
The elements your voice, the wind and wave;
Spirits! whose influence darken'd many a shade,
Mysterious visitants of fount and cave!
How long your power the awe-struck nations sway'd,
How long earth dreamt of you, and shudderingly obey'd!

LXIII.

And say, what marvel, in those early days,
While yet the light of heaven-born truth was not;
If man around him cast a fearful gaze,
Peopling with shadowy powers each dell and grot?
Awful is nature in her savage forms,
Her solemn voice commanding in its might,
And mystery then was in the rush of storms,
The gloom of woods, the majesty of night,
And mortals heard Fate's language in the blast,
And rear'd your forest-shrines, ye phantoms of the past!

LXIV.

Then through the foliage not a breeze might sigh
But with prophetic sound!—a waving tree,
A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,
A bird's wild flight, reveal'd the things to be.
All spoke of unseen natures, and convey'd
Their inspiration; still they hover'd round,
Hallow'd the temple, whisper'd through the shade,
Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;
Of them the fount, the forest, murmur'd still,
Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on the hill.

LXV.

Now is the train of Superstition flown,
Unearthly Beings walk on earth no more;
The deep wind swells with no portentous tone,
The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.

Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,
There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep;
Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave, (30)
That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror sleep.
Oh! that such dreams alone had fled that clime,
But Greece is changed in all that could be changed by time!

LXVI.

Her skies are those whence many a mighty bard
Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams;
Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,
Her vales, that foster'd Art's divinest dreams!
But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,
And all around pervading influence pour'd,
That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,
And proudly hallow'd Lacedæmon's sword,
And guided Phidias o'er the yielding stone,
With them its ardours lived—with them its light is flown.

LXVII.

Thebes, Corinth, Argos!—ye, renown'd of old,
Where are your chiefs of high romantic name?
How soon the tale of ages may be told!
A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,
The work of centuries—we gaze on you,
Oh cities! once the glorious and the free,
The lofty tales that charm'd our youth renew,
And wondering ask, if these their scenes could be?
Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,
And find the mosque alone—a record of their doom!

LXVIII.

How oft hath war his host of spoilers pour'd,
Fair Elis! o'er thy consecrated vales? (31)
There have the sunbeams glanced on spear and sword,
And banners floated on the balmy gales.
Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,
As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas;
On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,
And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.
Forsaken home of peace! that spell is broke,
Thou too hast heard the storm, and bow'd beneath the yoke.

LXIX.

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats
Far other sounds have echo'd than the strain
Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,
Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain-swain!
There, though at times Alpheus yet surveys,
On his green banks renew'd, the classic dance,
And nymph-like forms, and wild melodious lays,
Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance;
Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion dwell
'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain, cave, and dell.

LXX.

But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky bound
All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumined round
Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind;

Who, as the summit of some Alpine height
Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,
Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
And smile the longest in its lingering ray; (32)
Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.

LXXI.

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more!
Hark—hymns of triumph swell on every gale!
Lo—bright processions move along thy shore!
Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;
And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies;
And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-bright scene.

LXXII.

Again renew'd by Thought's creative spells,
In all her pomp thy city, Theseus! towers:
Within, around, the light of glory dwells
On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.
There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,
The pencil's world of life and beauty glows;
Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;
And groves of platane wave, in verdant pride,
The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide.

LXXIII.

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,
Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand, (33)
On summer seas, that undulating lave
Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand;
That pictured scene of airy colonnades,
Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,
Gleaming and floating on the ocean's breast;
Athens! thus fair the dream of thee appears,
As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud of years.

LXXIV.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh! mark on high,
Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
The purest model of Athenian taste.
Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise
In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue;
And art o'er all thy light proportions throws
The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

LXXV.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.

Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold
Each latent grace, developing in light,
Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;
And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,
While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams.

LXXVI.

But oh! what words the vision may portray,
The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine?
There stands thy goddess, robed in war's array,
Supremely glorious, awfully divine!
With spear and helm she stands, and flowing vest,
And sculptured ægis, to perfection wrought,
And on each heavenly lineament imprest,
Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought;
The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,—
All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws.

LXXVII.

Bright age of Pericles! let fancy still
Through time's deep shadows all thy splendour trace,
And in each work of art's consummate skill
Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.
That spirit, roused by every proud reward
That hope could picture, glory could bestow,
Foster'd by all the sculptor and the bard
Could give of immortality below.
Thus were thy heroes form'd, and o'er their name
Thus did thy genius shed imperishable fame.

LXXVIII.

Mark in the throng'd Ceramicus, the train
Of mourners weeping o'er the martyr'd brave:
Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,
Holy the amaranth strew'd upon their grave! (34)
And hark—unrivall'd eloquence proclaims
Their deeds, their trophies, with triumphant voice!
Hark—Pericles records their honour'd names! (35)
Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice:
What hath life brighter than so bright a doom?
What power hath fate to soil the garlands of the tomb?

LXXIX.

Praise to the valiant dead! for them doth art
Exhaust her skill, their triumphs bodying forth;
Theirs are enshrined names, and every heart
Shall bear the blazon'd impress of their worth.
Bright on the dreams of youth their fame shall rise,
Their fields of fight shall epic song record;
And, when the voice of battle rends the skies,
Their name shall be their country's rallying word!
While fane and column rise august to tell
How Athens honours those for her who proudly fell.

LXXX.

City of Theseus! bursting on the mind,
Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory fled!
Thus guarded by the mighty of mankind,
Thus hallow'd by the memory of the dead:
Alone in beauty and renown—a scene
Whose tints are drawn from freedom's loveliest ray.

'Tis but a vision now—yet thou hast been
More than the brightest vision might portray;
And every stone, with but a vestige fraught
Of thee, hath latent power to wake some lofty thought.

LXXXI.

Fall'n are thy fabrics, that so oft have rung
To choral melodies, and tragic lore;
Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,
The song that hail'd Harmodius peals no more.
Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
Thy stately shrines are mould'ring on their hill,
Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's hand,
The magic voice of eloquence is still;
Minerva's veil is rent (36)—her image gone,
Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's tomb o'erthrown.

LXXXII.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains
Wond'ring we view, and silently revere,
As traces left on earth's forsaken plains
By vanish'd beings of a nobler sphere!
Not all the old magnificence of Rome,
All that dominion there hath left to time;
Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,
Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,
Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit steal,
As aught by thee imprest with beauty's plastic seal.

LXXXIII.

Though still the empress of the sunburnt waste,
Palmyra rises, desolately grand —
Though with rich gold (37) and massy sculpture graced,
Commanding still, Persepolis may stand
In haughty solitude — though sacred Nile
The first-born temples of the world surveys,
And many an awful and stupendous pile
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays;
City of Pericles! O who, like thee,
Can teach how fair the works of mortal hand may be?

LXXXIV.

Thou ledd'st the way to that illumined sphere
Where sovereign beauty dwells; and thence didst bear,
Oh, still triumphant in that high career!
Bright archetypes of all the grand and fair.
And still to thee th' enlighten'd mind hath flown
As to her country;—thou hast been to earth
A cynosure;—and, e'en from victory's throne
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy worth;
And nations, rising to their fame afar,
Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their star.

LXXXV.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest
The gaze of ages! Glory to the free!
For they, they only, could have thus imprest
Their mighty image on the years to be!

Empires and cities in oblivion lie,
Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot:—
To leave on earth renown that cannot die,
Of high-soul'd genius is th' unrivall'd lot.
Honour to thee, O Athens! thou hast shown
What mortals may attain, and seized the palm alone.

LXXXVI.

Oh! live there those who view with scornful eyes
All that attests the brightness of thy prime?
Yes; they who dwell beneath thy lovely skies,
And breathe th' inspiring ether of thy clime!
Their path is o'er the mightiest of the dead,
Their homes are 'midst the works of noblest arts;
Yet all around their gaze, beneath their tread,
Not one proud thrill of loftier thought imparts.
Such are the conquerors of Minerva's land,
Where Genius first reveal'd the triumphs of his hand!

LXXXVII.

For them in vain the glowing light may smile
O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth to shed,
And in chaste beauty many a sculptured pile
Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its head.
No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,
Whose tombs and shrines their fathers have not rear'd,
Their glance is cold indifference, and their toil
But to destroy what ages have revered,
As if exulting sternly to erase
Whate'er might prove *that* land had nursed a nobler race.

LXXXVIII.

And who may grieve that, rescued from their hands,
Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,
Thy relics, Athens! borne to other lands,
Claim homage still to thee from every heart?
Though now no more th' exploring stranger's sight,
Fix'd in deep reverence on Minerva's fane,
Shall hail, beneath their native heaven of light,
All that remain'd of forms adored in vain;
A few short years—and, vanish'd from the scene,
To blend with classic dust their proudest lot had been.

LXXXIX.

Fair Parthenon! yet still must Fancy weep
For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.
Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
In all their beauty still—and thine is gone!
Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
The dust is round thee of the race that rear'd
Thy walls; and thou—their fate must soon be thine!
But when shall earth again exult to see
Visions divine like theirs renew'd in aught like thee?

XC.

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moan'd
That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
Of the bright synod once above them throned.

Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill,
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:
Yet art thou honour'd in each fragment still
That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared;
Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn.

XCI.

Yes; in those fragments, though by time defaced
And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains
All that may charm th' enlighten'd eye of taste,
On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns.
As vital fragrance breathes from every part
Of the crush'd myrtle, or the bruised rose,
E'en thus th' essential energy of art
There in each wreck imperishably glows! (38)
The soul of Athens lives in every line,
Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine.

XCII.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphal throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move along.
There every shade of bright existence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age;
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud mien;
Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene.

XCIII.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form, (39)
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows;
There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm, (40)
Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole;
Those varied groups the same bright impress bear;
One beam and essence of exalting soul
Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair;
And well that pageant of the glorious dead
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

XCIV.

O, conquering Genius! that couldst thus detain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine: while nations are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquish'd fate!
And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now scarce claim'd a name on earth.

XCV.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return?
No—we may hail again thy bright career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath been renew'd—

A light inherent—let not man despair:
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued;
For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.(41)

XCVI.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies!
Their virtual grandeur could not be erased;
It clothes them still, though veil'd from common eyes.
They once were gods and heroes(42)—and beheld
As the blest guardians of their native scene;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swell'd
With awe that own'd their sovereignty of mien.
—Ages have vanish'd since those hearts were cold,
And still those shatter'd forms retain their godlike mould.

XCVII.

'Midst their bright kindred, from their marble throne
They have look'd down on thousand storms of time;
Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
They still remain'd, still tranquilly sublime!
Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave marr'd.
Th' Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot;
Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
But these were destined to a nobler lot!
And they have borne, to light another land,
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously expand.

XCVIII.

Phidias! supreme in thought! what hand but thine,
In human works thus blending earth and heaven,
O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace divine,
To mortal form immortal grandeur given?
What soul but thine, infusing all its power,
In these last monuments of matchless days,
Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius tower,
And Hope aspire to more exalted praise?
And guide deep Thought to that secluded height
Where Excellence is throned, in purity of light.

XCIX.

And who can tell how pure, how bright a flame,
Caught from these models, may illume the west?
What British Angelo may rise to fame, (43)
On the free isle what beams of art may rest?
Deem not, O England! that by climes confined,
Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray; (44)
Deem not th' eternal energies of mind
Sway'd by that sun whose doom is but decay!
Shall thought be foster'd but by skies serene?
No! thou hast power to be what Athens e'er hath been.

C.

But thine are treasures oft unprized, unknown,
And cold neglect hath blighted many a mind,
O'er whose young ardours had thy smile but shone,
Their soaring flight had left a world behind!
And many a gifted hand, that might have wrought
To Grecian excellence the breathing stone,

Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil caught,
Leaving no record of its power, is gone!
While thou hast fondly sought, on distant coast,
Gems far less rich than those, thus precious, and
thus lost.

CI.

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art alone,
Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be won!
Fame dwells around thee—Genius is thine own;
Call his rich blooms to life—be thou their sun!
So, should dark ages o'er thy glory sweep,
Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian plains,
Nations unborn shall track thine own blue deep,
To hail thy shore, to worship thy remains;
Thy mighty monuments with reverence trace,
And cry, "This ancient soil hath nursed a glorious
race!"

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes.

"The Pæstan rose, from its peculiar fragrance and the singularity of blowing twice a-year, is often mentioned by the classic poets. The wild rose, which now shoots up among the ruins, is of the small single damask kind, with a very high perfume; as a farmer assured me on the spot, it flowers both in spring and autumn."——SWINBURNE'S *Travels in the Two Sicilies.*

Note 2.

Swell'd o'er that tide — the sons of battle sleep.

In the naval engagements of the Greeks, "it was usual for the soldiers before the fight to sing a pæan, or hymn, to Mars, and after the fight another to Apollo." —— See Potter's *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 155.

Note 3.

Her own bright East, thy son, Morea! flies.

The emigration of the natives of the Morea to different parts of Asia is thus mentioned by Chateaubriand in his *Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem*—"Parvenu au dernier degré du malheur, le Moraïte s'arrache de son pays, et va chercher en Asie un sort moins rigoureux. Vain espoir! il retrouve des cadis et des pachas jusques dans les sables de Jourdain et dans les deserts de Palmyre."

Note 4.

Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms.

In the same work, Chateaubriand also relates his having met with several Greek emigrants who had established themselves in the woods of Florida.

Note 5.

And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide.

"La grace est toujours unie à la magnificence dans les scènes de la nature: et tandis que le courant du milieu entraîne vers la mer les cadavres des pins et des chênes, on voit sur les deux courant latéraux, remonter, le long des rivages des îles flottantes de Pistia et de Nénuphar, dont les roses jaunes s'élèvent comme de petits papillons." —— *Description of the Banks of the Mississippi*, Chateaubriand's *Atala*.

Note 6.

Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time.

"Looking generally at the narrowness and abruptness of this mountain-channel (Tempe), and contrasting it with the course

of the Peneus, through the plains of Thessaly, the imagination instantly recurs to the tradition that these plains were once covered with water, for which some convulsion of nature had subsequently opened this narrow passage. The term *vale*, in our language, is usually employed to describe scenery in which the predominant features are breadth, beauty, and repose. The reader has already perceived that the term is wholly inapplicable to the scenery at this spot, and that the phrase, *vale* of Tempe, is one that depends on poetic fiction. . . . . The real character of Tempe, though it perhaps be less beautiful, yet possesses more of magnificence than is implied in the epithet given to it. . . . . To those who have visited St. Vincent's rocks, below Bristol, I cannot convey a more sufficient idea of Tempe, than by saying that its scenery resembles, though on a much larger scale, that of the former place. The Peneus, indeed, as it flows through the valley, is not greatly wider than the Avon; and the channel between the cliffs is equally contracted in its dimensions; but these cliffs themselves are much loftier and more precipitous, and project their vast masses of rock with still more extraordinary abruptness over the hollow beneath." —— HOLLAND'S *Travels in Albania, &c.*

NOTE 7.

Years, that have changed thy river's classic name.

The modern name of the Peneus is Salympria.

NOTE 8.

Where the rich arbute's coral berries glow.

"Towards the lower part of Tempe, these cliffs are peaked in a very singular manner, and form projecting angles on the vast perpendicular faces of rock which they present towards the chasm; where the surface renders it possible, the summits and ledges of the rocks are for the most part covered with small wood, chiefly oak, with the arbutus and other shrubs. On the banks of the river, wherever there is a small interval between the water and the cliffs, it is covered by the rich and widely

spreading foliage of the plane, the oak, and other forest trees, which in these situations have attained a remarkable size, and in various places extend their shadow far over the channel of the stream." . . . . "The rocks on each side of the vale of Tempe are evidently the same; what may be called, I believe, a coarse bluish-grey marble with veins and portions of the rock, in which the marble is of finer quality." —— HOLLAND'S *Travels in Albania, &c.*

NOTE 9.

Where Greece her councils held, her Pythian victors crown'd.

The Amphictyonic council was convened in spring and autumn at Delphi or Thermopylæ, and presided at the Pythian games which were celebrated at Delphi every fifth year.

NOTE 10.

Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead.

"This spot (the field of Mantinea) on which so many brave men were laid to rest, is now covered with rosemary and laurels." —— POUQUEVILLE'S *Travels in the Morea.*

NOTE 11.

Where the dark upas taints the gale around.

For the accounts of the upas or poison-tree of Java, now generally believed to be fabulous, or greatly exaggerated, see the notes to DARWIN'S *Botanic Garden.*

NOTE 12.

Its sculptured lions, richly wrought arcades.

"The court most to be admired of the Alhambra is that called the court of the Lions; it is ornamented with sixty elegant pillars of an architecture which bears not the least resemblance to any of the known orders, and might be called the Arabian order. . . . But its principal ornament, and that from which it took its name, is an alabaster cup, six feet in diameter, sup-

ported by twelve lions, which is said to have been made in imitation of the Brazen Sea of Solomon's temple." —— BOURGOANNE'S *Travels in Spain.*

NOTE 13.

Bright as that Pleïad sphered in Mecca's fane.

"Sept des plus fameux parmi les anciens poëtes Arabiques, sont designés par les ecrivains orientaux sous le nom de *Pleïade Arabique*, et leurs ouvrages etaient suspendus autour de la Caaba, ou Mosque de la Mecque." —— SISMONDI *Litterature du Midi.*

NOTE 14.

And thou, O last and noblest Constantine!

"The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars." —— GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall, &c.*, vol. xii. p. 226.

NOTE 15.

The closing night of that imperial race!

See the description of the night previous to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. —— GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall, &c.*. vol. xii. p. 225.

NOTE 16.

And the Seven Towers are scaled, and all is won and lost.

"This building (the Castle of the Seven Towers) is mentioned as early as the sixth century of the Christian era, as a spot which contributed to the defence of Constantinople, and it was the principal bulwark of the town on the coast of the Propontis, in the last periods of the empire." —— POUQUEVILLE'S *Travels in the Morea.*

NOTE 17.

Preserved inviolate their awful fane.

See the account from Herodotus of the supernatural defence of Delphi. —— MITFORD'S *Greece*, vol. i. p. 396–7.

Note 18.

Who from the dead at Marathon arose.

"In succeeding ages the Athenians honoured Theseus as a demigod, induced to it as well by other reasons as because, when they were fighting the Medes at Marathon, a considerable part of the army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the barbarians." —— Langhorne's *Plutarch, Life of Theseus.*

Note 19.

Or they whose forms, to Alaric's awe-struck eye.

"From Thermopylæ to Sparta, the leader of the Goths (Alaric) pursued his victorious march without encountering any mortal antagonist; but one of the advocates of expiring paganism has confidently asserted that the walls of Athens were guarded by the goddess Minerva, with her formidable ægis, and by the angry phantom of Achilles, and that the conqueror was dismayed by the presence of the hostile deities of Greece." —— Gibbon's *Decline and Fall, &c.*, vol. v. p. 183.

Note 20.

Ye slept, oh heroes! chief ones of the earth.

"Even all the *chief ones of the earth.*" —— Isaiah, chap. xiv.

Note 21.

Perish'd the conquering weapons of your war.

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" —— Samuel, book ii. chap. i.

Note 22.

O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused awhile.

For several interesting particulars relative to the Suliote warfare with Ali Pasha, see Holland's *Travels in Albania.*

Note 23.

Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood.

"It is related as an authentic story, that a group of Suliote women assembled on one of the precipices adjoining the modern seraglio, and threw their infants into the chasm below, that they might not become the slaves of the enemy." —— Holland's *Travels, &c.*

Note 24.

To lend their fall a mournful majesty.

The ruins of Sparta, near the modern town of Mistra, are very inconsiderable, and only sufficient to mark the site of the ancient city. The scenery around them is described by travellers as very striking.

Note 25.

How died the brave, obedient to thy laws.

The inscription composed by Simonides for the Spartan monument in the pass of Thermopylæ has been thus translated: "Stranger, go tell the Lacedemonians that we have obeyed their laws, and that we lie here."

Note 26.

There the rose-laurels still in beauty wave.

"In the Eurotas I observed abundance of those famous reeds which were known in the earliest ages, and all the rivers and marshes of Greece are replete with rose-laurels, while the springs and rivulets are covered with lilies, tube-roses, hyacinths, and narcissus orientalis." —— Pouqueville's *Travels in the Morea.*

Note 27.

The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore.

It was usual for suppliants to carry an olive branch bound with wool.

Note 28.

Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallow'd still.

The olive, according to Pouqueville, is still regarded with veneration by the people of the Morea.

Note 29.

Quench'd is the torch of Ceres — all around.

It was customary at Eleusis, on the fifth day of the festival, for men and women to run about with torches in their hands, and also to dedicate torches to Ceres, and to contend who should present the largest. This was done in memory of the journey of Ceres in search of Proserpine, during which she was lighted by a torch kindled in the flames of Etna. —— Potter's *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. i. p. 392.

Note 30.

Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave.

The fountains of Oblivion and Memory, with the Hercynian fountain, are still to be seen amongst the rocks near Livadia, though the situation of the cave of Trophonius, in their vicinity, cannot be exactly ascertained. —— See Holland's *Travels*.

Note 31.

Fair Elis, o'er thy consecrated vales.

Elis was anciently a sacred territory, its inhabitants being considered as consecrated to the service of Jupiter. All armies marching through it delivered up their weapons, and received them again when they had passed its boundary.

Note 32.

And smile the longest in its lingering ray.

"We are assured by Thucydides that Attica was the province of Greece in which population first became settled, and where the earliest progress was made toward civilization." —— Mitford's *Greece*, vol. i. p. 35.

Note 33.

Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand.

Fata Morgana. This remarkable aërial phenomenon, which is thought by the lower order of Sicilians to be the work of a fairy, is thus described by Father Angelucci, whose account is quoted by Swinburne.

"On the 15th August, 1643, I was surprised, as I stood at my window, with a most wonderful spectacle: the sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains, while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared like one clear polished mirror. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro scuro, a string of several thousands of pilasters, all equal in height, distance, and degrees of light and shade. In a moment they bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed at the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, all perfectly alike; these again changed into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees." —— Swinburne's *Travels in the Two Sicilies.*

Note 34.

Holy the Amaranth strew'd upon their grave.

All sorts of purple and white flowers were supposed by the Greeks to be acceptable to the dead, and used in adorning tombs; as amaranth, with which the Thessalians decorated the tomb of Achilles. —— Potter's *Antiquities of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 232.

Note 35.

Hark! Pericles records their honour'd names.

Pericles, on his return to Athens after the reduction of Samos, celebrated, in a splendid manner, the obsequies of his countrymen who fell in that war, and pronounced himself the funeral oration usual on such occasions. This gained him great applause; and when he came down from the rostrum, the women paid their respects to him, and presented him with crowns and chaplets, like a champion just returned victorious from the lists. —— Langhorne's *Plutarch, Life of Pericles.*

Note 36.

Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone.

The peplus, which is supposed to have been suspended as an awning over the statue of Minerva, in the Parthenon, was a principal ornament of the Panathenaic festival; and it was embroidered with various colours, representing the battle of the Gods and Titans, and the exploits of Athenian heroes. When the festival was celebrated, the peplus was brought from the Acropolis, and suspended as a sail to the vessel, which on that day was conducted through the Ceramicus and principal streets of Athens, till it had made the circuit of the Acropolis. The peplus was then carried to the Parthenon, and consecrated to Minerva. —— See Chandler's *Travels*, Stuart's *Athens*, *&c.*

Note 37.

Though with rich gold and massy sculpture graced.

The gilding amidst the ruins of Persepolis is still, according to Winckelmann, in high preservation.

Note 38.

There in each wreck imperishably glows.

"In the most broken fragment, the same great principle of life can be proved to exist, as in the most perfect figure," is one of the observations of Mr. Haydon on the Elgin Marbles.

Note 39.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form.

"Everything here breathes life, with a veracity, with an exquisite knowledge of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it, which is concealed by consummate and masterly skill." —— Canova's *Letter to the Earl of Elgin.*

Note 40.

There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm.

Mr. West, after expressing his admiration of the horse's head in Lord Elgin's collection of Athenian sculpture, thus proceeds:—"We feel the same when we view the young equestrian Athenians, and, in observing them, we are insensibly carried on with the impression that they and their horses actually existed, as we see them, at the instant when they were converted into marble." —— West's *Second Letter to Lord Elgin.*

Note 41.

And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.

Mr. Flaxman thinks that sculpture has very greatly improved within these last twenty years, and that his opinion is not singular—because works of such prime importance as the Elgin Marbles could not remain in any country without a consequent improvement of the public taste, and the talents of the artist. —— See the *Evidence given in Reply to Interrogatories from the Committee on the Elgin Marbles.*

Note 42.

They once were gods and heroes — and beheld.

The Theseus and Ilissus, which are considered by Sir T. Lawrence, Mr. Westmacott, and other distinguished artists, to be of a higher class than the Apollo Belvidere, "because there is in them a union of very grand form, with a more true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the human frame than there is in the Apollo, or any of the other more celebrated statues. —— See *The Evidence, &c.*

Note 43.

What British Angelo may rise to fame.

"Let us suppose a young man at this time in London, endowed with powers such as enabled Michael Angelo to advance the arts, as he did, by the aid of one mutilated specimen of Grecian

excellence in sculpture, to what an eminence might not such a genius carry art, by the opportunity of studying those sculptures, in the aggregate, which adorned the Temple of Minerva at Athens?"—WEST'S *Second Letter to Lord Elgin.*

NOTE 44.

Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray.

In allusion to the theories of Du Bos, Winckelmann, Montesquieu, &c., with regard to the inherent obstacles in the climate of England to the progress of genius and the arts.—See HOARE'S *Epochs of the Arts*, page 84, 85.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CAMOENS, AND OTHER POETS.

"Siamo nati veramente in un secolo in cui gl'ingegni e gli studj degli uomini sono rivolti all' utilità. L'Agricoltura, le Arti, il Commercio acquistano tutto di novi lumi dalle ricerche de' Saggi; e il voler farsi un nome *tentando di dilettare*, quand' altri v'aspira con più giustizia giovando, sembra impresa dura e difficile."—— SAVIOLI.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CAMOENS, AND OTHER POET

SONNET 70.

"Na metade do ceo subido ardia."

High in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam,
The sun had reach'd the zenith of his reign,
And for the living fount, the gelid stream,
Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain:

'Midst the dark foliage of the forest shade,
The birds had shelter'd from the scorching ray;
Hush'd were their melodies—and grove and glade
Resounded but the shrill cicada's lay:

When, through the grassy vale, a love-lorn swain,
To seek the maid who but despised his pain,
Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved:
"Why pine for her," the slighted wanderer cried,
"By whom thou art not loved?" and thus replied
An echo's murmuring voice—"*Thou art not loved!*"

SONNET 282.

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

"Na ribeira do Euphrates assentado."

Wrapt in sad musings, by Euphrates' stream
I sat, retracing days for ever flown,
While rose thine image on the exile's dream,
O much-loved Salem! and thy glories gone.

When they who caused the ceaseless tears I shed,
Thus to their captive spoke,—"Why sleep thy lays?
Sing of thy treasures lost, thy splendour fled,
And all thy triumphs in departed days!

"Know'st thou not, Harmony's resistless charm
Can soothe each passion, and each grief disarm?
Sing then, and tears will vanish from thine eye."
With sighs I answer'd,—When the cup of woe
Is fill'd, till misery's bitter draught o'erflow,
The mourner's cure is not to sing—but die.

PART OF ECLOGUE 15.

"Se lá no assento da maior alteza."

If in thy glorious home above
Thou still recallest earthly love,
If yet retain'd a thought may be
Of him, whose heart hath bled for thee;

Remember still how deeply shrined,
Thine image in his joyless mind,

Each well-known scene, each former care,
Forgotten—thou alone art there!

Remember that thine eye-beam's light
Hath fled for ever from his sight,
And, with that vanish'd sunshine lost,
Is every hope he cherish'd most.

Think that his life, from thee apart,
Is all but weariness of heart,
Each stream, whose music once was dear,
Now murmurs discord to his ear.

Through thee, the morn, whose cloudless rays
Woke him to joy in other days,
Now, in the light of beauty drest,
Brings but new sorrows to his breast.

Through thee, the heavens are dark to him,
The sun's meridian blaze is dim;
And harsh were e'en the bird of eve,
But that her song still loves to grieve.

All it hath been, his heart forgets,
So alter'd by its long regrets;
Each wish is changed, each hope is o'er,
And joy's light spirit wakes no more.

SONNET 271.

"A formosura desta fresca serra."

This mountain-scene, with sylvan grandeur crown'd,
These chestnut-woods, in summer verdure bright;
These founts and rivulets, whose mingling sound
Lulls every bosom to serene delight;

Soft on these hills the sun's declining ray;
This clime, where all is new; these murmuring seas;
Flocks, to the fold that bend their lingering way;
Light clouds, contending with the genial breeze;

And all that Nature's lavish hands dispense,
In gay luxuriance, charming every sense,
Ne'er in thy absence, can delight my breast:
Nought, without thee, my weary soul beguiles:
And joy may beam; yet, 'midst her brightest smiles,
A secret grief is mine, that will not rest.

SONNET 186.

"Os olhos onde o casto Amor ardia."

Those eyes, whence Love diffused his purest light,
Proud in such beaming orbs his reign to show;
That face, with tints of mingling lustre bright,
Where the rose mantled o'er the living snow;

The rich redundance of that golden hair,
Brighter than sunbeams of meridian day;
That form so graceful, and that hand so fair,
Where now those treasures?—mouldering into clay!

Thus, like some blossom prematurely torn,
Hath young Perfection wither'd in its morn,
Touch'd by the hand that gathers but to blight!
Oh! how could Love survive his bitter tears?
Shed, not for her, who mounts to happier spheres,
But for his own sad fate, thus wrapt in starless night!

SONNET 108.

"Brandas aguas do Tejo que passando."

Fair Tajo! thou, whose calmly-flowing tide
Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,
Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide,
Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs, and swains.

Sweet stream! I know not when my steps again
Shall tread thy shores; and while to part I mourn,
I have no hope to meliorate my pain,
No dream that whispers—I may yet return!

My frowning destiny, whose watchful care
Forbids me blessings, and ordains despair,
Commands me thus to leave thee, and repine:
And I must vainly mourn the scenes I fly,
And breathe on other gales my plaintive sigh,
And blend my tears with other waves than thine!

SONNET 23.—TO A LADY WHO DIED AT SEA.

"Chara minha inimiga, em cuja mao."

Thou, to whose power my hopes, my joys, I give,
Oh, fondly loved! my bosom's dearest care!
Earth, which denied to lend thy form a grave,
Yields not one spell to soothe my deep despair!

Yes! the wild seas entomb those charms divine,
Dark o'er thy head th' eternal billows roll;
But while one ray of life or thought is mine,
Still shalt thou live, the inmate of my soul.

And if the tones of my uncultured song
Have power the sad remembrance to prolong,
Of love so ardent, and of faith so pure;
Still shall my verse thine epitaph remain,
Still shall thy charms be deathless in my strain,
While Time, and Love, and Memory, shall endure.

SONNET 19.

"Alma minha gentil, que te partiste."

Spirit beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown
The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
How is yon Heaven eternally thine own,
Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here!

Oh! if allow'd in thy divine abode
Of aught on earth an image to retain,
Remember still the fervent love which glow'd
In my fond bosom, pure from every stain.

And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,
Caused by thy loss, and hopeless of relief,
Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies!
Oh! ask of Heaven, which call'd thee soon away,
That I may join thee in those realms of day,
Swiftly, as *thou* hast vanish'd from mine eyes.

"Que estranho caso de amor!"

How strange a fate in love is mine!
How dearly prized the pains I feel!
Pangs, that to rend my soul combine,
With avarice I conceal:
For did the world the tale divine,

My lot would then be deeper woe,
And mine is grief that none must know.

To mortal ears I may not dare
Unfold the cause, the pain I prove;
'Twould plunge in ruin and despair
Or me, or her I love.
My soul delights alone to bear
Her silent, unsuspected woe,
And none shall pity, none shall know.

Thus buried in my bosom's urn,
Thus in my inmost heart conceal'd,
Let me alone the secret mourn,
In pangs unsoothed and unreveal'd.
For, whether happiness or woe,
Or life or death its power bestow,
It is what none on earth must know.

SONNET 58.

"Se as penas com que Amor tao mal me trata."

Should Love, the tyrant of my suffering heart,
Yet long enough protract his votary's days,
To see the lustre from those eyes depart,
The lode-stars now[1] that fascinate my gaze;
To see rude Time the living roses blight,
That o'er thy cheek their loveliness unfold,
And all unpitying, change their tresses bright,
To silvery whiteness, from their native gold;

[1] "Your eyes are lode-stars." — Shakspeare.

Oh! then thy heart an equal change will prove,
And mourn the coldness that repell'd my love,
When tears and penitence will all be vain;
And I shall see thee weep for days gone by,
And in thy deep regret and fruitless sigh,
Find amplest vengeance for my former pain.

SONNET 178.

"Já cantei, já chorei a dura guerra."

Oft have I sung and mourn'd the bitter woes,
Which love for years hath mingled with my fate,
While he the tale forbade me to disclose,
That taught his votaries their deluded state.

Nymphs! who dispense Castalia's living stream,
Ye, who from Death oblivion's mantle steal,
Grant me a strain in powerful tone supreme,
Each grief by love inflicted to reveal:

That those whose ardent hearts adore his sway,
May hear experience breathe a warning lay—
How false his smiles, his promises how vain!
Then, if ye deign this effort to inspire,
When the sad task is o'er, my plaintive lyre,
For ever hush'd, shall slumber in your fane.

SONNET 80.

"Como quando do mar tempestuoso."

Saved from the perils of the stormy wave,
And faint with toil, the wanderer of the main,
But just escaped from shipwreck's billowy grave,
Trembles to hear its horrors named again.

How warm his vow, that Ocean's fairest mien
No more shall lure him from the smiles of home!
Yet soon, forgetting each terrific scene,
Once more he turns, o'er boundless deeps to roam.

Lady! thus I, who vainly oft in flight
Seek refuge from the dangers of thy sight,
Make the firm vow to shun thee and be free:
But my fond heart, devoted to its chain,
Still draws me back where countless perils reign,
And grief and ruin spread their snares for me.

SONNET 239.—FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

"Em Babylonia sobre os rios, quando."

Beside the streams of Babylon, in tears
Of vain desire, we sat; remembering thee,
O hallow'd Sion! and the vanish'd years,
When Israel's chosen sons were blest and free:

Our harps, neglected and untuned, we hung
Mute on the willows of the stranger's land;
When songs, like those that in thy fanes we sung,
Our foes demanded from their captive band.

How shall our voices, on a foreign shore
(We answer'd those whose chains the exile wore),
The songs of God, our sacred songs, renew?
If I forget, 'midst grief and wasting toil,
Thee, O Jerusalem! my native soil!
May my right hand forget its cunning too!

SONNET 128.

"Huma admiravel herva se conhece."

THERE blooms a plant, whose gaze from hour to hour,
Still to the sun with fond devotion turns,
Wakes, when Creation hails his dawning power,
And most expands, when most her idol burns:

But when he seeks the bosom of the deep,
His faithful plant's reflected charms decay;
Then fade her flowers, her leaves discolour'd weep,
Still fondly pining for the vanish'd ray.

Thou whom I love, the daystar of my sight!
When thy dear presence wakes me to delight,
Joy in my soul unfolds her fairest flower:
But in thy heaven of smiles alone it blooms,
And, of their light deprived, in grief consumes,
Born but to live within thine eye-beam's power.

"Polo meu apartamento."

AMIDST the bitter tears that fell
In anguish at my last farewell,
Oh! who would dream that joy could dwell,
To make that moment bright?
Yet be my judge, each heart! and say,
Which then could most my bosom sway,
Affliction or delight?

It was, when Hope, oppress'd with woes,
Seem'd her dim eyes in death to close,
That rapture's brightest beam arose
In sorrow's darkest night.
Thus, if my soul survive that hour,
'Tis that my fate o'ercame the power
Of anguish with delight.

For oh! her love, so long unknown,
She *then* confess'd was all my own,
And in that parting hour alone
Reveal'd it to my sight.
And now what pangs will rend my soul,
Should fortune still, with stern control,
Forbid me this delight.

I know not if my bliss were vain,
For all the force of parting pain
Forbade suspicious doubts to reign,
When exiled from her sight:
Yet now what double woe for me,
Just at the close of eve, to see
The dayspring of delight.

SONNET 205.

"Quem diz que Amor he falso, o enganoso."

He who proclaims that Love is light and vain,
Capricious, cruel, false in all his ways;
Ah! sure too well hath merited his pain,
Too justly finds him all he thus portrays.

For Love is pitying, Love is soft and kind;
Believe not him who dares the tale oppose;
Oh! deem him one whom stormy passions blind,
One to whom earth and heaven may well be foes.

If Love bring evils, view them all in me!
Here let the world his utmost rigour see,
His utmost power exerted to annoy:
But all his ire is still the ire of love;
And such delight in all his woes I prove,
I would not change their pangs for aught of other joy!

SONNET 133.

"Doces e claras aguas do Mondego."

Waves of Mondego! brilliant and serene,
Haunts of my thought, where memory fondly strays;
Where hope allured me with perfidious mien,
Witching my soul, in long-departed days;

Yes, I forsake your banks! but still my heart
Shall bid remembrance all your charms restore,
And, suffering not one image to depart,
Find lengthening distance but endear you more.

Let Fortune's will, through many a future day,
To distant realms this mortal frame convey,
Sport of each wind, and tost on every wave;
Yet my fond soul, to pensive memory true,
On thought's light pinion still shall fly to you,
And still, bright waters! in your current lave.

SONNET 181.

"Onde acharei lugar taõ apartado."

WHERE shall I find some desert-scene so rude,
Where loneliness so undisturb'd may reign
That not a step shall ever there intrude
Of roving man, or nature's savage train?

Some tangled thicket, desolate and drear,
Or deep wild forest, silent as the tomb,
Boasting no verdure bright, no fountain clear,
But darkly suited to my spirit's gloom;

That there, 'midst frowning rocks, alone with grief
Entomb'd in life, and hopeless of relief,
In lonely freedom I may breathe my woes—
For, oh! since nought my sorrows can allay,
There shall my sadness cloud no festal day,
And days of gloom shall soothe me to repose.

SONNET 278.

"Eu vivia de lagrimas isento."

EXEMPT from every grief, 'twas mine to live
In dreams so sweet, enchantments so divine,
A thousand joys propitious Love can give
Were scarcely worth one rapturous pain of mine.

Bound by soft spells, in dear illusions blest,
I breathed no sigh for fortune or for power;
No care intruding to disturb my breast,
I dwelt entranced in Love's Elysian bower:

But Fate, such transports eager to destroy,
Soon rudely woke me from the dream of joy,
And bade the phantoms of delight begone;
Bade hope and happiness at once depart,
And left but memory to distract my heart,
Retracing every hour of bliss for ever flown.

"Mi nueve y dulce querella."

No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret love is thrown;
No outward signs reveal its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus, like the spark, whose vivid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.

METASTASIO.

"Dunque si sfoga in pianto."

In tears, the heart oppress'd with grief
Gives language to its woes;
In tears, its fulness finds relief,
When rapture's tide o'erflows!

Who then unclouded bliss would seek
On this terrestrial sphere;
When e'en Delight can only speak,
Like Sorrow—in a tear?

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

"Italia, Italia! O tu cui diè la sorte."

ITALIA, oh! Italia! thou, so graced
With ill-starr'd beauty, which to thee hath been
A dower, whose fatal splendour may be traced
In the deep-graven sorrows of thy mien;

Oh! that more strength, or fewer charms were thine,
That those might fear thee more, or love thee less,
Who seem to worship at thy radiant shrine,
Then pierce thee with the death-pang's bitterness!

Not *then* would foreign hosts have drain'd the tide
Of that Eridanus thy blood hath dyed;
Nor from the Alps would legions, still renew'd,
Pour down; nor wouldst thou wield an alien brand,
And fight thy battles with the stranger's hand,
Still, still a slave, victorious or subdued!

PASTORINI.

"Genova mia, se con asciutto ciglio."

IF thus thy fallen grandeur I behold,
My native Genoa! with a tearless eye,
Think not thy son's ungrateful heart is cold,
But know — I deem rebellious every sigh!
Thy glorious ruins proudly I survey,
Trophies of firm resolve, of patriot might!
And in each trace of devastation's way,
Thy worth, thy courage, meet my wandering sight.

Triumphs far less than suffering virtue shine!
And on the spoilers high revenge is thine,
While thy strong spirit unsubdued remains.
And lo! fair Liberty rejoicing flies,
To kiss each noble relic, while she cries,
"Hail! though in ruins, thou wert ne'er in chains!"

LOPE DE VEGA.

"Estese el cortesano."

Let the vain courtier waste his days,
Lured by the charms that wealth displays,
The couch of down, the board of costly fare;
Be his to kiss th' ungrateful hand
That waves the sceptre of command,
And rear full many a palace in the air;
Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,
The glowing sun, the genial wind,
And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assign'd;
And prize far more, in peace and health,
Contented indigence than joyless wealth.

Not mine in Fortune's fane to bend,
At Grandeur's altar to attend,
Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;
Nor mine a fond aspiring thought,
A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught
With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless crown!
Nectareous draughts and viands pure,
Luxuriant nature will ensure:

These the clear fount, and fertile field,
Still to the wearied shepherd yield;
And when repose and visions reign,
Then we are equals all, the monarch and the swain.

FRANCISCO MANUEL.

ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING TO A CONVENT.

"No baxes temeroso, o peregrino."

Pause not with lingering foot, O pilgrim, here;
Pierce the deep shadows of the mountain-side;
Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear,
To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.

Soon shall thy feet approach the calm abode,
So near the mansions of supreme delight;
Pause not—but tread this consecrated road,
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold, to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the hill!
Pure gales, inviting, softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou linger still?
Oh! enter there, where, freed from human strife,
Hope is reality, and time is life.

DELLA CASA.

VENICE.

"Questi palazzi, e queste logge or colte."

These marble domes, by wealth and genius graced,
With sculptured forms, bright hues, and Parian stone,
Were once rude cabins 'midst a lonely waste,
Wild shores of solitude, and isles unknown.

Pure from each vice, 't was here a venturous train,
Fearless, in fragile barks explored the sea;
Not theirs a wish to conquer or to reign,
They sought these island precincts—to be free.

Ne'er in their souls ambition's flame arose,
No dream of avarice broke their calm repose;
Fraud, more than death, abhorr'd each artless breast:
Oh! now, since fortune gilds their brightening day,
Let not those virtues languish and decay,
O'erwhelm'd by luxury, and by wealth opprest!

IL MARCHESE CORNELIO BENTIVOGLIO.

"L'anima bella, che dal vero Eliso."

The sainted spirit, which, from bliss on high,
Descends, like dayspring, to my favour'd sight,
Shines in such noontide radiance of the sky,
Scarce do I know that form, intensely bright!

But, with the sweetness of her well-known smile,
That smile of peace! she bids my doubts depart,
And takes my hand, and softly speaks the while,
And heaven's full glory pictures to my heart.

Beams of that heaven in *her* my eyes behold,
And now, e'en now, in thought my wings unfold,
To soar with her, and mingle with the blest!
But ah! so swift her buoyant pinion flies,
That I, in vain aspiring to the skies,
Fall to my native sphere, by earthly bonds deprest.

METASTASIO.

"Al furor d'avversa Sorte."

He shall not dread Misfortune's angry mien,
Nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,
Whose soul hath learn'd, through many a trying scene,
To smile at fate, and suffer unsubdued.

In the rough school of billows, clouds, and storms,
Nursed and matured, the pilot learns his art:
Thus Fate's dread ire, by many a conflict, forms
The lofty spirit and enduring heart!

"Quella onda che ruina."

The torrent wave, that breaks with force
Impetuous down the Alpine height,
Complains and struggles in its course,
But sparkles, as the diamond bright.

The stream in shadowy valley deep,
May slumber in its narrow bed;
But silent, in unbroken sleep,
Its lustre and its life are fled.

"Leggiadra rosa, le cui pure foglie."

SWEET rose! whose tender foliage to expand
Her fostering dews, the morning lightly shed,
Whilst gales of balmy breath thy blossoms fann'd,
And o'er thy leaves the soft suffusion spread;

That hand, whose care withdrew thee from the ground,
To brighter worlds thy favour'd charms hath borne;
Thy fairest buds, with grace perennial crown'd,
There breathe and bloom, released from every thorn.

Thus, far removed, and now transplanted flower!
Exposed no more to blast or tempest rude,
Shelter'd with tenderest care from frost or shower,
And each rough season's chill vicissitude,
Now may thy form in bowers of peace assume
Immortal fragrance, and unwithering bloom.

"Che speri, instabil Dea, di sassi, e spine."

FORTUNE! why thus, where'er my footsteps tread,
Obstruct each path with rocks and thorns like these?
Think'st thou that *I* thy threatening mien shall dread,
Or toil and pant thy waving locks to seize?

Reserve the frown severe, the menace rude,
For vassal-spirits that confess thy sway!
My constant soul should triumph unsubdued,
Were the wide universe destruction's prey.

Am I to conflicts new, in toils untried?
No! I have long thine utmost power defied,
And drawn fresh energies from every fight.
Thus from rude strokes of hammers and the wheel,
With each successive shock the temper'd steel
More keenly piercing proves, more dazzling bright.

"Parlagli d'un periglio."

Wouldst thou to Love of Danger speak?—
Veil'd are his eyes, to perils blind!
Wouldst thou from Love a reason seek?—
He is a child of wayward mind!

But with a doubt, a jealous fear,
Inspire him once—the task is o'er;
His mind is keen, his sight is clear,
No more an infant, blind no more.

"Sprezza il furor del vento."

Unbending 'midst the wintry skies,
Rears the firm oak his vigorous form,
And stern in rugged strength, defies
The rushing of the storm.

Then sever'd from his native shore,
O'er ocean-worlds the sail to bear,
Still with those winds he braved before,
He proudly struggles there.

"Sol può dir che sia contento."

Oh! those alone, whose sever'd hearts
Have mourn'd through ling'ring years in vain,
Can tell what bliss fond Love imparts,
When Fate unites them once again.

Sweet is the sigh, and blest the tear,
Whose language hails that moment bright,
When past afflictions but endear
The presence of delight!

"Ah! frenate le piante imbelle."

Ah! cease—those fruitless tears restrain,
I go misfortune to defy,
To smile at fate with proud disdain,
To triumph—not to die!

I with fresh laurels go, to crown
My closing days at last,
Securing all the bright renown
Acquired in dangers past.

QUEVEDO.

ROME BURIED IN HER OWN RUINS.

"Buscas en Roma á Roma, ó peregrino!"

Amidst these scenes, O pilgrim! seek'st thou Rome?
Vain is thy search—the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.

That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken mourns, where once it tower'd sublime;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium, than by Time.

Tiber alone survives—the passing wave
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing, with plaintive sound, her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seem'd for years eternal framed to last,
Nought but the wave, a fugitive—remains.

EL CONDE JUAN DE TARSIS.

"Tu, que la dulce vida en tiernas anos."

Thou, who hast fled from life's enchanted bowers,
In youth's gay spring, in beauty's glowing morn,
Leaving thy bright array, thy path of flowers,
For the rude convent-garb, and couch of thorn;

Thou that, escaping from a world of cares,
Hast found thy haven in devotion's fane,
As to the port the fearful bark repairs,
To shun the midnight perils of the main;

Now the glad hymn, the strain of rapture pour,
While on thy soul the beams of glory rise!
For if the pilot hail the welcome shore,
With shouts of triumph swelling to the skies;
Oh! how shouldst *thou* the exulting pæan raise,
Now heaven's bright harbour opens on thy gaze!

TORQUATO TASSO.

"Negli anni acerbi tuoi, purpurea rosa."

Thou in thy morn wert like a glowing rose,
To the mild sunshine only half display'd,
That shunn'd its bashful graces to disclose,
And in its veil of verdure sought a shade:

Or like Aurora did thy charms appear
(Since mortal form ne'er vied with aught so bright)—
Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,
O'er vale and mountain shedding dew and light.

Now riper years have doom'd no grace to fade;
Nor youthful charms, in all their pride array'd,
Excel, or equal, thy neglected form.
Thus, full expanded, lovelier is the flower,
And the bright day-star, in its noontide hour,
More brilliant shines, in genial radiance warm.

BERNARDO TASSO.

"Quest' ombra che giammai non vide il sole."

This green recess, where through the bowery gloom
Ne'er, e'en at noontide hours, the sunbeam play'd,
Where violet-beds in soft luxuriance bloom,
'Midst the cool freshness of the myrtle shade;

Where through the grass a sparkling fountain steals,
Whose murmuring wave, transparent as it flows,
No more its bed of yellow sand conceals,
Than the pure crystal hides the glowing rose;

This bower of peace, thou soother of our care,
God of soft slumbers, and of visions fair!
A lowly shepherd consecrates to thee!
Then breathe around some spell of deep repose,
And charm his eyes in balmy dew to close,
Those eyes, fatigued with grief, from tear-drops never free.

PETRARCH.

"Chi vuol veder quantunque può natura."

Thou that wouldst mark, in form of human birth,
All heaven and nature's perfect skill combined,
Come gaze on her, the day-star of the earth
Dazzling, not me alone, but all mankind:

And haste! for Death, who spares the guilty long,
First calls the brightest and the best away;
And to her home, amidst the cherub throng,
The angelic mortal flies, and will not stay!

Haste! and each outward charm, each mental grace,
In one consummate form thine eye shall trace,
Model of loveliness, for earth too fair!
Then thou shalt own how faint my votive lays,
My spirit dazzled by perfection's blaze:
But if thou still delay, for long regret prepare.

"Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde."

If to the sighing breeze of summer hours
Bend the green leaves; if mourns a plaintive bird;
Or from some fount's cool margin, fringed with flowers,
The soothing murmur of the wave is heard;

Her, whom the heavens reveal, the earth denies,
I see and hear; though dwelling far above,
Her spirit, still responsive to my sighs,
Visits the lone retreat of pensive love.

"Why thus in grief consume each fruitless day,"
(Her gentle accents thus benignly say),
"While from thine eyes the tear unceasing flows?
Weep not for me, who, hastening on my flight,
Died, to be deathless; and on heavenly light
Whose eyes but open'd, when they seem'd to close!"

VERSI SPAGNUOLI DI PIETRO BEMBO.

"O Muerte! que suele ser."

Thou, the stern monarch of dismay,
Whom nature trembles to survey,
O Death! to me, the child of grief,
Thy welcome power would bring relief,
Changing to peaceful slumber many a care.
And though thy stroke may thrill with pain
Each throbbing pulse, each quivering vein;
The pangs that bid existence close,
Ah! sure are far less keen than those,
Which cloud its lingering moments with despair.

FRANCESCO LORENZINI.

"O Zefiretto, che movendo vai."

Sylph of the breeze! whose dewy pinions light
Wave gently round the tree I planted here,
Sacred to her, whose soul hath wing'd its flight
To the pure ether of her lofty sphere;

Be it thy care, soft spirit of the gale!
To fan its leaves in summer's noontide hour;
Be it thy care, that wintry tempests fail
To rend its honours from the sylvan bower.

Then shall it spread, and rear th' aspiring form,
Pride of the wood, secure from every storm,

Graced with her name, a consecrated tree!
So may thy Lord, thy monarch of the wind,
Ne'er with rude chains thy tender pinions bind,
But grant thee still to rove, a wanderer wild and free!

GESNER.

MORNING SONG.

"Willkommen, frühe morgensonn."

Hail! morning sun, thus early bright;
Welcome, sweet dawn! thou younger day!
Through the dark woods that fringe the height,
Beams forth, e'en now, thy ray.

Bright on the dew, it sparkles clear,
Bright on the water's glittering fall,
And life, and joy, and health appear,
Sweet morning! at thy call.

Now thy fresh breezes lightly spring
From beds of fragrance, where they lay,
And roving wild on dewy wing,
Drive slumber far away.

Fantastic dreams, in swift retreat,
Now from each mind withdraw their spell,
While the young loves delighted meet,
On Rosa's cheek to dwell.

Speed, zephyr! kiss each opening flower,
Its fragrant spirit make thine own;
Then wing thy way to Rosa's bower,
Ere her light sleep is flown.

There, o'er her downy pillow fly,
Wake the sweet maid to life and day;
Breathe on her balmy lip a sigh,
And o'er her bosom play;

And whisper, when her eyes unveil,
That I, since morning's earliest call,
Have sigh'd her name to ev'ry gale,
By the lone waterfall.

GERMAN SONG.

"Madchen, lernet Amor kennen."

Listen, fair maid, my song shall tell
How Love may still be known full well,
His looks the traitor prove.
Dost thou not see that absent smile,
That fiery glance replete with guile?
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

When varying still the sly disguise,
Child of caprice, he laughs and cries,
Or with complaint would move;
To-day is bold, to-morrow shy,
Changing each hour, he knows not why,
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

There's magic in his every wile,
His lips, well practised to beguile,
Breathe roses where they move;
See, now with sudden rage he burns,
Dissolves, implores, commands, by turns;
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

He comes, without the bow and dart,
That spares not e'en the purest heart;
His looks the traitor prove:
That glance is fire, that mien is guile,
Deceit is lurking in that smile.
Oh! trust him not—'tis love!

CHAULIEU.

"Gentle, I'm sure to clear remember."

Thou grot, whence flows this limpid spring,
Its margin fringed with moss and flowers,
Still bid its voice of murmurs bring
Peace to my musing hours.

Sweet Fontenay! where first for me
The dayspring of existence rose,
Soon shall my dust return to thee,
And 'midst my sires repose.

Muses, that watch'd my childhood's morn,
'Midst these wild haunts, with guardian eye,
Fair trees, that here beheld me born,
Soon shall ye see me die.

GARCILASO DE VEGA.

"Coyed de vuestra alegre primavera."

Enjoy the sweets of life's luxuriant May,
Ere envious Age is hastening on his way
With snowy wreaths to crown the beauteous brow:
The rose will fade when storms assail the year,
And Time, who changeth not his swift career,
Constant in this, will change all else below!

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

VIOLETS.

"Non di verdi giardin ornati e colti."

We come not, fair one, to thy hand of snow,
From the soft scenes by Culture's hand array'd;
Not rear'd in bowers where gales of fragrance blow,
But in dark glens, and depths of forest shade!

There once, as Venus wander'd, lost in woe,
To seek Adonis through th' entangled wood,
Piercing her foot, a thorn that lurk'd below,
With print relentless drew celestial blood!

Then our light stems, with snowy blossoms fraught,
Bending to earth, each precious drop we caught,
Imbibing thence our bright purpureal dyes;
We were not foster'd in our shadowy vales,
By guided rivulets, or summer gales—
Our dew and air have been, Love's balmy tears and sighs!

PINDEMONTE.

ON THE HEBE OF CANOVA.

"Dove per te, celeste ancilla, or vassi?"

Whither, celestial maid, so fast away?
What lures thee from the banquet of the skies?
How canst thou leave thy native realms of day,
For this low sphere, this vale of clouds and sighs?

O thou, Canova! soaring high above
Italian art—with Grecian magic vying!
We knew thy marble glow'd with life and love,
But who had seen thee image footsteps flying?

Here to each eye the wind seems gently playing
With the light vest, its wavy folds arraying
In many a line of undulating grace;
While Nature, ne'er her mighty laws suspending,
Stands, before marble thus with motion blending,
One moment lost in thought, its hidden cause to trace.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE SEASHORE.

O WANDERER! would thy heart forget
Each earthly passion and regret,
And would thy wearied spirit rise
To commune with its native skies;
Pause for a while, and deem it sweet
To linger in this calm retreat;
And give thy cares, thy griefs, a short suspense,
Amidst wild scenes of lone magnificence.

Unmix'd with aught of meaner tone,
Here nature's voice is heard alone:
When the loud storm, in wrathful hour,
Is rushing on its wing of power,
And spirits of the deep awake,
And surges foam, and billows break,
And rocks and ocean-caves around,
Reverberate each awful sound;
That mighty voice, with all its dread control,
To loftiest thought shall wake thy thrilling soul.

But when no more the sea-winds rave,
When peace is brooding on the wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies;
Soothed by their softly mingling swell,
As daylight bids the world farewell,
The rustling wood, the dying breeze,
The faint, low rippling of the seas,
A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast,
A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,
Friends have deceived, neglect hath wrung?
Hast thou some grief that none may know,
Some lonely, secret, silent woe?
Or have thy fond affections fled
From earth, to slumber with the dead?—
Oh! pause awhile—the world disown,
And dwell with nature's self alone!
And though no more she bids arise
Thy soul's departed energies,
And though thy joy of life is o'er,
Beyond her magic to restore;
Yet shall her spells o'er every passion steal,
And soothe the wounded heart they cannot heal.

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed One!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blush'd into dawn and pass'd away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower,
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly call'd thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence:
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art pass'd, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth remain'd,
Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stain'd
With passion or with grief!
Now not a sullying breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;
No sculptured image there shall mourn;
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews, must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorn'd with Nature's brightest wreath;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose;
And bear, from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes!
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven?[1]

INVOCATION.

Hush'd is the world in night and sleep,
Earth, Sea, and Air, are still as death;
Too rude to break a calm so deep,
Were music's faintest breath.
Descend, bright Visions! from aërial bowers,
Descend to gild your own soft, silent hours.

[1] Vide Annotation from *Quarterly Review*, page 287.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
The weary day have mortals past;
Now, dreams of bliss! be yours to reign,
And all your spells around them cast;
Steal from their hearts the pang, their eyes the tear,
And lift the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

O! bear your softest balm to those,
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead,
To them that world of peace disclose,
Where the bright soul is fled:
Where Love, immortal in his native clime,
Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight from time.

Or to his loved, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile bear;
To feel once more his heart expand,
In his own genial mountain-air;
Hear the wild echoes' well-known strains repeat,
And bless each note, as Heaven's own music sweet.

But oh! with Fancy's brightest ray,
Blest dreams! the bard's repose illume;
Bid forms of heaven around him play,
And bowers of Eden bloom!
And waft *his* spirit to its native skies
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light
Falls on the placid brow of sleep.

Descend, bright visions! from your airy bower:
Dark, silent, solemn, is your favourite hour.

TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL SIR E—D P—K—M.

Brave spirit! mourn'd with fond regret,
Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,
Oh! who could deem *thy* star should set
So darkly and so soon!

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind
Which mark'd and closed thy brief career,
And the fair wreath, by Hope entwined,
Lies wither'd on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy doom,
The soldier's tear thy meed shall be;
Yet, son of war! a prouder tomb
Might Fate have rear'd for thee.

Thou shouldst have died, O high-soul'd chief!
In those bright days of glory fled,
When triumph so prevail'd o'er grief,
We scarce could mourn the dead.

Noontide of fame! each tear-drop then
Was worthy of a warrior's grave:
When shall affection weep again
So proudly o'er the brave?

There, on the battle-fields of Spain,
'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,
Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,
Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life
Thus in its ardent prime should close;
Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,
But died 'midst conquer'd foes!

Yet hast thou still (though victory's flame
In that last moment cheer'd thee not)
Left Glory's isle another name,
That ne'er may be forgot:

And many a tale of triumph won,
Shall breathe that name in Memory's ear;
And long may England mourn a son
Without reproach or fear.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR H—Y E—LL—S.

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"Happy are they who die in youth when their renown is around them."
—— OSSIAN.

WEEP'ST thou for him, whose doom was seal'd
On England's proudest battle-field?
For him, the lion-heart, who died
In victory's full resistless tide?

Oh, mourn him not!
By deeds like his that field was won,
And Fate could yield to Valour's son
No brighter lot.

He heard his band's exulting cry,
He saw the vanquish'd eagles fly;
And envied be his death of fame,
It shed a sunbeam o'er his name
That nought shall dim:
No cloud obscured his glory's day,
It saw no twilight of decay—
Weep not for him!

And breathe no dirge's plaintive moan,
A hero claims far loftier tone!
Oh! proudly should the war-song swell,
Recording how the mighty fell
In that dread hour,
When England, 'midst the battle-storm—
Th' avenging angel—rear'd her form
In tenfold power.

Yet, gallant heart! to swell thy praise,
Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays;
Since he, the soldier's guiding-star,
The Victor-chief, the lord of war,
Has own'd thy fame:
And oh! like *his* approving word,
What trophied marble could record
A warrior's name?

GUERILLA SONG.

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED OF THE SPANISH PATRIOT MINA.

Oh! forget not the hour, when through forest and vale,
We return'd with our chief to his dear native halls!
Through the woody Sierra there sigh'd not a gale,
And the moonbeam was bright on his battlement-walls;
And nature lay sleeping in calmness and light,
Round the home of the valiant, that rose on our sight.

We enter'd that home—all was loneliness round,
The stillness, the darkness, the peace of the grave;
Not a voice, not a step, bade its echoes resound,
Ah! such was the welcome that waited the brave!
For the spoilers had pass'd, like the poison-wind's breath,
And the loved of his bosom lay silent in death.

Oh! forget not that hour—let its image be near,
In the light of our mirth, in the dreams of our rest,
Let its tale awake feelings too deep for a tear,
And rouse into vengeance each arm and each breast,
Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty shine
O'er the plains of the olive, and hills of the vine.

THE AGED INDIAN.

Warriors! my noon of life is past,
The brightness of my spirit flown;
I crouch before the wintry blast,
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave!
My kindred-chiefs in days of yore,
Ye fill an unremember'd grave,
Your fame, your deeds, are known no more.
The records of your wars are gone,
Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth,
To join the brethren of his prime;
Then will the memory of your birth
Sleep with the hidden things of time.
With him, ye sons of former days!
Fades the last glimmering of your praise.

His eyes, that hail'd your spirits' flame,
Still kindling in the combat's shock,
Have seen, since darkness veil'd your fame,
Sons of the desert and the rock!
Another, and another race,
Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead!
Fearless of heart, and firm of hand!
O! let me join their spirits fled,
O! send me to their shadowy land.
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,
He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

These feet no more can chase the deer,
The glory of this arm is flown;—
Why should the feeble linger here,
When all the pride of life is gone?
Warriors! why still the stroke deny,
Think ye Ontara fears to die?

He fear'd not in his flower of days,
When strong to stem the torrent's force,
When through the desert's pathless maze,
His way was as an eagle's course!
When war was sunshine to his sight,
And the wild hurricane, delight!

Shall then the warrior tremble *now?*
Now when his envied strength is o'er?
Hung on the pine his idle bow,
His pirogue useless on the shore?
When age hath dimm'd his failing eye,
Shall he, the joyless, fear to die?

Sons of the brave! delay no more,
The spirits of my kindred call;
'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er!
Oh! bid the aged cedar fall!
To join the brethren of his prime,
The mighty of departed time.

EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS.

Soft skies of Italy! how richly drest,
Smile these wild scenes in your purpureal glow!
What glorious hues, reflected from the west,
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow!

Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain-stream.

Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple knows;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose:
While through the pine-wood gleams the vesper star,
And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND CHIEF IN "WAVERLEY."

Son of the mighty and the free!
High-minded leader of the brave!
Was it for lofty chief like thee,
To fill a nameless grave?
Oh! if amidst the valiant slain,
The warrior's bier had been thy lot,
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
We then had mourn'd thee not.

But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,
That dawn whose sunbeam rose so fair;
Vengeance alone may breathe thy name,
The watchword of despair!
Yet oh! if gallant spirit's power
Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,
Then glory mark'd *thy* parting hour,
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,
But cannot chase their silent gloom;
Those beams that gild thy native walls
Are sleeping on thy tomb!
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
But the loved scenes may vainly smile:
Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle-sound
Is mingling with the torrent's roar,
Unmark'd, the wild deer sport around:
Thou lead'st the chase no more!
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,
Those halls where peal'd the choral stream;
They hear the wind's deep murmuring thrill,
And all is hush'd again.

No banner from the lonely tower
Shall wave its blazon'd folds on high;
There the tall grass, and summer flower,
Unmark'd shall spring and die.

No more thy bard, for other ear,
Shall wake the harp once loved by thine—
Hush'd be the strain *thou* canst not hear,
Last of a mighty line!

THE CRUSADERS' WAR-SONG.

Chieftains, lead on! our hearts beat high,
Lead on to Salem's towers!
Who would not deem it bliss to die,
Slain in a cause like ours?
The brave who sleep in soil of thine,
Die not entomb'd but shrined, O Palestine!

Souls of the slain in holy war!
Look from your sainted rest.
Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,
To mingle with the blest;
Tell us how short the death-pang's power,
How bright the joys of your immortal bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel train!
Pour forth your loftiest lays;
Each heart shall echo to the strain
Breathed in the warrior's praise.
Bid every string triumphant swell
Th' inspiring sounds that heroes love so well.

Salem! amidst the fiercest hour,
The wildest rage of fight,
Thy name shall lend our falchions power,
And nerve our hearts with might.

Envied be those for thee that fall,
Who find their graves beneath thy sacred wall.

For them no need that sculptured tomb
Should chronicle their fame,
Or pyramid record their doom,
Or deathless verse their name;
It is enough that dust of thine
Should shroud their forms, O blessed Palestine!

Chieftains, lead on! our hearts beat high
For combat's glorious hour;
Soon shall the red-cross banner fly
On Salem's loftiest tower!
We burn to mingle in the strife,
Where *but* to die ensures eternal life.

THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD.

It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengary, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them. — See the *Quarterly Review* article of "Culloden Papers."

Oh! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant forgot!
Still fearless and first in the combat, he fell;
But we paused not one tear-drop to shed o'er the spot,
We spared not one moment to murmur "Farewell."

We heard but the battle-word given by the chief,
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

And wildly, Clanronald! we echo'd the vow,
With the tear on our cheek, and the sword in our hand;
Young son of the brave! we may weep for thee now,
For well has thy death been avenged by thy band,
When they join'd, in wild chorus, the cry of the chief,
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's wild call,
The clash of the claymore, the shout of the brave;
But now thy own bard may lament for thy fall,
And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er thy grave—
While Albyn remembers the words of the chief,
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

Thou art fallen, O fearless one! flower of thy race:
Descendant of heroes! thy glory is set:
But thy kindred, the sons of the battle and chase,
Have proved that thy spirit is bright in them yet!
Nor vainly have echo'd the words of the chief,
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

TO THE EYE.

Throne of expression! whence the spirit's ray
Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,
Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme,

And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,
Finds its own language to pervade the heart;
Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath not felt,
To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt!
And by some spell of undefined control,
With magnet-influence touch the secret soul!

Light of the features! in the morn of youth
Thy glance is nature, and thy language, truth;
And ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,
Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and betray,
Th' ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,
Or speak one thought that interest would conceal;
While yet thou seem'st the cloudless mirror, given
But to reflect the purity of heaven;
O! then how lovely, there unveil'd, to trace
Th' unsullied brightness of each mental grace!

When Genius lends thee all his living light,
Where the full beams of intellect unite;
When love illumes thee with his varying ray,
Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture play;
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,
Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews;
Still does thy power, whose all-commanding spell
Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,
Bid some new feeling to existence start,
From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And O! when thought, in ecstasy sublime,
That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of time,
Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's blaze,
The light of heaven, the hope of nobler days,

(As glorious dreams, for utterance far too high,
Flash through the mist of dim mortality;)
Who does not own, that through thy lightning-beams
A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams?
That pure, though captive effluence of the sky,
The vestal-ray, the spark that cannot die!

THE HERO'S DEATH.

Life's parting beams were in his eye,
Life's closing accents on his tongue,
When round him, pealing to the sky,
The shout of victory rung!

Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,
A smile so bright illumed his face—
Oh! never, of the light it shed,
Shall memory lose a trace!

His was a death, whose rapture high
Transcended all that life could yield;
His warmest prayer was so to die,
On the red battle-field!

And they may feel, who loved him most,
A pride so holy and so pure:
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast
A treasure thus secure!

STANZAS

ON

THE LATE NATIONAL CALAMITY,

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

"Hélas! nous composions son histoire de tout ce qu'on peut imaginer de plus glorieux —— Le passé et le présent nous garantissoient l'avenir —— Telle étoit l'agréable histoire que nous faisions; et pour achever ces nobles projets, il n'y avoit que la durée de sa vie; dont nous ne croyions pas devoir être en peine, car, qui eût pu seulement penser, que les années eussent dû manquer, á une jeunesse qui sembloit si vive?" —— BOSSUET.

I.

MARK'D ye the mingling of the city's throng,
Each mien, each glance, with expectation bright?
Prepare the pageant, and the choral song,
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light!
And hark! what rumour's gathering sound is nigh?
Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?
Away! be hush'd! ye sounds of revelry!
Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to weep!
Weep! for the storm hath o'er us darkly past,
And England's royal flower is broken by the blast!

II.

Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came!
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,
Whose early grandeur promised years of fame?

Oh! when hath life possess'd, or death destroy'd
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that smiled?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?
For all is lost—the mother and her child!
Our morning-star hath vanish'd, and the tomb
Throws its deep lengthen'd shade o'er distant years to come.

III.

Angel of Death! did no presaging sign
Announce thy coming, and thy way prepare?
No warning voice, no harbinger was thine,
Danger and fear seem'd past—but thou wert there!
Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's path
Foretell the hour of nature's awful throes;
And the volcano, ere it burst in wrath,
Sends forth some herald from its dread repose:
But *thou*, dark Spirit! swift and unforeseen,
Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when heaven is all serene.

IV.

And she is gone—the royal and the young,
In soul commanding, and in heart benign;
Who, from a race of kings and heroes sprung,
Glow'd with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well,
Breathe forth her name, unheeded and in vain;
Nor can those eyes on which her own would dwell,
Wake from that breast one sympathy again:
The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,
Yet shall undying love still linger with the dead.

V.

Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
Quench'd, in the glow and fulness of its prime:
And many a cherish'd flower, ere now, hath been
Cropt, ere its leaves were breathed upon by time.
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;
And we have wept when soaring genius died,
Check'd in the glory of his mid career!
But here our hopes were center'd—all is o'er,
All thought in this absorb'd—she was—and is no more!

VI.

We watch'd her childhood from its earliest hour,
From every word and look blest omens caught;
While that young mind developed all its power,
And rose to energies of loftiest thought.
On her was fix'd the patriot's ardent eye,
And hope still bloom'd—one vista still was fair;
And when the tempest swept the troubled sky,
She was our day-spring—all was cloudless *there;*
And oh! how lovely broke on England's gaze,
E'en through the mist and storm, the light of distant days.

VII.

Now hath one moment darken'd future years,
And changed the track of ages yet to be!—
Yet, mortal! 'midst the bitterness of tears,
Kneel, and adore th' inscrutable decree!

Oh! while the clear perspective smiled in light,
Wisdom should *then* have temper'd hope's excess,
And, lost One! when we saw thy lot so bright,
We might have trembled at its loveliness:
Joy is no earthly flower — nor framed to bear,
In its exotic bloom, life's cold ungenial air.

VIII.

All smiled around thee — Youth, and Love, and Praise,
Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine!
On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,
As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.
Heiress of empires! thou art pass'd away,
Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,
O'er one brief hour of life, a fleeting ray,
Then leave the rest to solitude and woe!
Oh! who shall dare to woo such dreams again!
Who hath not wept to know, that tears for thee were vain?

IX.

Yet there is one who loved thee — and whose soul
With mild affections nature form'd to melt;
His mind hath bow'd beneath the stern control
Of many a grief — but *this* shall be unfelt!
Years have gone by — and given his honour'd head
A diadem of snow — his eye is dim —
Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath spread,
The past, the future, are a dream to him!
Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone
He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's full pride art gone!

X.

The Chastener's hand is on us—we may weep,
But not repine—for many a storm hath past,
And, pillow'd on her own majestic deep,
Hath England slept, unshaken by the blast!
And War hath raged o'er many a distant plain,
Trampling the vine and olive in his path;
While she, that regal daughter of the main,
Smiled, in serene defiance of his wrath!
As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,
Hears calmly far below the thunders roll and die.

XI.

Her voice hath been th' awakener—and her name
The gathering-word of nations—in her might,
And all the awful beauty of her fame,
Apart she dwelt, in solitary light.
High on her cliffs, alone and firm she stood,
Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower;
That torch, whose flame, far streaming o'er the flood,
Hath guided Europe through her darkest hour.
Away, vain dreams of glory!—in the dust
Be humbled, ocean-queen! and own thy sentence just!

XII.

Hark! 'twas the death-bell's note! which, full and deep,
Unmix'd with aught of less majestic tone,
While all the murmurs of existence sleep,
Swell'd on the stillness of the air alone!

Silent the throngs that fill the darken'd street,
Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely mart;
And all is still, where countless thousands meet,
Save the full throbbing of the awe-strück heart!
All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,
As in each ravaged home th' avenging one had been.

XIII.

The sun goes down in beauty—his farewell,
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright;
And his last mellow'd rays around us dwell,
Lingering, as if on scenes of young delight.
They smile and fade—but, when the day is o'er,
What slow procession moves, with measured tread?—
Lo! those who weep, with her who weeps no more,
A solemn train—the mourners and the dead?
While, throned on high, the moon's untroubled ray
Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing thus away.

XIV.

But other light is in that holy pile,
Where, in the house of silence, kings repose;
There, through the dim arcade, and pillar'd aisle,
The funeral torch its deep-red radiance throws.
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,
And all around the stamp of woe may bear;
But Grief, to whose full heart those forms are vain,
Grief unexpress'd, unsoothed by them—is there.
No darker hour hath Fate for him who mourns,
Than when the all he loved, as dust, to dust returns.

XV.

We mourn—but not *thy* fate, departed One!
We pity—but the living, not the dead;
A cloud hangs o'er us—[1] "the bright day is done,"
And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.
And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,
Whose soul with thine had mingled every thought;
He, with thine early fond affections blest,
Lord of a mind with all things lovely fraught;
What but a desert to his eye, that earth,
Which but retains of thee the memory of thy worth?

XVI.

Oh! there are griefs for nature too intense,
Whose first rude shock but stupifies the soul;
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlabour'd sense
Strength e'en to *feel*, at once, their dread control.
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless hour
Of the seal'd bosom, and the tearless eye,
Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold power
To grasp the fulness of its agony!
Its death-like torpor vanish'd—and its doom;
To cast its own dark hues o'er light and nature's bloom.

XVII.

And such *his* lot, whom thou hast loved and left,
Spirit! thus early to thy home recall'd!
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,
A warrior's heart, which danger ne'er appall'd.

[1] "The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark."—SHAKSPEARE.

Years may pass on—and, as they roll along,
Mellow those pangs which now his bosom rend;
And he once more, with life's unheeding throng,
May, though alone in soul, in seeming blend;
Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's temple shrined.

XVIII.

Yet must the days be long ere time shall steal
Aught from his grief whose spirit dwells with thee;
Once deeply bruised, the heart at length may heal,
But all it was—oh! never more shall be.
The flower, the leaf, o'erwhelm'd by winter snow,
Shall spring again, when beams and showers return;
The faded cheek again with health may glow,
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance burn;
But the pure freshness of the mind's young bloom,
Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond the tomb.

XIX.

But thou—thine hour of agony is o'er,
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run,
While Faith, that bids fond nature grieve no more,
Tells that thy crown—though not on earth—is won.
Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
Nought but the bloom and sunshine—and for thee,
Child of propitious stars! for thee alone,
The course of love ran smooth,[1] and brightly free—

[1] "The course of true love never did run smooth."
SHAKSPEARE.

Not long such bliss to mortal could be given,
It is enough for earth to catch one glimpse of heaven.

XX.

What though, ere yet the noonday of thy fame
Rose in its glory on thine England's eye,
The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect came?
Ours is that loss—and thou wert blest to die!
Thou might'st have lived to dark and evil years,
To mourn thy people changed, thy skies o'ercast;
But thy spring morn was all undimm'd by tears,
And thou wert loved and cherish'd to the last!
And thy young name, ne'er breathed in ruder tone,
Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief alone.

XXI.

Daughter of Kings! from that high sphere look down,
Where still in hope, affection's thoughts may rise;
Where dimly shines to thee that mortal crown,
Which earth display'd to claim thee from the skies.
Look down! and if thy spirit yet retain
Memory of aught that once was fondly dear,
Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that mourn in vain,
And, in their hours of loneliness—be near!
Blest was thy lot e'en here—and one faint sigh,
Oh! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss eternity!

Nov. 23, 1817.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE BASVIGLIANA OF MONTI.

FROM SISMONDI'S "LITTERATURE DU MIDI."

Vincenzo Monti, a native of Ferrara, is acknowledged, by the unanimous consent of the Italians, as the greatest of their living poets. Irritable, impassioned, variable to excess, he is always actuated by the impulse of the moment. Whatever he feels, is felt with the most enthusiastic vehemence. He sees the objects of his thoughts—they are present, and clothed with life—before him, and a flexible and harmonious language is always at his command to paint them with the richest colouring. Persuaded that poetry is only another species of painting, he makes the art of the poet consist in rendering apparent to the eyes of all the pictures created by his imagination for himself; and he permits not a verse to escape him which does not contain an image. Deeply impressed by the study of Dante, he has restored to the character of Italian poetry those severe and exalted beauties by which it was distinguished at its birth; and he proceeds from one picture to another with a grandeur and dignity peculiar to himself. It is extraordinary

that, with something so lofty in his manner and style of writing, the heart of so impassioned a character should not be regulated by principles of greater consistency. In many other poets, this defect might pass unobserved: but circumstances have thrown the fullest light upon the versatility of Monti; and his glory, as a poet, is attached to works which display him in continual opposition to himself. Writing in the midst of the various Italian revolutions, he has constantly chosen political subjects for his compositions, and he has successively celebrated opposite parties in proportion to their success. Let us suppose, in his justification, that he composes as an improvisatore, and that his feelings, becoming highly excited by the given theme, he seizes the political ideas it suggests, however foreign they may be to his individual sentiments.[1] In these political poems—the object and purport of which are so different—the invention and manner are, perhaps, but too similar. The *Basvigliana*, or poem on the death of Basville, is the most celebrated; but, since its appearance, it has been discovered that Monti,

[1] The observation of a French author (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes*) on the general versatility of poets, seems so peculiarly appropriate to the character of Monti, that it might almost be supposed to have been written for the express purpose of such an application. — "Le cerveau d'un poète est d'une cire molle et flexible, où s'imprime naturellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit, et l'alimente. La muse du chant n'a pas de partie; c'est une étourdie sans consequence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d'arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifferement Titus et Thamask, Louis 12me et Cromwell, Christine de Suéde, et Stanchon la Vielleuse.

who always imitated Dante, has now also very frequently imitated himself.

Hugh Basville was the French Envoy who was put to death at Rome by the people, for attempting, at the beginning of the Revolution, to excite a sedition against the Pontifical government. Monti, who was then the poet of the Pope, as he has since been of the Republic, supposes that, at the moment of Basville's death, he is saved by a sudden repentance, from the condemnation which his philosophical principles had merited. But, as a punishment for his guilt, and a substitute for the pains of purgatory, he is condemned by Divine Justice to traverse France, until the crimes of that country have received their due chastisement, and doomed to contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed, by assisting to extend the progress of the Revolution.

An angel of heaven conducts Basville from province to province, that he may behold the desolation of his lovely country. He then conveys him to Paris, and makes him witness the sufferings and death of Louis XVI., and afterwards shows him the Allied armies prepared to burst upon France, and avenge the blood of her king. The poem concludes before the issue of the contest is known. It is divided into four cantos of three hundred lines each, and written in *terza rima*, like the poem of Dante. Not only many expressions, epithets, and lines, are borrowed from the Divine Comedy, but the invention itself is similar. An angel conducts Basville through the suffering world; and this faithful guide, who consoles and supports the *spectator-hero* of the poem, acts precisely the same part which is per-

formed by Virgil in Dante. Basville himself, thinks, feels, and suffers, exactly as Dante would have done. Monti has not preserved any traces of his revolutionary character; he describes him as feeling more pity than remorse, and he seems to forget, in thus identifying himself with his hero, that he has at first represented Basville, and perhaps without foundation, as an infidel and a ferocious revolutionist. The *Basvigliana* is, perhaps, more remarkable than any other poem for the majesty of its verse, the sublimity of its expression, and the richness of its colouring. In the first canto, the spirit of Basville thus takes leave of the body:—

Sleep, O beloved companion of my woes,
Rest thou in deep and undisturb'd repose;
Till, at the last great day, from slumber's bed,
Heaven's trumpet-summons shall awake the dead.

Be the earth light upon thee, mild the shower,
And soft the breeze's wing, till that dread hour;
Nor let the wand'rer, passing o'er thee, breathe
Words of keen insult to the dust beneath.

Sleep thou in peace! beyond the funeral pyre,
There live no flames of vengeance or of ire,
And 'midst high hearts I leave thee, on a shore,
Where mercy's home hath been from days of yore.

Thus, to its earthly form, the spirit cried,
Then turn'd to follow its celestial guide,
But with a downcast mien, a pensive sigh,
A ling'ring step, and oft-reverted eye—

As when a child's reluctant feet obey
Its mother's voice, and slowly leave its play.

Night o'er the earth her dewy veil had cast,
When from th' eternal city's towers they pass'd,
And rising in their flight, on that proud dome,
Whose walls enshrine the guardian saint of Rome,
Lo! where a cherub-form sublimely tower'd,
But dreadful in his glory! sternly lower'd
Wrath in his kingly aspect: One he seem'd
Of the bright seven, whose dazzling splendour beam'd
On high amidst the burning lamps of heaven,
Seen in the dread, o'erwhelming visions given
To the wrapt seer of Patmos. Wheels of fire
Seem'd his fierce eyes, all kindling in their ire,
And his loose tresses, floating as he stood,
A comet's glare, presaging woe and blood.
He waved his sword; its red, terrific light,
With fearful radiance tinged the clouds of night,
While his left hand sustain'd a shield so vast,
Far o'er the Vatican beneath was cast
Its broad, protecting shadow. As the plume
Of the strong eagle spreads in sheltering gloom
O'er its young brood, as yet untaught to soar;
And while, all trembling at the whirlwind's roar,
Each humbler bird shrinks cowering in its nest,
Beneath that wing of power, and ample breast,
They sleep unheeding; while the storm on high
Breaks not their calm and proud security.

In the Second Canto, Basville enters Paris with his angelic guide, at the moment preceding the execution of Louis XVI.

The air was heavy, and the brooding skies
Look'd fraught with omens, as to harmonize
With his pale aspect. Through the forest round
Not a leaf whisper'd—and the only sound
That broke the stillness was a streamlet's moan
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plaintive tone,
As if a storm within the woodland bowers
Were gathering. On they moved—and lo! the towers
Of a far city! Nearer now they drew;
And all reveal'd, expanding on their view,
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and woes—
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose!

* * * * *

In the dark mantle of a cloud array'd,
Viewless and hush'd, the angel and the shade
Enter'd that evil city. Onward pass'd
The heavenly being first, with brow o'ercast
And troubled mien, while in his glorious eyes
Tears had obscured the splendour of the skies.
Pale with dismay, the trembling spirit saw
That alter'd aspect, and, in breathless awe,
Mark'd the strange silence round. The deep-toned swell
Of life's full tide was hush'd; the sacred bell,
The clamorous anvil, mute; all sounds were fled
Of labour or of mirth, and in their stead
Terror and stillness, boding signs of woe,
Enquiring glances, rumours whisper'd low,
Questions half-utter'd, jealous looks that keep
A fearful watch around, and sadness deep

That weighs upon the heart; and voices, heard
At intervals, in many a broken word—
Voices of mothers, trembling as they press'd
Th' unconscious infant closer to their breast;
Voices of wives, with fond imploring cries,
And the wild eloquence of tears and sighs,
On their own thresholds striving to detain
Their fierce impatient lords; but weak and vain
Affection's gentle bonds, in that dread hour
Of fate and fury—Love hath lost his power!
For evil spirits are abroad, the air
Breathes of their influence; Druid phantoms there,
Fired by that thirst for victims, which of old
Raged in their bosoms, fierce and uncontroll'd,
Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey
The deepest crime that e'er hath dimm'd the day.
Blood, human blood, hath stain'd their vests and hair,
On the winds tossing, with a sanguine glare,
Scattering red showers around them! flaming brands
And serpent scourges in their restless hands
Are wildly shaken; others lift on high
The steel, th' envenom'd bowl, and hurrying by
With touch of fire, contagious fury dart
Through human veins, fast kindling to the heart.
Then comes the rush of crowds! restrain'd no more,
Fast from each home the frenzied inmates pour:
From every heart affrighted mercy flies,
While her soft voice amidst the tumult dies.
Then the earth trembles, as from street to street
The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening feet,
The roll of wheels, all mingling in the breeze,
Come deepening onward, as the swell of seas

Heard at the dead of midnight; or the moan
Of distant tempests, or the hollow tone
Of the far thunder! Then what feelings press'd,
O wretched Basville! on thy guilty breast;
What pangs were thine, thus fated to behold
Death's awful banner to the winds unfold!
To see the axe, the scaffold, raised on high,
The dark impatience of the murderer's eye,
Eager for crime! And he, the great, the good,
Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for blood
Dragg'd to a felon's death! Yet still his mien,
'Midst that wild throng, is loftily serene;
And his step falters not. O, hearts unmoved!
Where have you borne your monarch?—He who loved—
Loved you so well!—Behold! the sun grows pale,
Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil;
The misty air is silent, as in dread,
And the dim sky, with shadowy gloom o'erspread,
While saints and martyrs, spirits of the blest,
Look down, all weeping, from their bowers of rest.

* * * * * *

In that dread moment, to the fatal pile
The regal victim came; and raised the while
His patient glance, with such an aspect high,
So firm, so calm, in holy majesty,
That e'en th' assassins' hearts a moment shook
Before the grandeur of that kingly look;
And a strange thrill of pity, half-renew'd,
Ran through the bosoms of the multitude.

* * * * *

Like Him, who, breathing mercy till the last,
Pray'd till the bitterness of death was past:
E'en for his murderers pray'd, in that dark hour
When his soul yielded to affliction's power;
And the winds bore his dying cry abroad—
"Hast thou forsaken me, my God! my God?"
E'en thus the monarch stood; his prayer arose,
Thus calling down forgiveness on his foes—
"To thee my spirit I commend," he cried;
"And my lost people, Father! be their guide!"

* * * * * *

But the sharp steel descends—the blow is given,
And answer'd by a thunder-peal from heaven;
Earth, stain'd with blood, convulsive terrors owns,
And her kings tremble on their distant thrones!

THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI.

The *Alcestis* of Alfieri is said to have been the last tragedy he composed, and is distinguished to a remarkable degree by that tenderness of which his former works present so few examples. It would appear as if the pure and exalted affection by which the impetuosity of his fiery spirit was ameliorated during the latter years of his life, had impressed its whole character on this work, as a record of that domestic happiness in whose bosom his heart at length found a resting-place. Most of his earlier writings

bear witness to that "fever at the core," that burning impatience of restraint, and those incessant and untameable aspirations after a wider sphere of action, by which his youth was consumed; but the poetry of *Alcestis* must find its echo in every heart which has known the power of domestic ties, or felt the bitterness of their dissolution. The interest of the piece, however, though entirely domestic, is not for a moment allowed to languish, nor does the conjugal affection, which forms the main-spring of the action, ever degenerate into the pastoral insipidity of Metastasio. The character of Alcestis herself, with all its lofty fortitude, heroic affection, and subdued anguish, powerfully recalls to our imagination the calm and tempered majesty distinguishing the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, in which the expression of mental or bodily suffering is never allowed to transgress the limits of beauty and sublimity. The union of dignity and affliction impressing more than earthly grandeur on the countenance of Niobe, would be, perhaps, the best illustration of this analogy.

The following scene, in which Alcestis announces to Pheres, the father of Admetus, the terms upon which the oracle of Delphos has declared that his son may be restored, has seldom been surpassed by the author, even in his most celebrated productions. It is, however, to be feared that little of its beauty can be transferred into a translation, as the severity of a style so completely devoid of imagery, must render it dependent for many incommunicable attractions upon the melody of the original language.

ACT I.—Scene II.

Alcestis, Pheres.

Alc. Weep thou no more: O! monarch, dry thy tears,
For know, he shall not die; not now shall Fate
Bereave thee of thy son.
Phe. What mean thy words?
Hath then Apollo—is there then a hope?
Alc. Yes! hope for *thee*—hope, by the voice announced
From the prophetic cave. Nor would I yield
To other lips the tidings, meet alone
For thee to hear from mine.
Phe. But say! oh! say,
Shall then my son be spared?
Alc. He shall, to *thee*.
Thus hath Apollo said—Alcestis thus
Confirms the oracle—be thou secure.
Phe. O sounds of joy! He lives!
Alc. But not for this,
Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger Joy
Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.
Phe. Can there be grief when from his bed of death
Admetus rises? What deep mystery lurks
Within thy words? What mean'st thou? Gracious Heaven!
Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who hear'st
The tidings of his safety, and dost bear

Transport and life in that glad oracle
To his despairing sire; thy cheek is tinged
With death, and on thy pure ingenuous brow,
To the brief lightning of a sudden joy,
Shades dark as night succeed, and thou art wrapt
In troubled silence—speak! oh, speak!

Alc. The gods
Themselves have limitations to their power
Impassable, eternal—and their will
Resists not the tremendous laws of fate:
Nor small the boon they grant thee in the life
Of thy restored Admetus.

Phe. In thy looks
There is expression, more than in thy words,
Which thrills my shuddering heart. Declare, what terms
Can render fatal to thyself and us,
The rescued life of him thy soul adores?

Alc. O father! could my silence aught avail
To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,
Still should it rest unheard, till all fulfill'd
Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the wish;
And since too soon, too well it must be known,
Hear it from me.

Phe. Throughout my curdling veins
Runs a cold, death-like horror; and I feel
I am not all a father. In my heart
Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,
O fair and high-soul'd consort of my son!
More than a daughter; and thine infant race,
The cherish'd hope and glory of my age;
And, unimpair'd by time, within my breast,

High, holy, and unalterable love
For her, the partner of my cares and joys,
Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink thee, then,
In what suspense, what agony of fear,
I wait thy words; for well, too well, I see
Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries,
To some one of my race.

Alc. Death hath his rights,
Of which not e'en the great Supernal Powers
May hope to rob him. By his ruthless hand,
Already seized, the noble victim lay,
The heir of empire, in his glowing prime
And noonday, struck:—Admetus, the revered,
The bless'd, the loved, by all who own'd his sway—
By his illustrious parents, by the realms
Surrounding his,—and oh! what need to add,
How much by his Alcestis?—Such was he,
Already in th' unsparing grasp of death
Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence
Hath snatch'd him, and another in his stead,
Though not an equal—(who can equal him?)
Must fall a voluntary sacrifice.
Another, of his lineage or to him
By closest bonds united, must descend
To the dark realm of Orcus in *his* place,
Who thus alone is saved.

Phe. What do I hear?
Woe to us, woe!—what victim?—who shall be
Accepted in his stead?

Alc. The dread exchange
E'en now, O father! hath been made; the prey
Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him

For whom 'tis freely offer'd. Nor wilt thou,
O mighty goddess of th' infernal shades!
Whose image sanctifies this threshold floor,
Disdain the victim.

Phe. All prepared the prey!
And to our blood allied! O Heaven!—and yet
Thou bad'st me weep no more!

Alc. Yes! thus I said,
And thus again I say, thou shalt not weep
Thy son's, nor I deplore my husband's doom.
Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe
Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be heard
Than those *his* death had caused.—With some few tears,
But grief, and mingled with a gleam of joy,
E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,
The victim shall be honour'd who resign'd
Life for Admetus.—Would'st thou know the prey,
The vow'd, the willing, the devoted one,
Offer'd and hallow'd to th' infernal gods,
Father!—'t is I.

Phe. What hast thou done? O Heaven!
What hast thou done?—And think'st thou he is saved
By such a compact?—Think'st thou he can live
Bereft of thee?—Of thee, his light of life,
His very soul!—Of thee, beloved far more
Than his loved parents—than his children more—
More than himself?—Oh! no, it shall not be!
Thou perish, O Alcestis! in the flower
Of thy young beauty!—perish, and destroy
Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,
Who as a child adore thee! Desolate

Would be the throne, the kingdom, reft of thee.
And think'st thou not of those whose tender years
Demand thy care?—thy children! think of them!
O thou, the source of each domestic joy,
Thou, in whose life alone Admetus lives,
His glory, his delight, thou shalt not die
While I can die for thee!—Me, me alone,
The oracle demands—a wither'd stem,
Whose task, whose duty, is for him to die.
My race is run—the fulness of my years,
The faded hopes of age, and all the love
Which hath its dwelling in a father's heart,
And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,
Inspired by thee, whose youth with heavenly
So richly is endow'd;—all, all unite
To grave in adamant the just decree,
That I must die. But thou, I bid thee live!
Pheres commands thee, O Alcestis—live!
Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love surpass
An aged sire's devotedness.

Alc. I know
Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love;
Pheres, I know them well, and not in vain
Strove to anticipate their high resolves.
But if in silence I have heard thy words,
Now calmly list to mine, and thou shalt own
They may not be withstood.

Phe. What canst thou say
Which I should hear? I go, resolved to save
Him who with thee would perish;—to the shrine
E'en now I fly.

Alc. Stay, stay thee! 'tis too late.

Already hath consenting Proserpine,
From the remote abysses of her realms,
Heard and accepted the terrific vow
Which binds me, with indissoluble ties,
To death. And I am firm, and well I know
None can deprive me of the awful right
That vow hath won.

* * * * * *

Yes! thou may'st weep my fate:
Mourn for me, father! but thou canst not blame
My lofty purpose. Oh! the more endear'd
My life by every tie—the more I feel
Death's bitterness, the more my sacrifice
Is worthy of Admetus. I descend
To the dim shadowy regions of the dead
A guest more honour'd.

* * * * * *

In thy presence here
Again I utter the tremendous vow,
Now more than half fulfill'd. I feel, I know
Its dread effects. Through all my burning veins
Th' insatiate fever revels. Doubt is o'er.
The Monarch of the Dead hath heard—he calls,
He summons me away—and thou art saved,
O my Admetus!

In the opening of the third act, Alcestis enters, with her son Eumeles, and her daughter, to complete the sacrifice by dying at the feet of Proserpine's statue. The following scene ensues between her and Admetus.

Alc. Here, O my faithful handmaids! at the feet
Of Proserpine's dread image spread my couch,
For I myself e'en now must offer here
The victim she requires. And you, meanwhile,
My children! seek your sire. Behold him there,
Sad, silent, and alone. But through his veins
Health's genial current flows once more, as free
As in his brightest days: and he shall live—
Shall live for you. Go, hang upon his neck,
And with your innocent encircling arms
Twine round him fondly.

Eum. Can it be indeed,
Father, loved father! that we see thee thus
Restored? What joy is ours!

Adm. There is no joy!
Speak not of joy! away, away! my grief
Is wild and desperate; cling to me no more!
I know not of affection, and I feel
No more a father.

Eum. Oh! what words are these?
Are we no more thy children? Are we not
Thine own? Sweet sister! twine around his neck
More close; he must return the fond embrace.

Adm. O children! O my children! to my soul
Your innocent words and kisses are as darts
That pierce it to the quick. I can no more
Sustain the bitter conflict. Every sound
Of your soft accents but too well recalls
The voice which was the music of my life.
Alcestis! my Alcestis!—was she not
Of all her sex the flower? Was woman e'er
Adored like her before? Yet this is she,

The cold of heart, th' ungrateful, who hath left
Her husband and her infants! This is she,
O my deserted children! who at once
Bereaves you of your parents.

Alc. Woe is me!
I hear the bitter and reproachful cries
Of my despairing lord. With life's last powers,
O! let me strive to soothe him still. Approach,
My handmaids, raise me, and support my steps
To the distracted mourner. Bear me hence,
That he may hear and see me.

Adm. Is it thou?
And do I see thee still? and com'st thou thus
To comfort me, Alcestis? Must I hear
The dying accents *thus?* Alas! return
To thy sad couch, return! 'tis meet for me
There by thy side for ever to remain.

Alc. For me thy care is vain. Though meet for thee—

Adm. O voice! O looks of death! are these, are *these,*
Thus darkly shrouded with mortality,
The eyes that were the sunbeams and the life
Of my fond soul? Alas! how faint a ray
Falls from their faded orbs, so brilliant once,
Upon my drooping brow! How heavily
With what a weight of death thy languid voice
Sinks on my heart! too faithful far, too fond.
Alcestis! thou art dying—and for me!

* * * *

Alcestis! and thy feeble hand supports
With its last power, supports my sinking head,

E'en now, while death is on thee! Oh! the touch
Rekindles tenfold frenzy in my heart:
I rush, I fly impetuous to the shrine,
The image of yon ruthless Deity,
Impatient for her prey. Before thy death,
There, there, I too, self-sacrificed, will fall.

* * * *

Vain is each obstacle—In vain the gods
Themselves would check my fury—I am lord
Of my own days—and thus I swear—
Alc. Yes! swear
Admetus! for thy children to sustain
The load of life. All other impious vows,
Which thou, a rebel to the sovereign will
Of those who rule on high, might'st dare to form
Within thy breast; thy lip, by them enchain'd,
Would vainly seek to utter.—See'st thou not,
It is from them the inspiration flows,
Which in my language breathes? They lend me power,
They bid me through thy strengthen'd soul transfuse
High courage, noble constancy. Submit,
Bow down to them thy spirit. Be thou calm;
Be near me. Aid me. In the dread extreme
To which I now approach, from whom but thee
Should comfort be derived? Afflict me not,
In such an hour, with anguish worse than death,
O faithful and beloved, support me still!

* * * *

The choruses with which this tragedy is interspersed, are distinguished for their melody and clas-

sic beauty. The following translation will give our readers a faint idea of the one by which the third act is concluded.

Alc. My children! all is finish'd. Now, farewell!
To thy fond care, O Pheres! I commit
My widow'd lord: forsake him not.
Eum. Alas!
Sweet mother! wilt thou leave us? from thy side
Are we for ever parted?
Phe. Tears forbid
All utterance of our woes. Bereft of sense,
More lifeless than the dying victim, see
The desolate Admetus. Farther yet,
Still farther, let us bear him from the sight
Of his Alcestis.
Alc. O my handmaids! still
Lend me your pious aid, and thus compose
With sacred modesty these torpid limbs
When death's last pang is o'er.

Chorus.

Alas! how weak
Her struggling voice! that last keen pang is near.
Peace, mourners, peace!
Be hush'd, be silent, in this hour of dread!
Our cries would but increase
The sufferer's pangs; let tears unheard be shed.
Cease, voice of weeping, cease!
Sustain, O friend!
Upon thy faithful breast,
The head that sinks with mortal pain opprest!

And thou assistance lend
To close the languid eye,
Still beautiful in life's last agony.
Alas! how long a strife!
What anguish struggles in the parting breath
Ere yet immortal life
Be won by death!
Death! death! thy work complete!
Let thy sad hour be fleet,
Speed, in thy mercy, the releasing sigh!
No more keen pangs impart
To her, the high in heart,
Th' adored Alcestis, worthy ne'er to die.

Chorus of Admetus.

'Tis not enough, oh no!
To hide the scene of anguish from his eyes;
Still must our silent band
Around him watchful stand,
And on the mourner ceaseless care bestow,
That his ear catch not grief's funereal cries.
Yet, yet hope is not dead,
All is not lost below,
While yet the gods have pity on our woe.
Oft when all joy is fled,
Heaven lends support to those
Who on its care in pious hope repose.
Then to the blessed skies
Let our submissive prayers in chorus rise.
Pray! bow the knee, and pray!
What other task have mortals, born to tears,

Whom fate controls with adamantine sway?
O ruler of the spheres!
Jove! Jove! enthroned immortally on high,
Our supplication hear!
Nor plunge in bitterest woes
Him, who nor footstep moves nor lifts his eye
But as a child, which only knows
Its father to revere.

IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA;

A TRAGEDY.

BY ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Francesco Bussone, the son of a peasant in Carmagnola, from whence his *nom de guerre* was derived, was born in the year 1390. Whilst yet a boy, and employed in the care of flocks and herds, the lofty character of his countenance was observed by a soldier of fortune, who invited the youth to forsake his rustic occupations, and accompany him to the busier scenes of the camp. His persuasions were successful, and Francesco entered with him into the service of Facino Cane, Lord of Alessandria. At the time when Facino died, leaving fourteen cities acquired by conquest to Beatrice di Tenda, his wife, Francesco di Carmagnola was amongst the most distinguished of his captains. Beatrice afterwards marrying Philip Visconti, Duke of Milan (who rewarded her by an igno-

minious death for the regal dowry she had conferred upon him), Carmagnola entered his army at the same time, and having, by his eminent services, firmly established the tottering power of that prince, received from him the title of Count, and was placed at the head of all his forces. The natural caprice and ingratitude of Philip's disposition, however, at length prevailed, and Carmagnola, disgusted with the evident proof of his wavering friendship and doubtful faith, left his service and his terrritories, and after a variety of adventures, took refuge in Venice. Thither the treachery of the Duke pursued him, and emissaries were employed to procure his assassination. The plot, however, proved abortive, and Carmagnola was elected captain-general of the Venetian armies, during the league formed by that republic against the Duke of Milan. The war was at first carried on with much spirit and success, and the battle of Maclodio, gained by Carmagnola, was one of the most important and decisive actions of those times. The night after the combat, the victorious soldiers gave liberty to almost all their prisoners. The Venetian envoys having made a complaint on this subject to the Count, he enquired what was become of the captives; and upon being informed that all, except four hundred, had been set free, he gave orders that the remaining ones also should be released immediately, according to the custom which prevailed amongst the armies of those days, the object of which was to prevent a speedy termination of the war. This proceeding of Carmagnola's occasioned much distrust and irritation in the minds of the Venetian rulers, and their displeasure was

increased when the armada of the republic, commanded by Il Trevisani, was defeated upon the Po, without any attempt in its favour having been made by the Count. The failure of their attempt upon Cremona was also imputed to him as a crime, and the Senate, resolving to free themselves from a powerful chief, now become an object of suspicion, after many deliberations on the best method of carrying their designs into effect, at length determined to invite him to Venice, under pretence of consulting him on their negotiations for peace. He obeyed their summons without hesitation or mistrust, and was every where received with extraordinary honours during the course of his journey. On his arrival at Venice, and before he entered his own house, eight gentlemen were sent to meet him, by whom he was escorted to St. Mark's Place. When he was introduced into the ducal palace, his attendants were dismissed, and informed that he would be in private with the Doge for a considerable time. He was arrested in the palace, then examined by the Secret Council, put to the torture, which a wound he had received in the service of the Republic rendered still more agonizing, and condemned to death. On the 5th May, 1432, he was conducted to execution, with his mouth gagged, and beheaded between the two columns of St. Mark's Place. With regard to the innocence or guilt of this distinguished character, there exists no authentic information. The author of the tragedy, which we are about to analyse, has chosen to represent him as entirely innocent, and probability at least is on this side. It is possible, that the haughtiness of an aspiring warrior, accustomed to

command, and impatient of controls, might have been the principal cause of offence to the Venetians; or perhaps their jealousy was excited by his increasing power over the minds of an obedient army; and, not considering it expedient to displace him, they resolved upon his destruction.

This tragedy, which is formed upon the model of the English and German drama, comprises the history of Carmagnola's life, from the day on which he was made commander of the Venetian armies to that of his execution, thus embracing a period of about seven years. The extracts we are about to present to our readers, will enable them to form their own opinion of a piece which has excited so much attention in Italy. The first act opens in Venice, in the hall of the Senate. The Doge proposes that the Count di Carmagnola should be consulted on the projected league between the Republic and the Florentines, against the Duke of Milan. To this all agree; and the Count is introduced. He begins by justifying his conduct from the imputations to which it might be liable, in consequence of his appearing as the enemy of the Prince whom he had so recently served:—

——— He cast me down
From the high place my blood had dearly won,
And when I sought his presence, to appeal
For justice there, 'twas vain! my foes had form'd
Around his throne a barrier; e'en my life
Became the mark of hatred, but in this
Their hopes have fail'd—I gave them not the time.
My life!—I stand prepared to yield it up

On the proud field, and in some noble cause
For glory well exchanged; but not a prey,
Not to be caught ignobly in the toils
Of those I scorn. I left him, and obtain'd
With you a place of refuge; yet e'en here
His snares were cast around me. Now all ties
Are broke between us; to an open foe,
An open foe I come. ——

He then gives counsel in favour of war, and retires, leaving the senate engaged in deliberation. War is resolved upon, and he is elected commander. The fourth scene represents the house of Carmagnola. His soliloquy is noble; but its character is much more that of English than of Italian poetry, and may be traced, without difficulty, to the celebrated monologue of Hamlet.

A leader—or a fugitive!—to drag
Slow years along in idle vacancy,
As a worn veteran living on the fame
Of former deeds: to offer humble prayers
And blessings for protection—owing all
Yet left me of existence to the might
Of other swords, dependent on some arm
Which soon may cast me off—or on the field
To breathe once more, to feel the tide of life
Rush proudly through my veins—to hail again
My lofty star, and at the trumpet's voice
To wake! to rule! to conquer!—Which must be
My fate, this hour decides. And yet, if peace
Should be the choice of Venice, shall I cling
Still poorly to ignoble safety here,

Secluded as a homicide, who cowers
Within a temple's precincts? Shall not he
Who made a kingdom's fate, control his own?
Is there not one among the many lords
Of this divided Italy—not one
With soul enough to envy that bright crown
Encircling Philip's head? And know they not
'Twas won by me from many a tyrant's grasp,
Snatch'd by my hand, and placed upon the brow
Of that ingrate, from whom my spirit burns
Again to wrest it, and bestow the prize
On him who best shall call the prowess forth
Which slumbers in my arm?

Marco, a senator, and a friend of the Count, now arrives, and announces to him that war is resolved upon, and that he is appointed to the command of the armies, at the same time advising him to act with caution towards his enemies in the Republic.

Car. Think'st thou I know not whom to deem
my foes?
Ay, I could number all.
Mar. And know'st thou, too,
What fault hath made them such?—'Tis, that thou
art
So high above them; 'tis, that thy disdain
Doth meet them undisguised. As yet not one
Hath done thee wrong; but who, when so resolved,
Finds not his time to injure?—In thy thoughts,
Save when they cross thy path, no place is theirs;
But they remember *thee*. The high in soul

Scorn and forget; but to the grovelling heart
There is delight in hatred. Rouse it not,
Subdue it, while the power is yet thine own.
I counsel no vile arts, from which my soul
Revolts indignantly—thou know'st it well;
But there is yet a wisdom, not unmeet
For the most lofty nature,—there is power
Of winning meaner minds, without descent
From the high spirit's glorious eminence,—
And would'st thou seek that magic, it were thine.

The first scene of the second act represents part of the Duke of Milan's camp near Maclodio. Malatesti, the commander-in-chief, and Pergola, a Condottiere of great distinction, are deliberating upon the state of the war. Pergola considers it imprudent to give battle, Malatesti is of a contrary opinion. They are joined by Sforza and Fortebraccio, who are impatient for action, and Torello, who endeavours to convince them of its inexpediency.

Sfo. Torello, didst thou mark the ardent soul
Which fires each soldier's eye?
Tor. I mark'd it well.
I heard th' impatient shout, th' exulting voice
Of Hope and Courage, and I turn'd aside,
That on my brow the warrior might not read
Th' involuntary thought, whose sudden gloom
Had cast deep shadows there. It was a thought,
That this vain semblance of delusive joy
Soon like a dream shall fade. It was a thought
On wasted valour doom'd to perish here.

* * * * *

For these—what boots it to disguise the truth?—
These are no wars in which, for all things loved,
And precious, and revered—for all the ties
Clinging around the heart—for those whose smile
Makes home so lovely—for his native land,
And for its laws, the patriot soldier fights!
These are no wars in which the chieftain's aim
Is but to station his devoted bands,
And theirs, thus fix'd—to die! It is *our* fate
To lead a hireling train, whose spirits breathe
Fury, not fortitude. With burning hearts
They rush where Victory smiling waves them on;
But if delay'd, if between flight and death,
Pausing they stand—is there no cause to doubt
What choice were theirs? And but too well our hearts
That choice might here foresee. Oh! evil times,
When for the leader, care augments, the more
Bright glory fades away!—Yet, once again,
This is no field for us.

After various debates, Malatesti resolves to attack the enemy. The fourth and fifth scenes of the second act represent the tent of the Count in the Venetian camp, and his preparations for battle. And here a magnificent piece of lyric poetry is introduced, in which the battle is described, and its fatal effects lamented, with all the feeling of a patriot and a Christian. It appears to us, however, that this ode, hymn, or chorus as the author has entitled it, striking as its effect may be in a separate recitation, produces a much less powerful impression in the situation it occu-

pies at present. It is even necessary, in order to appreciate its singular beauty, that it should be reperused, as a thing detached from the tragedy. The transition is too violent, in our opinion, from a tragic action, in which the characters are represented as clothed with existence, and passing before us with all their contending motives and feelings laid open to our inspection, to the comparative coldness of a lyric piece, where the author's imagination expatiates alone. The poet may have been led into this error by a definition of Schlegel's, who, speaking of the Greek choruses, gives it as his opinion, that "the chorus is to be considered as a personification of the moral thoughts inspired by the action—as the organ of the poet, who speaks in the name of the whole human race. The chorus, in short, is the *ideal* spectator."

But the fact was not exactly thus: The Greek chorus was composed of *real* characters, and expressed the sentiments of the people before whose eyes the action was imagined to be passing; thus the *true* spectator, after witnessing in representation the triumphs or misfortunes of kings and heroes, heard from the chorus the idea supposed to be entertained on the subject by the more enlightened part of the multitude. If the author, availing himself of his talent for lyric poetry, and varying the measure in conformity to the subject, had brought his chorus into action, introducing, for example, a veteran looking down upon the battle from an eminence, and describing its vicissitudes to the persons below, with whom he might interchange a variety of national and moral reflections, it appears to us that the dramatic effect would have

been considerably heightened, and the assertion that the Greek chorus is not compatible with the system of the modern drama, possibly disproved. We shall present our readers with the entire chorus of which we have spoken, as a piece to be read separately, and one to which the following title would be much more appropriate.

The Battle of Maclodio (or Macalo), an Ode.

Hark! from the right bursts forth a trumpet's sound,
A loud shrill trumpet from the left replies!
On every side hoarse echoes from the ground
To the quick tramp of steeds and warriors rise,
Hollow and deep—and banners, all around,
Meet hostile banners waving to the skies;
Here steel-clad bands in marshall'd order shine,
And there a host confronts their glittering line.

Lo! half the field already from the sight
Hath vanish'd, hid by closing groups of foes!
Swords crossing swords, flash lightning o'er the fight,
And the strife deepens, and the life-blood flows!
Oh! who are these? What stranger in his might
Comes bursting on the lovely land's repose?
What patriot hearts have nobly vow'd to save
Their native soil, or make its dust their grave?

One race, alas! these foes—one kindred race,
Were born and rear'd the same fair scenes among!
The stranger calls them brothers—and each face
That brotherhood reveals;—one common tongue

Dwells on their lips—the earth on which we trace
Their heart's blood—is the soil from whence they
sprung.
One mother gave them birth—this chosen land,
Circled with Alps and seas, by Nature's guardian hand.

O grief and horror! who the first could dare
Against a brother's breast the sword to wield?
What cause unhallow'd and accursed, declare,
Hath bathed with carnage this ignoble field?
Think'st thou they know?—they but inflict and share
Misery and death, the motive unreveal'd!
—Sold to a leader, sold *himself* to die,
With him they strive,—they fall—and ask not why.

But are there none who love them? Have they none—
No wives, no mothers, who might rush between,
And win with tears the husband and the son
Back to his home, from this polluted scene?
And they, whose hearts, when life's bright day is done,
Unfold to thoughts more solemn and serene,
Thoughts of the tomb; why cannot *they* assuage
The storms of passion with the voice of age?

Ask not!—the peasant at his cabin-door
Sits calmly pointing to the distant cloud
Which skirts th' horizon, menacing to pour
Destruction down o'er fields he hath not plough'd.
Thus, where no echo of the battle's roar
Is heard afar, even thus the reckless crowd,
In tranquil safety number o'er the slain,
Or tell of cities burning on the plain.

There may'st thou mark the boy, with earnest gaze
Fix'd on his mother's lips, intent to know
By names of insult, those, whom future days
Shall see him meet in arms, their deadliest foe.
There proudly many a glittering dame displays
Bracelet and zone, with radiant gems that glow,
By lovers, husbands, home in triumph borne,
From the sad brides of fallen warriors torn.

Woe to the victors and the vanquish'd, woe!
The earth is heap'd, is loaded with the slain;
Loud and more loud the cries of fury grow,
A sea of blood is swelling o'er the plain.
But from th' embattled front, already, lo!
A band recedes—it flies—all hope is vain,
And venal hearts, despairing of the strife,
Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,
Borne from the winnowing by the gales around,
Thus fly the vanquish'd, in their wild despair,
Chased, sever'd, scatter'd—o'er the ample ground.
But mightier bands, that lay in ambush there,
Burst on their flight—and hark! the deepening sound
Of fierce pursuit!—still nearer and more near,
The rush of war-steeds trampling in the rear.

The day is won!—they fall—disarm'd they yield,
Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant lying!
'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the field,
Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the dying?

Haste! let the tale of triumph be reveal'd!
E'en now the courier to his steed is flying,
He spurs—he speeds—with tidings of the day,
To rouse up cities in his lightning way.

Why pour ye forth from your deserted homes,
O eager multitudes! around him pressing?
Each hurrying where his breathless courser foams,
Each tongue, each eye, infatuate hope confessing!
Know ye not *whence* th' ill-omen'd herald comes,
And dare ye dream he comes with words of blessing?—
Brothers, by brothers slain, lie low and cold,—
Be ye content! the glorious tale is told.

I hear the voice of joy, th' exulting cry!
They deck the shrine, they swell the choral strains,
E'en now the homicides assail the sky
With pæans, which indignant Heaven disdains!—
But from the soaring Alps the stranger's eye
Looks watchful down on our ensanguined plains,
And, with the cruel rapture of a foe,
Numbers the mighty, stretch'd in death below.

Haste! form your lines again, ye brave and true!
Haste, haste! your triumphs and your joy suspending:
Th' invader comes, your banners raise anew,
Rush to the strife, your country's call attending!
Victors! why pause ye?—Are ye weak and few?—
Ay! such he deem'd you, and for *this* descending,
He waits you on the field ye know too well,
The same red war-field where your brethren fell.

O thou devoted land! that canst not rear
In peace thine offspring; thou, the lost and won,
The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear
Too narrow still for each contending son;
Receive the stranger, in his fierce career
Parting thy spoils! Thy chastening is begun!
And, wresting from thy kings the guardian sword,
Foes whom thou ne'er hadst wrong'd sit proudly at
thy board.

Are these infatuate too?—Oh! who hath known
A people e'er by guilt's vain triumph blest?
The wrong'd, the vanquish'd, suffer not alone,
Brief is that joy that swells th' oppressor's breast.
What though not yet his day of pride be flown,
Though yet Heaven's vengeance spare his haughty
crest,
Well hath it mark'd him—and decreed the hour,
When his last sigh shall own the terror of its power.

Are we not creatures of one hand divine,
Form'd in one mould, to one redemption born?
Kindred alike where'er our skies may shine,
Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn?
Brothers! one bond around our souls should twine,
And woe to him by whom that bond is torn!
Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to earth,
Who bows down spirits of immortal birth!

The third act, which passes entirely in the tent of the Count, is composed of long discourses between Carmagnola and the Venetian envoys. One of these requires him to pursue the fugitives after his victory,

which he haughtily refuses to do, declaring that he will not leave the field until he has gained possession of the surrounding fortresses. Another complains that the Condottieri and the soldiers have released their prisoners, to which he replies, that it is an established military custom; and, sending for the remaining four hundred captives, he gives them their liberty also. This act, which terminates with the suspicious observations of the envoys on Carmagnola's conduct, is rather barren of interest, though the episode of the younger Pergola, which we shall lay before our readers, is happily imagined.

As the prisoners are departing, the Count observes the younger Pergola, and stops him.

Car. Thou art not, youth!
One to be number'd with the vulgar crowd.
Thy garb, and more, thy towering mien, would speak
Of nobler parentage. Yet with the rest
Thou minglest, and art silent!
Per. Silence best,
O chief! befits the vanquish'd.
Car. Bearing up
Against thy fate thus proudly, thou art proved
Worthy a better star. Thy name?
Per. 'T is one
Whose heritage doth impose no common task
On him that bears it. One, which to adorn
With brighter blazonry were hard emprize.
My name is Pergola.
Car. And art thou then
That warrior's son?
Per. I am.

Car. Approach! embrace
Thy father's early friend! What thou art now
I was, when first we met. Oh! thou dost bring
Back on my heart remembrance of the days,
The young, and joyous, and adventurous days
Of hope and ardour. And despond not thou!
My dawn, 'tis true, with brighter omens smiled,
But still fair Fortune's glorious promises
Are for the brave, and though delay'd awhile,
She soon or late fulfils them. Youth! salute
Thy sire for me; and say, though not of *thee*
I ask'd it, yet my heart is well assured
He counsell'd not this battle.

Per. Oh! he gave
Far other counsels, but his fruitless words
Were spoken to the winds.

Car. Lament thou not.
Upon his chieftain's head the shame will rest
Of this defeat; and he who firmly stood
Fix'd at his post of peril, hath begun
A soldier's race full nobly. Follow me,
I will restore thy sword.

The fourth act is occupied by the machinations of the Count's enemies at Venice; and the jealous and complicated policy of that Republic, and the despotic authority of the Council of Ten, are skilfully developed in many of the scenes.

The first scene of the fifth act opens at Venice in the hall of the Council of Ten. Carmagnola is consulted by the Doge on the terms of peace offered by the Duke of Milan. His advice is received with

disdain, and after various insults he is accused of treason. His astonishment and indignation at this unexpected charge are expressed with all the warmth and simplicity of innocence.

Car. A traitor! I!—that name of infamy
Reaches not me. Let him the title bear
Who best deserves such meed—it is not mine.
Call me a dupe, and I may well submit,
For such my part is here; yet would I not
Exchange that name, for 'tis the worthiest still.
A traitor!—I retrace in thought the time,
When for your cause I fought; 'tis all one path
Strew'd o'er with flowers. Point out the day on which
A traitor's deeds were mine; the day which pass'd
Unmark'd by thanks, and praise, and promises
Of high reward! What more? Behold me here!
And when I came to seeming honour call'd,
When in my heart most deeply spoke the voice
Of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting faith—
Of trusting faith!—Oh, no! Doth he who comes
Th' invited guest of friendship, dream of faith?
I came to be ensnared! Well! it is done,
And be it so! but since deceitful hate
Hath thrown at length her smiling mask aside,
Praise be to Heaven! an open field at least
Is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to speak,
Mine to defend my cause; declare ye then
My treasons!

Doge. By the secret college soon
All shall be told thee.

Car. I appeal not there.

What I have done for you hath all been done
In the bright noonday, and its tale shall not
Be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds
Warriors alone should judge; and such I choose
To be mine arbiters; my proud defence
Shall not be made in secret. All shall hear.
Doge. The time for choice is past.
Car. What! Is there force
Employ'd against me?—Guards! (*raising his voice.*)
Doge. They are not nigh.
Soldiers! (*enter armed men.*)
Thy guards are these.
Car. I am betray'd!
Doge. 'T was then a thought of wisdom to disperse
Thy followers. Well and justly was it deem'd
That the bold traitor, in his plots surprised,
Might prove a rebel too.
Car. E'en as ye list,
Now be it yours to charge me.
Doge. Bear him hence,
Before the secret college.
Car. Hear me yet
One moment first. That ye have doom'd my death
I well perceive; but with that death ye doom
Your own eternal shame. Far o'er these towers
Beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats
The banner of the Lion, in its pride
Of conquering power, and well doth Europe know
I bore it thus to empire. *Here*, 'tis true,
No voice will speak men's thoughts; but far beyond
The limits of your sway, in other scenes,
Where that still, speechless terror hath not reach'd,

Which is your sceptre's attribute, my deeds,
And your reward, will live in chronicles
For ever to endure. Yet, yet, respect
Your annals, and the future! Ye will need
A warrior soon, and who will then be yours?
Forget not, though your captive now I stand,
I was not born your subject. No! my birth
Was 'midst a warlike people, one in soul,
And watchful o'er its rights, and used to deem
The honour of each citizen its own.
Think ye this outrage will be there unheard?
There is some treachery here. Our common foes
Have urged you on to this. Full well ye know
I have been faithful still. There yet is time.

Doge. The time is past. When thou didst meditate
Thy guilt, and in thy pride of heart defy
Those destined to chastise it, then the hour
Of foresight should have been.

Car. O mean in soul!
And dost thou dare to think a warrior's breast
For worthless life can tremble? Thou shalt soon
Learn how to die. Go! When the hour of fate
On thy vile couch o'ertakes thee, thou wilt meet
Its summons with far other mien than such
As I shall bear to ignominious death.

SCENE II. — *The House of* CARMAGNOLA.

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA.

Mat. The hours fly fast, the morn is risen, and yet
My father comes not!

Ant. Ah! thou hast not learn'd

By sad experience, with how slow a pace
Joys ever come; expected long, and oft
Deceiving expectation! while the steps
Of grief o'ertake us, ere we dream them nigh.
But night is past, the long and lingering hours
Of hope deferr'd are o'er, and those of bliss
Must soon succeed. A few short moments more,
And he is with us. E'en from this delay
I augur well. A council held so long
Must be to give us peace. He will be ours,
Perhaps for years our own.
Mat. O mother! thus
My hopes too whisper. Nights enough in tears,
And days in all the sickness of suspense
Our anxious love hath pass'd. It is full time
That each sad moment, at each rumour'd tale,
Each idle murmur of the people's voice,
We should not longer tremble, that no more
This thought should haunt our souls — E'en now, perchance,
He for whom thus our hearts are yearning — dies!
Ant. Oh! fearful thought! — but vain and distant now!
Each joy, my daughter, must be bought with grief.
Hast thou forgot the day, when proudly led
In triumph 'midst the noble and the brave,
Thy glorious father to the temple bore
The banners won in battle from his foes?
Mat. A day to be remember'd!
Ant. By his side
Each seem'd inferior. Every breath of air
Swell'd with his echoing name; and we, the while,

Stationed on high and sever'd from the throng,
Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of all,
While with the tide of rapture half o'erwhelm'd,
Our hearts beat high, and whisper'd—"We are his."

Mat. Moments of joy!

Ant. What have we done, my child,
To merit such? Heaven, for so high a fate,
Chose us from thousands, and upon thy brow
Inscribed a lofty name, a name so bright,
That he to whom thou bear'st the gift, whate'er
His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark
For envy is the glory of our lot!
And we should weigh its joys against these hours
Of fear and sorrow.

Mat. They are past e'en now.
Hark! 'twas the sound of oars!—it swells—'tis hush'd!
The gates unclose—O mother! I behold
A warrior clad in mail—he comes, 'tis he!

Ant. Whom should it be if not himself?—my husband! (*She comes forward.*)

(*Enter* GONZAGA *and others.*)

Ant. Gonzaga!—Where is he we look'd for? Where?
Thou answerest not!—O heaven! thy looks are fraught
With prophecies of woe!

Gon. Alas! too true
The omens they reveal!

Mat. Of woe to whom!

Gon. Oh! why hath such a task of bitterness
Fallen to my lot?
Ant. Thou would'st be pitiful,
And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense;
Speak! I adjure thee, in the name of God!
Where is my husband?
Gon. Heaven sustain your souls
With fortitude to bear the tale!—my chief——
Mat. Is he return'd unto the field?
Gon. Alas!
Thither the warrior shall return no more.
The senate's wrath is on him. He is now
A prisoner!
Ant. He is a prisoner!—and for what?
Gon. He is accused of treason.
Mat. Treason! *He*
A traitor!—Oh! my father!
Ant. Haste! proceed,
And pause no more. Our hearts are nerved for all.
Say, what shall be his sentence?
Gon. From my lips
It shall not be reveal'd.
Ant. Oh! he is slain!
Gon. He lives, but yet his doom is fix'd.
Ant. He lives!
Weep not, my daughter! 'tis the time to act.
For pity's sake, Gonzaga, be thou not
Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to thee
Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones.
He was thy friend—Ah! haste, then, be our guide;
Conduct us to his judges. Come, my child.
Poor innocent, come with me. There yet is left

Mercy upon the earth. Yes! they themselves
Are husbands, they are fathers! When they sign'd
The fearful sentence, they remember'd not
He was a father, and a husband too.
But when their eyes behold the agony
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts will melt,
They will, they *must* revoke it. Oh! the sight
Of mortal woe is terrible to man!
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdain'd
To vindicate his deeds, or to recall
His triumphs won for them. It is for us
To wake each high remembrance. Ah! we know
That he implored not, but *our* knees shall bend,
And we will pray.

Gon. Oh Heaven! that I could leave
Your hearts one ray of hope! There is no ear,
No place for prayers. The judges here are deaf,
Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis lanch'd
Is veil'd in clouds. There is one comfort still,
The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,
I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.
The moments fly. Arouse your strength of heart.
Oh! fearful is the trial, but the God
Of mourners will be with you.

Mat. Is there not
One hope?

Ant. Alas! my child!

Scene IV.—*A Prison.*

Carmagnola.

They must have heard it now.—Oh! that at least
I might have died far from them! Though their hearts
Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the hour,
The solemn hour of Nature's parting pangs,
Had then been past. It meets us darkly now,
And we must drain its draught of bitterness
Together, drop by drop. O ye wide fields;
Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of arms!
O proud delights of danger! Battle cries,
And thou, my war-steed! and ye trumpet notes
Kindling the soul! 'Midst your tumultuous joys
Death seem'd all beautiful.—And must I then,
With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate
Be dragg'd, e'en as a felon, on the winds
Pouring vain prayers and impotent complaints?
And Marco! hath he not betray'd me too?
Vile doubt! That I could cast it from my soul
Before I die!—But no! What boots it now
Thus to look back on life with eye that turns
To linger where my footstep may not tread?
Now, Philip! thou wilt triumph! Be it so!
I too have proved such vain and impious joys,
And know their value now. But oh! again
To see those loved ones, and to hear the last,
Last accents of their voices! By those arms
Once more to be encircled, and from thence
To tear myself for ever!—Hark! they come!—
O God of Mercy, from thy throne look down
In pity on their woes!

Scene V.

Antonietta, Matilda, Gonzaga, *and* Carmagnola.

Ant. My husband!
Mat. Oh! my father!
Ant. Is it thus
That thou returnest? and is this the hour
Desired so long?
Car. O ye afflicted ones!
Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you alone.
Long have my thoughts been used to look on Death,
And calmly wait his time. For you alone
My soul hath need of firmness; will ye, then,
Deprive me of its aid?—When the Most High
On virtue pours afflictions, he bestows
The courage to sustain them. Oh! let yours
Equal your sorrows! Let us yet find joy
In this embrace, 'tis still a gift of Heaven.
Thou weep'st, my child! and thou, beloved wife!
Ah! when I made thee mine, thy days flow'd on
In peace and gladness; I united thee
To my disastrous fate, and now the thought
Embitters death. Oh! that I had not seen
The woes I cause thee!
Ant. Husband of my youth!
Of my bright days, thou who didst make them bright,
Read thou my heart! the pangs of death are there,
And yet e'en now—I would not but be thine.
Car. Full well I know how much I lose in thee;
Oh! make me not too deeply feel it now.
Mat. The homicides!

Car. No, sweet Matilda, no!
Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance rise
To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb
These moments—they are sacred. Yes! my wrongs
Are deep, but thou, forgive them, and confess,
That, e'en 'midst all the fulness of our woe,
High, holy joy remains.—Death! death!—our foes,
Our most relentless foes, can only speed
Th' inevitable hour. Oh! man hath not
Invented death for man; it would be *then*
Madd'ning and insupportable; from Heaven
'Tis sent, and Heaven doth temper all its pangs
With such blest comfort, as no mortal power
Can give or take away. My wife! my child!
Hear my last words—they wring your bosoms now
With agony, but yet, some future day
'Twill soothe you to recall them. Live, my wife!
Sustain thy grief, and live! this ill-starr'd girl
Must not be reft of all. Fly swiftly hence,
Conduct her to thy kindred, she is theirs,
Of their own blood—and they so loved thee once!
Then, to their foe united, thou becamest
Less dear; for feuds and wrongs made warring sounds
Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.
But to their bosoms thou wilt now return
A mourner; and the object of their hate
Will be no more.—Oh! there is joy in death!—
And thou, my flower! that 'midst the din of arms,
Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely head
Droops to the earth! Alas! the tempest's rage
Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy heart

Can scarce contain the heavings of its woe.
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast—
I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou claim
Pity from me, Matilda? Oh! thy sire
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou know'st
That the forsaken have a father still
On high. Confide in him, and live to days
Of peace, if not of joy; for such to thee
He surely destines. Wherefore hath he pour'd
The torrent of affliction on thy youth,
If to thy future years be not reserved
All his benign compassion? Live! and soothe
Thy suffering mother. May she to the arms
Of no ignoble consort lead thee still!—
Gonzaga! take the hand which thou hast press'd
Oft in the morn of battle, when our hearts
Had cause to doubt if we should meet at eve.
Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy faith
To guide and guard these mourners, till they join
Their friends and kindred?

Gon. Rest assured, I will.

Car. I am content. And if, when this is done,
Thou to the field returnest, there for me
Salute my brethren; tell them that I died
Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my deeds,
Hast read my inmost thoughts—and know'st it well.
Tell them I never, with a traitor's shame,
Stain'd my bright sword.—Oh! never—I myself
Have been ensnared by treachery. Think of me
When trumpet-notes are stirring every heart,
And banners proudly waving in the air,
Think of thine ancient comrade! And the day

Following the combat, when upon the field,
Amidst the deep and solemn harmony
Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral rites,
With lifted hands, is offering for the slain
His sacrifice to heaven;—forget me not!
For I, too, hoped upon the battle plain
E'en so to die.

Ant. Have mercy on us, Heaven!

Car. My wife! Matilda! Now the hour is nigh,
And we must part.—Farewell!

Mat. No, father! no!

Car. Come to this breast yet, yet once more, and then
For pity's sake depart!

Ant. No! force alone
Shall tear us hence.

(*A sound of arms is heard.*)

Mat. Hark! what dread sound!

Ant. Great God!

(*The door is half opened, and armed men enter, the chief of whom advances to the Count. His wife and daughter fall senseless.*)

Car. O God! I thank thee. O most merciful!
Thus to withdraw their senses from the pangs
Of this dread moment's conflict!
Thou, my friend,
Assist them, bear them from this scene of woe,
And tell them, when their eyes again unclose
To meet the day—that nought is left to fear.

Notwithstanding the pathetic beauties of the last act, the attention which this tragedy has excited in Italy, must be principally attributed to the boldness of the author in so completely emancipating himself from the fetters of the dramatic unities. The severity with which the tragic poets of that country have, in general, restricted themselves to those rules, has been sufficiently remarkable, to obtain, at least, temporary distinction for the courage of the writer who should attempt to violate them. Although this piece comprises a period of several years, and that, too, in days so troubled and so "full of fate"—days in which the deepest passions and most powerful energies of the human mind were called into action by the strife of conflicting interests; there is, nevertheless, as great a deficiency of incident, as if "to be born and die" made all the history of aspiring natures contending for supremacy. The character of the hero is portrayed in words, not in actions; it does not unfold itself in any struggle of opposite feelings and passions, and the interest excited for him only commences at the moment when it ought to have reached its climax. The merits of the piece may be summed up in the occasional energy of the language and dignity of the thoughts; and the truth with which the spirit of the age is characterised, as well in the developement of that suspicious policy distinguishing the system of the Venetian government, as in the pictures of the fiery Condottieri, holding their councils of war,

"Jealous of honour, sudden and quick in quarrel."

CAIUS GRACCHUS,

A TRAGEDY.

By Monti.

This tragedy, though inferior in power and interest to the *Aristodemo* of the same author, is, nevertheless, distinguished by beauties of a high order, and such as, in our opinion, fully establish its claims to more general attention than it has hitherto received. Although the loftiness and severity of Roman manners, in the days of the Republic, have been sufficiently preserved to give an impressive character to the piece; yet those workings of passion and tenderness, without which dignity soon becomes monotonous, and heroism unnatural, have not been (as in the tragedies of Alfieri upon similar subjects) too rigidly suppressed.

The powerful character of the high-hearted Cornelia, with all the calm collected majesty which our ideas are wont to associate with the name of a Roman matron; and the depth and sublimity of maternal affection more particularly belonging to the mother of the Gracchi, are beautifully contrasted with the softer and more womanish feelings, the intense anxieties, the sensitive and passionate attachment, embodied in the person of Sicinia, the wife of Gracchus. The appeals made by Gracchus to the people are full of majestic eloquence, and the whole piece seems to

be animated by that restless and untameable spirit of freedom, whose immortalized struggles for ascendency give so vivid a colouring, so exalted an interest, to the annals of the ancient republics.

The tragedy opens with the soliloquy of Caius Gracchus, who is returned in secret to Rome, after having been employed in rebuilding Carthage, which Scipio had utterly demolished.

Caius, in Rome behold thyself! The night
Hath spread her favouring shadows o'er thy path:
And thou, be strong, my country! for thy son
Gracchus is with thee! All is hush'd around,
And in deep slumber; from the cares of day,
The worn plebeians rest. Oh! good and true,
And only Romans! your repose is sweet,
For toil hath given it zest; 'tis calm and pure,
For no remorse hath troubled it. Meanwhile,
My brother's murderers, the patricians, hold
Inebriate vigils o'er their festal boards,
Or in dark midnight councils sentence me
To death, and Rome to chains. They little deem
Of the unlook'd for and tremendous foe
So near at hand!—It is enough. I tread
In safety my paternal threshold.—Yes!
This is my own! Oh mother! oh my wife!
My child!—I come to dry your tears. I come
Strengthen'd by three dread furies. One is wrath,
Fired by my country's wrongs; and one deep love,
For those, my bosom's inmates; and the third—
Vengeance, fierce vengeance, for a brother's blood!

His soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of Fulvius, his friend, with whose profligate character, and unprincipled designs, he is represented as unacquainted. From the opening speech made by Fulvius (before he is aware of the presence of Caius) to the slave by whom he is attended, it appears that he is just returned from the perpetration of some crime, the nature of which is not disclosed until the second act.

The suspicions of Caius are, however, awakened, by the obscure allusions to some act of signal, but secret vengeance, which Fulvius throws out in the course of the ensuing discussion.

Ful. This is no time for grief and feeble tears,
But for high deeds.
Caius. And we will make it such.
But prove we first our strength. Declare, what friends
(If yet misfortune hath her friends) remain
True to our cause?
Ful. Few, few, but valiant hearts!

* * * * * *

Oh! what a change is here! There was a time,
When, over all supreme, thy word gave law
To nations and their rulers; in thy presence
The senate trembled, and the citizens
Flock'd round thee in deep reverence. Then a word,
A look from Caius—a salute, a smile,
Fill'd them with pride. Each sought to be the friend,
The client, ay, the very slave, of him,
The people's idol; and beholding them

Thus prostrate in thy path, thou, thou thyself,
Didst blush to see their vileness!—But thy fortune
Is waning now, her glorious phantoms melt
Into dim vapour, and the earthly god,
So worshipp'd once, from his forsaken shrines,
Down to the dust is hurl'd.

Caius. And what of this?
There is no power in Fortune to deprive
Gracchus of Gracchus. Mine is such a heart
As meets the storm exultingly; a heart
Whose stern delight it is to strive with fate,
And conquer. Trust me, fate is terrible
But because man is vile. A coward first
Made her a deity.

* * * * * *

But say, what thoughts
Are foster'd by the people? Have they lost
The sense of their misfortunes? Is the name
Of Gracchus in their hearts—reveal the truth—
Already number'd with forgotten things?

Ful. A breeze, a passing breeze, now here, now there,
Borne on light pinion—such the people's love!
Yet have they claims on pardon, for their faults
Are of their miseries; and their feebleness
Is to their woes proportion'd. Haply still
The secret sigh of their full hearts is thine,
But their lips breathe it not. Their grief is mute;
And the deep paleness of their timid mien,
And eyes in fix'd despondence bent on earth,
And sometimes a faint murmur of thy name,
Alone accuse them. They are hush'd, for now

Not one, nor two, their tyrants; but a host
Whose numbers are the numbers of the rich,
And the patrician Romans. Yes! and well
May proud oppression dauntlessly go forth,
For Rome is widow'd! Distant wars engage
The noblest of her youth, by Fabius led,
And but the weak remain. Hence every heart
Sickens with voiceless terror; and the people,
Subdued and trembling, turn to thee in thought,
But yet are silent.

Caius. I will make them heard.
Rome is a slumbering lion, and my voice
Shall wake the mighty. Thou shalt see I came
Prepared for all; and as I track'd the deep
For Rome, my dangers to my spirit grew
Familiar in its musings. With a voice
Of wrath, the loud winds fiercely swell'd; the waves
Mutter'd around; Heaven flash'd in lightning forth,
And the pale steersman trembled: I the while
Stood on the tossing and bewilder'd bark,
Retired and shrouded in my mantle's folds,
With thoughtful eyes cast down, and all absorb'd
In a far deeper storm! Around my heart,
Gathering in secret, then my spirit's powers
Held council with themselves—and on my thoughts
My country rose,—and I foresaw the snares,
The treacheries of Opimius, and the senate,
And my false friends, awaiting my return.

* * * * *

Fulvius! I wept! but they were tears of rage!
For I was wrought to frenzy, by the thought

Of my wrong'd country, and of him, that brother,
Whose shade through ten long years hath sternly cried
"Vengeance!"—nor found it yet.

Ful. It is fulfill'd.

Caius. And how?

Ful. Thou shalt be told.

Caius. Explain thy words?

Ful. Then know—(incautious that I am!)

Caius. Why thus
Falters thy voice? Why speak'st thou not?

Ful. Forgive!
E'en friendship sometimes hath its secrets.

Caius. No!
True friendship, never!

Caius afterwards enquires what part his brother-in-law, Scipio Emilianus, is likely to adopt in their enterprises.

His high renown—
The glorious deeds, whereby was earn'd his name
Of second Africanus; and the blind,
Deep reverence paid him by the people's hearts,
Who, knowing him their foe, respect him still;
All this disturbs me: hardly will be won
Our day of victory, if by him withstood.

Ful. Yet won it *shall* be. If but this thou fear'st,
Then be at peace.

Caius. I understand thee not.

Ful. Thou wilt ere long. But here we vainly waste
Our time and words. Soon will the morning break,

Nor know thy friends as yet of thy return;
I fly to cheer them with the tidings.
Caius. Stay!
Ful. And wherefore?
Caius. To reveal thy meaning.
Ful. Peace!
I hear the sound of steps.

This conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Cornelia, with the wife and child of Caius. They are about to seek an asylum in the house of Emilianus, by whom Cornelia has been warned of the imminent danger which menaces the family of her son from the fury of the patricians, who intend, on the following day, to abrogate the laws enacted by the Gracchi in favour of the plebeians. The joy and emotion of Gracchus, on thus meeting with his family, may appear somewhat inconsistent with his having remained so long engaged in political discussion, on the threshold of their abode, without ever having made an enquiry after their welfare; but it would be somewhat unreasonable to try the conduct of a Roman (particularly in a tragedy) by the laws of *nature*. Before, however, we are disposed to condemn the principles which seem to be laid down for the delineation of Roman character in dramatic poetry, let us recollect that the general habits of the people whose institutions gave birth to the fearful grandeur displayed in the actions of the elder Brutus, and whose towering spirit was fostered to enthusiasm by the contemplation of it, must have been deeply tinctured by the austerity of even their virtues. Shakspeare alone, without compro-

mising the dignity of his Romans, has disencumbered them of the formal scholastic drapery which seems to be their *official* garb, and has stamped their features with the general attributes of human nature, without effacing the impress which distinguished "the men of iron," from the nations who "stood still before them."

The first act concludes with the parting of Caius and Fulvius in wrath and suspicion, Cornelia having accused the latter of an attempt to seduce her daughter, the wife of Scipio, and of concealing the most atrocious designs under the mask of zeal for the cause of liberty.

Of liberty
What speak'st thou, and to whom? Thou hast no shame—
No virtue—and thy boast is, to be free!
Oh! zeal for liberty! eternal mask
Assumed by every crime!

In the second act, the death of Emilianus is announced to Opimius the consul, in the presence of Gracchus, and the intelligence is accompanied by a rumour of his having perished by assassination. The mysterious expressions of Fulvius, and the accusation of Cornelia, immediately recur to the mind of Caius. The following scene, in which his vehement emotion and high sense of honour, are well contrasted with the cold-blooded sophistry of Fulvius, is powerfully wrought up.

Caius. Back on my thoughts the words of Fulvius rush,
Like darts of fire. All hell is in my heart!
(*Fulvius enters.*)
Thou com'st in time. Speak, thou perfidious friend!
Scipio lies murder'd on his bed of death!—
Who slew him?

Ful. Ask'st thou me?

Caius. Thee! thee, who late
Did'st in such words discourse of him, as now
Assure me thou'rt his murderer. Traitor, speak!

Ful. If thus his fate doth weigh upon thy heart,
Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou ravest!
More grateful praise, and warmer thanks might well
Reward the gen'rous courage which hath freed
Rome from a tyrant, Gracchus from a foe!

Caius. Then he was slain by thee?

Ful. Ungrateful friend!
Why dost thou tempt me? Danger menaces
Thy honour. Freedom's wavering light is dim;
Rome wears the fetters of a guilty senate;
One Scipio drove thy brother to a death
Of infamy, another seeks *thy* fall;
And when one noble, one determined stroke,
To thee and thine assures the vict'ry, wreaks
The people's vengeance, gives thee life and fame,
And pacifies thy brother's angry shade,
Is it a cause for wailing? Am I call'd
For *this* a murderer? Go!—I say once more,
Thou art no longer Gracchus, or thou ravest!

Caius. I know thee now, barbarian! Would'st thou serve

My cause with crimes?

Ful. And those of that proud man
Whom I have slain, and thou dost mourn, are *they*
To be forgotten? Hath oblivion then
Shrouded the stern destroyer's ruthless work,
The famine of Numantia? Such a deed,
As on our name the world's deep curses drew!
Or the four hundred Lusian youths betray'd,
And with their bleeding, mutilated limbs,
Back to their parents sent? Is this forgot?
Go, ask of Carthage!—bid her wasted shores
Of him, this reveller in blood, recount
The terrible achievements!—At the cries,
The groans, th' unutterable pangs of those,
The more than hundred thousand wretches, doom'd
(Of every age and sex) to fire, and sword,
And fetters, I could marvel that the earth
In horror doth not open!—They were foes,
They were barbarians, but unarm'd, subdued,
Weeping, imploring mercy! And the law
Of Roman virtue is, to spare the weak,
To tame the lofty! But in other lands,
Why should I seek for records of his crimes,
If here the suffering people ask in vain
A little earth to lay their bones in peace?
If the decree which yielded to their claims
So brief a heritage, and the which to seal
Thy brother's blood was shed; if this remain
Still fruitless, still delusive, who was he
That mock'd its power?—Who to all Rome declared
Thy brother's death was just, was needful?—Who
But Scipio?—And remember thou the words

Which burst in thunder from thy lips e'en then,
Heard by the people! Caius, in my heart
They have been deeply treasured. He must die,
(Thus didst thou speak) this tyrant! We have need
That he should perish!—I have done the deed;
And call'st thou *me* his murderer? If the blow
Was guilt, then *thou* art guilty. From thy lips
The sentence came—the crime is thine alone.
I, thy devoted friend, did but obey
Thy mandate.

Caius. Thou my friend! I am not one,
To call a villain friend. Let thunders fraught
With fate and death, awake, to scatter those,
Who bringing liberty through paths of blood
Bring chains!—degrading Freedom's lofty self
Below e'en Slavery's level!—Say thou not,
Wretch! that the sentence and the guilt were mine!
I wish'd him slain!—'tis so—but by the axe
Of high and public justice; that whose stroke
On thy vile head will fall. Thou hast disgraced
Unutterably my name—I bid thee tremble!

Ful. Caius, let insult cease, I counsel thee,
Let insult cease! Be the deed just or guilty,
Enjoy its fruits in silence. Force me not
To utter more.

Caius. And what hast thou to say?

Ful. That which I now suppress.

Caius. How! are there yet,
Perchance, more crimes to be reveal'd?

Ful. I know not.

Caius. Thou know'st not!—Horror chills my curdling veins;
I dare not ask thee farther.
Ful. Thou dost well.
Caius. What said'st thou?
Ful. Nothing.
Caius. On my heart the words
Press heavily. Oh! what a fearful light
Bursts o'er my soul!—Hast thou accomplices?
Ful. Insensate! ask me not.
Caius. I must be told.
Ful. Away!—thou wilt repent.
Caius. No more of this, for I *will* know.
Ful. Thou wilt?
Ask then thy sister.
Caius (*alone.*) Ask my sister?—What!
Is she a murderess?—Hath my sister slain
Her lord?—Oh! crime of darkest dye!—Oh! name
Till now unstain'd, name of the Gracchi, thus
Consign'd to infamy!—to infamy?
The very hair doth rise upon my head,
Thrill'd by the thought!—Where shall I find a place
To hide my shame, to lave the branded stains
From this dishonour'd brow?—What should I do?
There is a voice whose deep tremendous tones
Murmur within my heart, and sternly cry,
"Away!—and pause not—slay thy guilty sister!"
Voice of lost honour of a noble line
Disgraced, I will obey thee!—terribly
Thou call'st for blood, and thou shalt be appeased.

PATRIOTIC EFFUSIONS

OF THE

ITALIAN POETS.

Whoever has attentively studied the works of the Italian poets, from the days of Dante and Petrarch to those of Foscolo and Pindemonte, must have been struck with those allusions to the glory and the fall, the renown and the degradation, of Italy, which give a melancholy interest to their pages. Amidst all the vicissitudes of that devoted country, the warning voice of her bards has still been heard to prophesy the impending storm, and to call up such deep and spirit-stirring recollections from the glorious past, as have resounded through the land, notwithstanding the loudest tumults of those discords which have made her—

> "Long, long, a bloody stage
> For petty kinglings tame,
> Their miserable game
> Of puny war to wage."

There is something very affecting in these vain, though exalted aspirations, after that independence which the Italians, as a nation, seem destined never to regain. The strains in which their high-toned feelings on this subject are recorded, produce on our

minds the same effect with the song of the imprisoned bird, whose melody is fraught, in our imagination, with recollections of the green woodland, the free air, and unbounded sky. We soon grow weary of the perpetual *violets and zephyrs*, whose cloying sweetness pervades the sonnets and canzoni of the minor Italian poets, till we are ready to "die in aromatic pain;" nor is our interest much more excited even by the everlasting *laurel* which inspires the enamoured Petrarch with so ingenious a variety of *concetti*, as might reasonably cause it to be doubted whether the beautiful Laura, or the emblematic tree, is the real object of the bard's affection; but the moment a patriotic chord is struck our feelings are awakened, and we find it easy to sympathize with the emotions of a modern Roman, surrounded by the ruins of the capitol; a Venetian when contemplating the proud trophies won by his ancestors at Byzantium; or a Florentine amongst the tombs of the mighty dead, in the church of Santa Croce. It is not, perhaps, *now*, the time to plead, with any effect, the cause of Italy; yet cannot we consider that nation as altogether degraded, whose literature, from the dawn of its majestic immortality, has been consecrated to the nurture of every generous principle and ennobling recollection; and whose "choice and master spirits," under the most adverse circumstances, have kept alive a flame, which may well be considered as imperishable, since the "ten thousand tyrants" of the land have failed to quench its brightness. We present our readers with a few of the minor effusions, in which the indignant though unavailing regrets of those, who,

to use the words of Alfieri, are "slaves, yet still *indignant* slaves,"[1] have been feelingly portrayed.

The first of these productions must, in the original, be familiar to every reader who has any acquaintance with Italian literature.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

"Quando già dai gran monti bruna bruna," &c.

When from the mountain's brow, the gathering shades
Of twilight fall, on one deep thought I dwell:
Day beams o'er other lands, if here she fades,
Nor bids the universe at once farewell.

But thou, I cry, my country! what a night
Spreads o'er thy glories one dark sweeping pall;
Thy thousand triumphs won by valour's might,
And wisdom's voice—what now remains of all?

And see'st thou not th' ascending flame of war,
Burst through thy darkness, redd'ning from afar?
Is not thy misery's evidence complete?
But if endurance can thy fall delay,
Still, still endure, devoted one! and say,
If it be victory thus but to retard defeat!

[1] "Schiavi siam, ma schiavi ognor frementi."—Alfieri.

CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

"Io grido, e griderò finche mi senta," &c.

I CRY aloud, and ye shall hear my call,
Arno, Sessino, Tiber; Adrian deep,
And blue Tyrrhene! Let him first roused from sleep
Startle the next! one peril broods o'er all.
It nought avails that Italy should plead,
Forgetting valour, sinking in despair,

At strangers' feet!—our land is all too fair;
Nor tears, nor prayers, can check ambition's speed.
In vain her faded cheek, her humbled eye,
For pardon sue; 'tis not her agony,
Her death alone may now appease her foes.
Be theirs to suffer who to combat shun!
But oh! weak pride, thus feeble and undone,
Nor to wage battle, nor endure repose!

ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI.

"Italia! Italia! ah! non più Italia! appena," &c.

ITALIA! oh! no more Italia now!
Scarce of her form a vestige dost thou wear;
She was a queen with glory mantled;—Thou,
A slave, degraded, and compell'd to bear.

Chains gird thy hands and feet; deep clouds of care
Darken thy brow, once radiant as thy skies;
And shadows, born of terror and despair—
Shadows of death have dimm'd thy glorious eyes.

Italia! oh! Italia, now no more!
For thee my tears of shame and anguish flow;
And the glad strains my lyre was wont to pour,
Are changed to dirge-notes: but my deepest woe
Is, that base herds of thine own sons, the while,
Behold thy miseries with insulting smile.

ALESSANDRO PEGOLOTTI.

"Quella, ch'ambi le mani entro la chioma," &c.

She that cast down the empires of the world,
And, in her proud triumphal course through Rome,
Dragg'd them, from freedom and dominion hurl'd,
Bound by the hair, pale, humbled, and o'ercome.

I see her now, dismantled of her state,
Spoil'd of her sceptre; crouching to the ground
Beneath a hostile car, and lo! the weight
Of fetters, her imperial neck around!

Oh! that a stranger's envious hands had wrought
This desolation! for I then would say,
"Vengeance, Italia!"—in the burning thought
Losing my grief: but 'tis th' ignoble sway
Of vice hath bow'd thee! Discord, slothful ease,
Theirs is that victor car; thy tyrant lords are these.

FRANCESCO MARIA DE CONTI.

THE SHORE OF AFRICA.

"O peregrin, chi muovi erranti il passo," &c.

Pilgrim! whose steps those desert sands explore,
Where verdure never spreads its bright array;
Know, 'twas on this inhospitable shore,
From Pompey's heart the life-blood ebb'd away.
'Twas here betray'd he fell, neglected lay;
Nor found *his* relics a sepulchral stone,
Whose life, so long a bright, triumphal day,
O'er Tiber's wave supreme in glory shone!

Thou, stranger! if from barbarous climes thy birth,
Look round exultingly, and bless the earth,
Where Rome, with him, saw power and virtue die;
But if 'tis Roman blood that fills thy veins,
Then, son of heroes! think upon thy chains,
And bathe with tears the grave of liberty.

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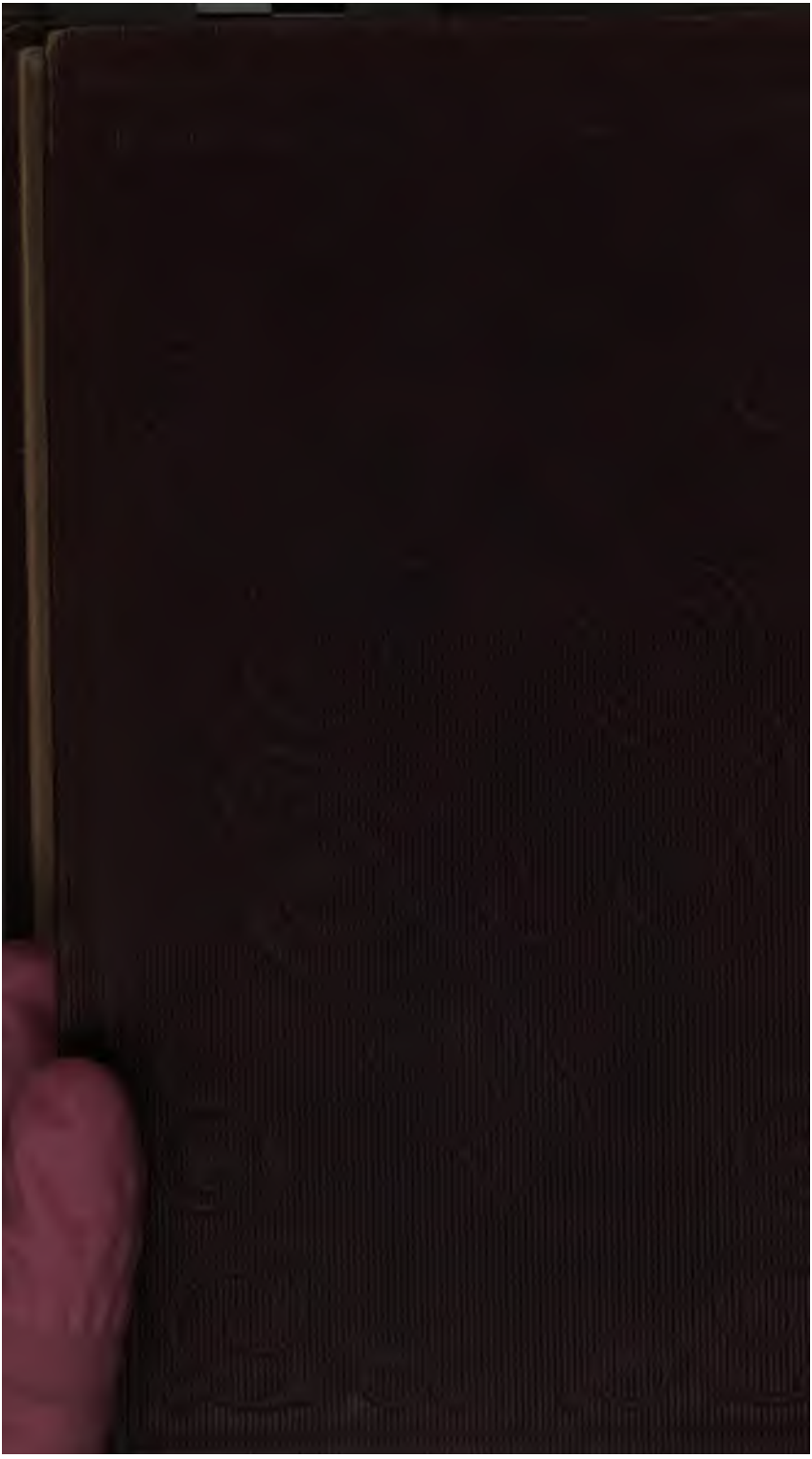
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